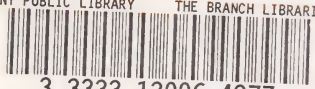






822  
Foot  
vol

NY PUBLIC LIBRARY THE BRANCH LIBRARIES



3 3333 13006 4377

822 Foote F  
Foote, Samuel  
The dramatic works  
of Samuel Foote,  
1343779

VOL 2

MM  
LL

**The New York  
Public Library**

Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations

MAR -- 1999


The Branch Libraries  
MID-MANHATTAN LIBRARY  
Literature & Language Dept.  
455 Fifth Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10016

MM  
LL

Books and non-print media may be returned to any branch of The New York Public Library. Music scores, orchestral sets and certain materials must be returned to branch from which borrowed.

All materials must be returned by the last date stamped on the card. Fines are charged for overdue items.

Form #0692





---

FOOTE'S LIFE  
AND  
**Dramatic Works**  
*IN TWO VOLUMES*

---



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS,

OF

*SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;*

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

CONTAINING

THE COMMISSARY  
THE LAME LOVER  
THE BANKRUPT  
THE COZENERS  
THE MAID OF BATH  
THE NABOB



THE DEVIL UPON TWO  
STICKS  
A TRIP TO CALAIS  
AND  
THE CAPUCHIN

---

BENJAMIN BLOM



New York/London

First Published London, 1809  
by Benjamin Blom, Inc., Bronx, New York 10452  
and 56 Doughty Street, London W.C. 1

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 68-20223  
Printed in the United States of America

822  
Foote  
V. 2.  
T H E  
COMMISSARY.

A  
C O M E D Y

IN THREE ACTS.

W R I T T E N

By *SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.*

AS PERFORMED AT

*The Theatre Royal in the Hay-Market.*

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. LOWNDES, No. 77, FLEET STREET.

MDCCLXXXVIII.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COVENT GARDEN.  
 Mr. QUICK.  
 Mr. FEARON.  
 Mr. THOMPSON.  
 Mr. DAVIES.

HAY MARKET.  
 Mr. FOOTE.  
 Mr. COSTOLLO.  
 Mr. SHUTER.  
 Mr. DAVIS.  
 Mr. PARSONS.  
 Mr. PRESTON.  
 Mr. GARDNER.  
 Mr. KEEN.  
 Mr. TINDAL.  
 Mr. JOHNSON.  
 Mr. MARSHALL.  
 Mr. PARSONS.

Mr. WEWITZER.

Mrs. WEBB.  
 Mrs. PITT.  
 Mrs. PLATT.

Mr. Zac. Fungus  
 Mr. Isaac Fungus  
 Mr. Gruel  
 Young Lovelit  
 Dr. Catgut  
 Simon  
 Mr. Bridoun  
 Mr. Paduafof  
 Mr. Harpy  
 La Fleur  
 John  
 A Hackney-Coachman

## WOMEN.

Mrs. Mechlin  
 Mrs. Lovelit  
 Dolly  
 Jenny  
 Miss CHENEY.  
 Mr. SHUTER.  
 Miss REYNOLDS.  
 Mrs. GRANGER.



# The COMMISSARY.

---

## A C T I.

SCENE, Mrs. MECHLIN'S House.

( Loud knocking at the Door. )

Enter JENNY.

**R**AP, rap, rap, up stairs and down, from morning to night ; if this same Commissary stays much longer amongst us, my mistress mult e'en hire a porter. Who's there ?

SIMON *without*.

*Sim.* Is Mrs. Mechlin at home ?

*Jen.* No.—[*opens the door* ]—Oh, what is it you, Simon ?

Enter SIMON.

*Sim.* At your service, sweet Mrs. Jane.

*Jen.* Why you knock with authority ; and what are your commands, Master Simon ?

*Sim.* I come, madam, to receive those of your mistress. What, Jenny, has she any great affair on the anvil ? Her summons is most exceedingly pressing ; and you need not be told, child, that a man of my consequence does not trouble himself about trifles.

*Jen.* Oh, sir, I know very well you principal actors don't perform every night.

*Sim.* Mighty well, ma'am, but notwithstanding your ironical sneer, it is not every man that will

do for your mistress; her agents must have genius and parts: I don't suppose, in the whole bills of mortality, there is so general and extensive a dealer as my friend Mrs. Mechlin.

*Jen.* Why, to be sure, we have plenty of customers; and for various kinds of commodities it would be pretty difficult, I fancy to——

*Sim.* Commodities! Your humble servant, sweet Mrs. Jane; Yes, yes, you have various kinds of commodities, indeed.

*Jen.* Mr. Simon, I don't understand you; I suppose it is no secret in what sort of goods our dealing consists.

*Sim.* No, no, they are pretty well known.

*Jen.* And to be sure, though now and then, to oblige a customer, my mistress does condescend to smuggle a little——

*Sim.* Keep it up, Mrs. Jane.

*Jen.* Yet there are no people in the Liberty of Westminster that live in more credit than we do.

*Sim.* Bravo.

*Jen.* The very best of quality are not ashamed to visit my mistress.

*Sim.* They have reason.

*Jen.* Respected by the neighbours.

*Sim.* I know it.

*Jen.* Punctual in her payments.

*Sim.* To a moment.

*Jen.* Regular hours.

*Sim.* Doubtless.

*Jen.* Never misses the farman on Sundays.

*Sim.* I own it.

*Jen.* Not an oath comes out of her mouth, unless, now and then, when the poor gentlewoman happens to be overtaken in liquor.

*Sim.* Granted.

*Jen.*

*Jen.* Not at all given to lying. but like other tradesfolks, in the way of her business.

*Sim.* Very well.

*Jen.* Very well! then pray, sir, what would you insinuate? Look you, Mr. Simon. don't go to cast reflections upon us; don't think to blast the reputation of our——

*Sim.* Hark ye, Jenny, are you serious?

*Jen.* Serious! Ay, marry am I.

*Sim.* The devil you are!

*Jen.* Upon my word, Mr. Simon, you should not give your tongue such a licence; let me tell you, these airs don't become you at all.

*Sim.* Heyday! why where the deuce have I got, sure I have mistaken the house; is not this Mrs. Mechlin's?

*Jen.* That's pretty well known.

*Sim.* The commodious, convenient Mrs. Mechlin, at the sign of the Star, in the parish of St. Paul's, Covent-Garden?

*Jen.* Bravo.

*Sim.* That commercial caterpillar?

*Jen.* I know it.

*Sim.* That murderer of manufactures?

*Jen.* Doubtless.

*Sim.* That walking warehouse?

*Jen.* Granted.

*Sim.* That carries about a greater cargo of contraband goods under her petticoats than a Calais cutter?

*Jen.* Very well.

*Sim.* That engrosser and seducer of virgins?

*Jen.* Keep it up, Master Simon.

*Sim.* That forestaller of Bagnios?

*Jen.* Incomparable fine.

*Sim.*

*Sim.* That canting, cozening, money-lending, match-making, pawnbroking—— [*Loud knocking.*]

*Jen.* Mighty well, sir : here comes my mistress, she shall thank you for the pretty picture you have been pleased to draw.

*Sim.* Nay, but dear Jenny——

*Jen.* She shall be told how highly she stands in your favour.

*Sim.* But my sweet girl—— [*Knock again.*]

*Jen.* Let me go, Mr. Simon, don't you hear?

*Sim.* And can you have the heart to ruin me at once !

*Jen.* Hands off.

*Sim.* A peace, a peace, my dear Mrs. Jane, and dictate the articles.

*Enter Mrs. MECHLIN (followed by a hackney coachman, with several bundles) in a capuchin, a bonnet, and her clothes pinned up.*

*Mrs. Mech.* So, hussy, what must I stay all day in the streets? who have we here! the devil's in the wenches, I think—one of your fellows I suppose——Oh, is it you! how fares it, Simon?

*Jen.* Madam, you should not have waited a minute, but Mr. Simon——

*Sim.* Hush, hush! you barbarous jade——

*Jen.* Knowing your knock, and eager to open the door, flew up stairs, fell over the landing-place, and quite barr'd up the way.

*Sim.* Yes, and I am afraid I have put out my ankle. Thanks, Jenny; you shall be no loser, you slut.

*Mrs. Mech.* Poor Simon.—Oh, Lord have mercy upon me, what a round have I taken! —Is the wench petrified; why don't you reach me a chair, don't you see I'm tired to death?

*Jen.*

*Jen.* Indeed, ma'am, you'll kill yourself.

*Sim.* Upon my word, ma'am Mechlin, you should take a little care of yourself; indeed you labour too hard.

*Mrs. Mech.* Ay, Simon, and for little or nothing: only victuals and cloaths, more cost than worship.—Why does not the wench take the things from the fellow? Well, what's your fare?

*Coachm.* Mistress, it's honestly worth half a crown.

*Mrs. Mech.* Give him a couple of shillings and send him away.

*Coachm.* I hope you'll tip me the tester to drink?

*Mrs. Mech.* Them there fellows are never contented; drink! stand farther off; why you smell already as strong as a beer-barrel.

*Coachm.* Mistress, that's because I have already been drinking.

*Mrs. Mech.* And are not you ashamed, you sot, to be eternally guzzling? You had better buy you some cloaths.

*Coachm.* No, mistress, my honour won't let me do that.

*Mrs. Mech.* Your honour! and pray how does that hinder you?

*Coachm.* Why, when a good gentlewoman like you, cries, Here, coachman, here's something to drink.—

*Mrs. Mech.* Well!

*Coachm.* Would it be honour in me to lay it out in any thing else? No, mistress, my conscience won't let me, because why, it's the will of the donor, you know.

*Mrs. Mech.* Did you ever hear such a block-head?

*Coachm.*

*Coachm.* No, no, mistress; tho' I am a poor man, I won't forfeit my honour; my cattle, tho' I love 'em, poor beastesses, are not more dearer to me than that.

*Mrs. Mech.* Yes, you and your horses give pretty strong proofs of your love and your honour; for you have no cloaths on your back, and they have no flesh. Well, Jenny, give him the six-pence, there, there, lay it out as you will.

*Coachm.* It will be to your health, mistress; it shall melt at the Mews, before I go home; I shall be careful to clear my conscience.

*Mrs. Mech.* I don't doubt it.

*Coachm.* You need not. Mistress, your servant.

[*Exit Coachman.*]

*Mrs. Mech.* Has there been any body here, Jenny?

*Jen.* The gentleman, ma'am, about the Gloucestershire living.

*Mrs. Mech.* He was, Oh oh! What I suppose his stomach's come down. Does he like the incumbrance? will he marry the party?

*Jen.* Why that article seems to go a little against him.

*Mrs. Mech.* Does it so? then let him retire to his Cumberland curacy: that's a fine keen air, it will soon give him an appetite. He'll stick to his honour too, till his cassock is wore to a rag.

*Jen.* Why, indeed, ma'am, it seems pretty rusty already.

*Mrs. Mech.* Devilish squeamish, I think; a good fat living, and a fine woman into the bargain! You told him a friend of the lady's will take the child off her hands?

*Jen.* Yes, madam.

*Mrs. Mech.* So that the affair will be a secret to all



all but himself. But he must quickly resolve, for next week his wife's month will be up.

*Jen.* He promised to call about four.

*Mrs. Mech.* But don't let him think we are at a loss for a husband; there is to my knowledge a merchant's clerk in the city, a comely young man, and comes of good friends, that will take her with but a small place in the custom-house.

*Jen.* He shall know it.

*Mrs. Mech.* Ay, and tell him, that the party's party has interest enough to obtain it whenever he will. And then the bridegroom may put the purchase-money too of that same presentation into his pocket.

*Jen.* Truly, ma'am, I should think this would prove the best match for the lady.

*Mrs. Mech.* Who doubts it?—Here, Jenny, carry these things above stairs. Take care of the aigrette, leave the watch upon the table, and be sure you don't mislay the pearl necklace; the lady goes to Mrs. Cornelly's to-night; and, if she has any luck, she will be sure to redeem it to-morrow.

[*Exit Jenny.*]

*Sim.* What a world of affairs! it is a wonder, madam, how you are able to remember them all.

*Mrs. Mech.* Trifles, mere trifles, master Simon.—But I have a great affair in hand—Such an affair, if well managed, it will be the making of us all.

*Sim.* If I, ma'am, can be of the least use——

*Mrs. Mech.* Of the highest! there is no doing without you.—You know the great——

*Enter JENNY.*

*Jen.* I have put the things where you ordered, ma'am.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Mech.* Very well, you may go.—[*Exit Jenny.*]  
—I say, you know the great commissary, that is come to lodge in my house. Now they say this Mr. Fungus is as rich as an Indian governor; heaven knows how he came by it: but that you know is no business of ours. Pretty pickings, I warrant, abroad.—[*Loud knocking.*]  
—Who the deuce can that be? But let it be who it will, you must not go till I speak to you.

*Enter JENNY.*

*Jen.* The widow Loveit, ma'am.

*Mrs. Mech.* What, the old liquorish dowager from Devonshire Square? shew her in.—[*Exit Jenny.*]  
—You'll wait in the kitchen, Simon, I shall soon dispatch her affair. [Exit Simon.]

*Enter Mrs. LOVEIT.*

*Mrs. Lov.* So, so, good morning to you, good Mrs. Mechlin. John, let the coach stand at the corner.

*Mrs. Mech.* You had better sit here, madam.

*Mrs. Lov.* Any where. Well, my dear woman, I hope you have not forgot your old friend—Ugh, ugh, ugh,—[*coughs.*]  
—Consider I have no time to loose, and you are always so full of employment.

*Mrs. Mech.* Forgot you! you shall judge, Mrs. Loveit. I have, ma'am, provided a whole cargo of husbands for you, of all nations, complexions, ages, tempers, and sizes: so you see you have nothing to do but choose.

*Mrs. Lov.* To choose! Mrs. Mechlin; Lord help me, what choice can I have? I look upon wedlock to be a kind of a lottery, and I have already drawn my prize; and a great one it was!

My

My poor dear man that's gone, I shall never meet with his fellow.

*Mrs. Mech.* 'Pshaw! madam, don't let us trouble our heads about him, it's high time that he was forgot.

*Mrs. Lov.* But won't his relations think me rather too quick.

*Mrs. Mech.* Not a jot; the greatest compliment you could pay to his memory; it is a proof he gave you reason to be fond of the state. But what do you mean by quick! Why he has been buried these three weeks—

*Mrs. Lov.* And three days, Mrs. Mechlin.

*Mrs. Mech.* Indeed! quite an'age!

*Mrs. Lov.* Yes; but I shall never forget him; sleeping, or waking, he's always before me. His dear swelled belly, and his poor shrunk legs, Lord bless me, Mrs. Mechlin, he had no more calf than my fan.

*Mrs. Mech.* No!

*Mrs. Lov.* No, indeed; and then, his bit of a purple nose, and his little weezen face as sharp as a razor—don't mention it, I can never forget him.

[*Cries.*

*Mrs. Mech.* Sweet marks of remembrance, indeed. But, ma'am, if you continue to be so fond of your last husband, what makes you think of another?

*Mrs. Lov.* Why, what can I do, Mrs. Mechlin? a poor lone widow woman as I am; there's no body minds me; my tenants behind-hand, my servants all careless, my children undutiful—Ugh, ugh, ugh—

[*Coughs.*

*Mrs. Mech.* You have a villainous cough, Mrs. Loveit; shall I send for some lozenges?

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Lov.* No, I thank you, it's nothing at all ; mere habit, just a little trick I've got.

*Mrs. Mech.* But I wonder you should have all these vexations to plague you, madam, you, who are so rich, and so——

*Mrs. Lov.* Forty thousand in the Four per Cents. every morning I rise, Mrs. Mechlin, besides two houses at Hackney ; but then my affairs are so weighty and intricate ; there is such tricking in lawyers, and such torments in children, that I can't do by myself ; I must have a helpmate ; quite necessity, no matter of choice.

*Mrs. Mech.* Oh, I understand you, you marry merely for convenience ; just only to get an assistant, a kind of a guard, a fence to your property ?

*Mrs. Lov.* Nothing else.

*Mrs. Mech.* I thought so ; quite prudential ; so that age is none of your object ; you don't want a scampering, giddy, sprightly, young——

*Mrs. Lov.* Young ! Heaven forbid. What, do you think, like some ladies I know, that I want to have my husband taken for one of my grand-children ; No, no ; thank Heaven, such vain thoughts never entered my head.

*Mrs. Mech.* But yet, as your matters stand, he ought not to be so very old neither ; for instance now, of what use to you would be a husband of sixty ?

*Mrs. Lov.* Sixty ! Are you mad, Mrs. Mechlin, what do you think I want to turn nurse ?

*Mrs. Mech.* Or fifty-five ?

*Mrs. Lov.* Ugh, ugh, ugh——

*Mrs. Mech.* Or fifty ?

*Mrs. Lov.* Oh ! that's too cunning an age ; men, now-a-days, rarely marry at fifty, they are too knowing and cautious.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Mech.* Or forty-five, or forty, or—

*Mrs. Lov.* Shall, I Mrs. Mechlin, tell you a piece of my mind?

*Mrs. Mech.* I believe ma'am that will be your best way.

*Mrs. Lov.* Why then, as my children are young and rebellious, the way to secure and preserve their obedience, will be to marry a man that won't grow old in a hurry.

*Mrs. Mech.* Why I thought you declared against youth.

*Mrs. Lov.* So I do, so I do; but then, six or seven and twenty is not so very young, Mrs. Mechlin.

*Mrs. Mech.* No, no, a pretty ripe age; for at that time of life, men can bustle and stir, they are not easily check'd, and whatever they take in hand they go through with.

*Mrs. Lov.* True, true.

*Mrs. Mech.* Ay, ay, it is then they may be said to be useful; it is the only tear and wear season.

*Mrs. Lov.* Right, right.

*Mrs. Mech.* Well, ma'am, I see what you want, and to-morrow about this time, if you'll do me the favour to call—

*Mrs. Lov.* I shan't fail.

*Mrs. Mech.* I think I can suit you.

*Mrs. Lov.* You'll be very obliging.

*Mrs. Mech.* You may depend upon't, I'll do my endeavours.

*Mrs. Lov.* But, Mrs. Mechlin, be sure don't let him be older than that, not above seven or eight and twenty at most; and let it be as soon as you conveniently can.

*Mrs. Mech.* Never fear, ma'am.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Lov.* Because you know, the more children I have by the second venture, the greater plague I shall prove to those I had by the first.

*Mrs. Mech.* True ma'am. You had better lean on me to the door; but, indeed, Mrs. Loveit, you are very malicious to your children, very revengeful, indeed.

*Mrs. Lov.* Ah, they deserve it; you can't think what sad whelps they turn out; no punishment can be too much; if their poor father could but have foreseen they would have——why did I mention the dear man! it melts me too much. Well, peace be with him.—To-morrow about this time, Mrs. Mechlin, will the party be here, think you?

*Mrs. Mech.* I can't say.

*Mrs. Lov.* Well, a good day, good Mrs. Mechlin.

*Mrs. Mech.* Here, John, take care of your mistress.—[*Exit Mrs. Loveit.*]—A good morning to you, ma'am. Jenny, bid Simon come up.—A husband! there now is a proof of the prudence of age; I wonder they don't add a clause to the act to prevent the old from marrying clandestinely as well as the young. I am sure there are as many unsuitable matches at this time of life as the other.

*Enter SIMON.*

Shut the door, Simon. Are there any of Mr. Fungus's servants below?

*Sim.* Three or four strange faces.

*Mrs. Mech.* Ay, ay, some of that troop, I suppose; come, Simon, be seated.—Well, Simon, as I was telling you; this Mr. Fungus, my lodger above, that has brought home from the wars a whole cart load of money, and who, (between you  
and



and I) went there from very little better than a driver of carts—

*Sim.* I formerly knew him, ma'am.

*Mrs. Mech.* But he does not know you?

*Sim.* No, no.

*Mrs. Mech.* I am glad of that—this spark, I say, not content with being really as rich as a lord, is determined to rival them too in every other accomplishment.

*Sim.* Will that be so easy? why he must be upwards of—

*Mrs. Mech.* Fifty, I warrant.

*Sim.* Rather late in life to set up for a gentleman.

*Mrs. Mech.* But fine talents you know, and a strong inclination.

*Sim.* That, indeed.—

*Mrs. Mech.* Then I promise you he spares for no pains.

*Sim.* Diligent?

*Mrs. Mech.* Oh, always at it. Learning something or other from morning to night; my house is a perfect academy, such a throng of fencers, dancers, riders, musicians—but, however, to sweeten the pill, I have a fellow feeling for recommending the teachers.

*Sim.* No doubt, ma'am; that's always the rule.

*Mrs. Mech.* But one of his studies is really diverting, I own I can't help laughing at that.

*Sim.* What may that be?

*Mrs. Mech.* Oratory.—You must know his first ambition is to have a seat in a certain assembly; and in order to appear there with credit, Mr. What d'ye Call'em, the man from the city, attends every morning to give him a lecture upon speaking, and there is such harranguing and bel-  
lowing

lowing between them—Lord have mercy upon—but you'll see enough on't yourself; for do you know, Simon, you are to be his valet de chambre?

*Sim.* Me, madam!

*Mrs. Mech.* Ay, his privy counsellor, his confidant, his director in chief.

*Sim.* To what end will that answer?

*Mrs. Mech.* There I am coming—You are to know, that our 'Squire Would-be is violently bent upon matrimony; and nothing forsooth will go down but a person of rank and condition.

*Sim.* Ay, ay, for that piece of pride he's indebted to Germany.

*Mrs. Mech.* The article of fortune he holds in utter contempt, a grand alliance is all that he wants; so that the lady has but her veins full of high blood, he does not care two-pence how low and empty her purse is.

*Sim.* But, ma'am, won't it be difficult to meet with a suitable subject? I believe there are few ladies of quality that —

*Mrs. Mech.* Oh, as to that, I am already provided.

*Sim.* Indeed!

*Mrs. Mech.* You know my niece Dolly?

*Sim.* Very well.

*Mrs. Mech.* What think you of her?

*Sim.* Of Miss Dolly, for what?

*Mrs. Mech.* For what? you are plaguily dull; why, a woman of fashion, you dunce.

*Sim.* To be sure Miss Dolly is very deserving, and few ladies have a better appearance; but, bless me, madam, here people of rank are so generally known, that the slightest enquiry would poison your project.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Mech.* Oh, Simon, I have no fears from that quarter: there I think, I am pretty secure.

*Sim.* If that, indeed, be the case.—

*Mrs. Mech.* In the first place, Mr. Fungus has an intire reliance on me.

*Sim.* That's something.

*Mrs. Mech.* Then to baffle any idle curiosity, we are not derived from any of your new-fangled gentry, who owe their upstart nobility to your Harrys and Edwards. No, no, we are scions from an older stock; we are the hundred and fortieth lineal descendant from Hercules Alexander, earl of Glendowery, prime minister to king Malcolm the First.

*Sim.* Odso; a qualification for a Canon of Straßbourg. So then it seems you are transplanted from the banks of the Tweed; Cry you mercy! But how will Miss Dolly be able to manage the accent!

*Mrs. Mech.* Very well; she was two years an actress in Edenborough.

*Sim.* That's true; is the overture made, has there been any interview?

*Mrs. Mech.* Several; we have no dislike to his person; can't but own he is rather agreeable; and as to his proposals, they are greater than we could desire; but we are prudent and careful, say nothing without the Earl's approbation.

*Sim.* Oh, that will be easily had.

*Mrs. Mech.* Not so easily; and now comes your part: but first, how goes the world with you, Simon?

*Sim.* Never worse! The ten bags of tea, and the cargo of brandy, them peering rascals took from me in Suffex, has quite broken my back.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Mech.* Poor Simon! why then I am afraid there's an end of your traffick.

*Sim.* Totally: for now those fellows have got the Isle of Man in their hands, I have no chance to get home. *Mrs. Mechlin.*

*Mrs. Mech.* Then you are intirely at leisure?

*Sim.* As a Bath turnspit in the month of July.

*Mrs. Mech.* You are then, Simon, an old family servant in waiting here on the lady; but dispatched to the North with a view to negotiate the treaty, you are just returned with the noble Peer's resolution. Prepare you a suitable equipage, I will provide you with a couple of letters, one for the lover and one for the lady ———

*Sim.* The contents——

*Mrs. Mech.* Oh, you may read them within: now with regard to any questions, I will furnish you with suitable answers; but you have a bungler to deal with, so your cards will be easily played.

*Enter JENNY.*

*Jen.* Miss Dolly, ma'am, in a hackney coach at the corner; may she come in?

*Mrs. Mech.* Are the servants out of the way?

*Jen.* Oh, she is so muffled up and disguised, that she'll run no danger from them.

*Mrs. Mech.* Be sure keep good watch at the door, Jenny.

*Jen.* Oh, never fear, ma'am. [*Exit Jenny.*]

*Mrs. Mech.* Simon, take those two letters that are under the furthestmost cushion in the window, run home, get a dirty pair of boots on, a great coat, and a whip, and be here with them in half an hour at farthest.

*Sim.*

*Sim.* I will not fail. But have you no farther directions ?

*Mrs. Mech.* Time enough. I shall be in the way ; for it is me that must introduce you above. —[*Exit Simon.*]—So, things seem now in a pretty good train ; a few hours, it is to be hoped, will make me easy for life. To say truth, I begin to be tired of my trade. To be sure the profits are great ; but then, so are the risks that I run : besides, my private practice begins to be smothered. Ladies are supposed to come here with different designs than merely to look at my goods : some of my best customers too, are got out of my channel, and manage their matters at home by their maids. Those asylums, they gave a dreadful blow to my business. Time has been, when a gentleman wanted a friend, I could supply him with choice in an hour ; but the market is spoiled, and a body might as soon produce a hare or a partridge as a pretty——[*Enter Dolly.*]——So Niece, are all things prepared ; have you got the papers from Harpy ?

*Dolly.* Here they are, ma'am.

*Mrs. Mech.* Let me see—Oh the marriage articles for Fungus to sign. Have you got the contract about you ?

*Dolly.* You know, aunt, I left it with you.

*Mrs. Mech.* True, I had forgot : but where is the bond that I —— Here it is ; this, Dolly, you must sign and seal before witness.

*Dolly.* To what end, aunt ?

*Mrs. Mech.* Only, child, a trifling acknowledgment for all the trouble I have taken ; a little hint to your husband ; that he may reimburse your poor aunt, for your cloaths, board, lodging and breeding.

*Dolly.*

*Dolly.* I hope my aunt does not suspect that I can ever be wanting ——

*Mrs. Mech.* No, my dear, not in the least : but it is best, Dolly, in order to prevent all retrospection, that we settle accounts before you change your condition.

*Dolly.* But, ma'am, may not I see the contents ?

*Mrs. Mech.* The contents, love, of what use will that be to you ? Sign and seal, that's enough.

*Dolly.* But, aunt, I choose to see what I sign.

*Mrs. Mech.* To see, what then you suspect me ?

*Dolly.* No, ma'am ; but a little caution ——

*Mrs. Mech.* Caution ! Here's an impudent baggage ! how dare you dispute my commands ; have not I made you, raised you from nothing, and won't a word from my mouth reduce you again ?

*Dolly.* Madam, I ——

*Mrs. Mech.* Answer me, huffy, was not you a beggar's brat at my door : did not I, out of compassion, take you into my house, call you my niece, and give you suitable breeding ?

*Dolly.* True, madam.

*Mrs. Mech.* And what return did you make me ? You was scarce got into your teens, you forward slut, but you brought me a child almost as big as yourself ; and a delightful father you chose for it ! Doctor Catgut, the meagre musician ; that sick monkey-face maker of crotchets ; that eternal trotter after all the little draggle-tailed girls of the town. Oh, you low slut, had it been by a gentleman, it would not have vexed me ; but a fiddler !

*Dolly.* For heaven's sake. ——

*Mrs. Mech.* After that you eloped, commenced stroller, and in a couple of years, returned to town in your original trim, with scarce a rag to your back.

*Dolly.*



*Dolly.* Pray, ma'am——

*Mrs. Mech.* Did not I, notwithstanding, receive you again? have not I tortured my brains for your good? found you a husband as rich as a Jew, just brought all my matters to bear, and now you refuse to sign a paltry paper?

*Dolly.* Pray, madam, give it me, I will sign, execute, do all that you bid me.

*Mrs. Mech.* You will; yes, so you had best. And what's become of the child, have you done as I ordered?

*Dolly.* The doctor was not at home; but the nurse left the child in the kitchen.

*Mrs. Mech.* You heard nothing from him?

*Dolly.* Not a word.

*Mrs. Mech.* Then he is meditating some mischief, I warrant. However, let our good stars secure us to-day, and a fig for what may happen to-morrow. It is a little unlucky tho', that Mr. Fungus has chosen the doctor for his master of music? but as yet he has not been here, and, if possible, we must prevent him.

*Enter JENNY, hastily.*

*Jen.* Mr. Fungus, the tallow chandler, ma'am, is crossing the way, shall I say you are at home?

*Mrs. Mech.* His brother has servants enough, let some of them answer. Hide, Dolly.—[*Exeunt Dolly and Jenny.*]——[*One knock at the door.*]——Ay, that's the true tap of the trader; this old brother of ours tho' is smoaky and shrewd, and tho' an odd, a sensible fellow; we must guard against him: if he gets but an inkling, but the slightest suspicion, our project is marr'd.—[*A noise without.*]——What the deuce is the matter! As I live, a squabble between him and La Fleur, the French footman

footman we hired this morning. This may make mirth, I'll listen a little. [Retires.

*Enter Mr. ISAAC FUNGUS, driving in LA FLEUR.*

*I. Fun.* What, is there no body in the house that can give me an answer; where's my brother, you rascal?

*La Fleur.* Je n'entend pas.

*I. Fun.* Pas, what the devil is that; answer yes or no, is my brother at home? don't shrug up your shoulders at me, you——Oh, here comes a rational being.

*Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.*

Madam Mechlin, how fares it? this here lanthorn-jaw'd rascal won't give me an answer, and indeed would scarce let me into the house.

*La Fleur.* C'est gros Bourgeois a fait une tapage de diable,

*Mrs. Mech.* Fy donc, c'est le frere de monsieur.

*La Fleur.* Le frere! Mon Dieu!

*I. Fun.* What is all this? what the devil lingua is the fellow a-talking?

*Mrs. Mech.* This is a footman from France that your brother has taken.

*I. Fun.* From France! and is that the best of his breeding? I thought we had taught them better manners abroad, than to come here and insult us at home. People make such a rout about smuggling their frenchified goods, their men do us more mischief. If we could but hinder the importing of them——

*Mrs. Mech.* Ay, you are a true Briton, I see that, Mr. Isaac.

*I. Fun.* I warrant me: is brother Zachary at home?

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Mech.* Above stairs, sir.

*I. Fun.* Any company with him?

*Mrs. Mech.* Not any to hinder your visit. *La Fleur*, ouvrez la porte.

*I. Fun.* Get along you—*Mrs. Mechlin*, your servant.—I can't think what the devil makes your quality so fond of the *monfieurs*; for my part I don't see——March and be hanged to you—you footy-faced——

[*Exeunt I. Fungus and La Fleur.*]

*Mrs Mech.* Come Dolly, you now may appear.

*Enter JENNY.*

*Jen.* Mr. Paduasoy, ma'am, the Spitalfields weaver; he has been waiting this hour, and says he has some people at home——

*Mrs. Mech.* Let him enter; in a couple of minutes I'll follow you, Dolly. [*Exit Jenny.*]

*Enter PADUASOY.*

*Mrs. Mech.* Mr. Paduasoy, you may load yourself home with those silks, they won't do for my market.

*Pad.* Why, what's the matter, madam?

*Mrs. Mech.* Matter! you are a pretty fellow indeed; you a tradesman! but it's lucky I know you, things might have been worse; let us settle accounts, Mr. Paduasoy; you'll see no more of my money.

*Pad.* I shall be sorry for that, *Mrs. Mechlin*.

*Mrs. Mech.* Sorry! answer me one question; am not I the best customer that ever you had?

*Pad.* I confess it.

*Mrs. Mech.* Have not I mortgaged my precious soul, by swearing to my quality-customers that

the stuff from your looms was the produce of Lyons?

*Pad.* Granted.

*Mrs. Mech.* And unless that had been believed, could you have sold them a yard, nay a nail?

*Pad.* I believe not.

*Mrs. Mech.* Very well. Did not, sir, I procure you more money for your cursed goods, when sold as the manufacture of France, than as mere English they could have ever produced you?

*Pad.* I never denied it.

*Mrs. Mech.* Then are not you a pretty fellow, to blow up and ruin my reputation at once?

*Pad.* Me, madam!

*Mrs. Mech.* Yes, you.

*Pad.* As how?

*Mrs. Mech.* Did not you tell me these pieces of silk were entire, and the only ones you had made of that pattern?

*Pad.* I did.

*Mrs. Mech.* Now mind. Last Monday I left them as just landed, upon a pretence to secure them from seizure, at the old countess of Furbelow's, by whose means, I was sure, at my own price, to get rid of them both; and who should come in last night at the ball at the Mansion-House, where my lady unluckily happened to be, with a full suit of the blue pattern upon her back, but Mrs. Deputy Dowlafs, dizen'd out like a duchess.

*Pad.* Mrs. Deputy Dowlafs! Is it possible?

*Mrs. Mech.* There is no denying the fact: but that was not all; if indeed Mrs. Deputy had behaved like a gentlewoman, and swore they had been sent her from Paris, why there the thing would have died; but see what it is to have to do

do with mechanicks, the fool owned she had them from you. I should be glad to see any of my customers at a loss for a lye. But those trumpery traders, Mr. Paduasoy, you'll never gain any credit by them.

*Pad.* This must be a trick of my wife's; I know the women are intimate, but this piece of intelligence will make a hot house. None of my fault indeed, Mrs. Mechlin; I hope, ma'am this won't make any difference?

*Mrs. Mech.* Difference! I don't believe I shall be able to smuggle a gown for you these six months. What is in that bundle?

*Pad.* Some India handkerchiefs, that you promised to procure of a supercargo at Woolwich, for Sir Thomas Callico's lady.

*Mrs. Mech.* Are you pretty forward with the light sprigged waistcoats from Italy?

*Pad.* They will be out of the loom in a week.

*Mrs. Mech.* You need not put any Genoa velvets in hand till the end of the autumn; but you may make me immediately a fresh sortment of foreign ribbons for summer

*Pad.* Any other commands, Mrs. Mechlin?

*Mrs. Mech.* Not at present, I think.

*Pad.* I wish you, madam, a very good morning.

*Mrs. Mech.* Mr Paduasoy, Lord! I had liked to have forgot. You must write an anonymous letter to the Custom-house, and send me some old silks to be seized; I must treat the town with a bonfire: it will make a fine paragraph for the papers; and at the same time advertise the public where such things may be had.

*Pad.* I shan't fail, madam. [Exit Paduasoy.  
Mrs.

*Mrs. Mech.* Who says now that I am not a friend to my country! I think the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, should vote me a premium. I am sure I am one of the greatest encouragers of our own manufactures.

[*Exit Mrs. Mechlin.*

*End of the First Act.*

## A C T II.

*SCENE Continues.*

*Enter ZACHARIAH FUNGUS, ISAAC FUNGUS, and Mrs. MECHLIN.*

*Zac. Fungus.*

**B**ROTHER Isaac, you are a blockhead I tell you. But first answer me this; can knowledge do a man any harm?

*I. Fun.* No, sartingly, what is befitting a man for to learn.

*Z. Fun.* To learn! and how should you know what is befitting a gentleman to learn! Stick to your trade, master tallow-chandler.

*I. Fun.* Now, brother Zachary, can you say in your conscience, as how, it is descent to be learning to dance, when you ha' almost lost the use of your legs?

*Z. Fun.* Lost the use of my legs? to see but the malice of men! Do but ax Mrs. Mechlin; now, ma'am, does not Mrs. Dukes say, that, considering my time, I have made a wonderful progress?

*I. Fun.* Your time, brother Zac!

*Z. Fun.*

*Z. Fun.* Ay, my time, brother Isaac. Why, I han't been at it passing a couple of months, and we have at our school two aldermen and a serjeant at law, that were full half a year before they could get out of hand.

*Mrs. Mech.* Very true, fir.

*Z. Fun.* There now, Mrs. Mechlin can vouch it. And pray, ma'am, does not master allow, that of my age, I am the most hopeful scholar he has?

*Mrs. Mech.* I can't but say, Mr. Isaac, that the 'squire has made a most prodigious improvement.

*Z. Fun.* Do you hear that? I wish we had but a kit, I would show you what I could do: one, two, three, ha. One, two, three, ha. There are risings and sinkings.

*Mrs. Mech.* Ay, marry, as light as a cork.

*Z. Fun.* A'n't it! Why, before next winter is over, he says, he'll fit me for dancing in public; and who knows but in Lent, you may see me amble at a Ridotto with an opera finger.

*Mrs. Mech.* And I warrant he acquits himself as well as the best.

*I. Fun.* Mercy on me; and pray brother, that thing like a sword in your hand, what may the use of that implement be?

*Z. Fun.* This! oh, this is a foil.

*I. Fun.* A foil.

*Z. Fun.* Ay, a little instrument, by which, we who are gentlemen, are intrusted to kill one another.

*I. Fun.* To kill! Marry, heaven forbid: I hope you have no such bloody intentions. Why, brother Zac. you was used to be a peaceable man.

*Z. Fun.* Ay, that was when I was a paltry mechanic, and afraid of the law, but now I am another guess person; I have been in camps, can-  
toons,



toons, and intrenchments: have marched over bridges and breaches; I have seen the Ezel and Wezell; I'm got as rich as a Jew, and if any man dares to affront me, I'll let him know that my trade has been fighting.

*I. Fun.* Rich as a Jew! Ah, Zac. Zac. but if you had not had another gues's trade than fighting, I doubt whether you would have returned altogether so rich: but now you have got all this wealth, why not sit down and enjoy it in quiet?

*Z. Fun.* Hark ye, Isaac, do you purtend to know life? are you acquainted with the Beaux Esprits of the age?

*I. Fun.* I don't understand you.

*Z. Fun.* No, I believe not; then how should you know what belongs to gentility?

*I. Fun.* And why not as well as you, brother Zac. I hope I am every whit as well born?

*Z. Fun.* Ay, Isaac, but the breeding is all; consider I have been a gentleman above five years and three quarters, and I think should know a little what belongs to the business; hey, Mrs. Mechlin?

*Mrs. Mech.* Very true, Sir.

*Z. Fun.* And as to this foil, do you know, Isaac, in what the art of fencing consists?

*I. Fun.* How should I?

*Z. Fun.* Why it is short; there are but two rules; the first is, to give your antagonist as many thrusts as you can; the second, to be careful and receive none yourself.

*I. Fun.* But how this is to be done?

*Z. Fun.* Oh, easy enough: for do you see, if you can but divert your adversary's point from the line of your body, it is impossible he ever should hit you; and all this is done by a little turn-of the wrist,



wrist, either this way, or that way. But I'll show you: John, bring me a foil. Mrs. Mechlin, it will be worth your observing. Here, brother Isaac.  
[Offers him a foil.]

*I. Fun.* Not I.

*Z. Fun.* These bourgeois are so frightful. Mrs. Mechlin, will you, ma'am, do me the favour to push at me a little? Mind, brother, when she thrusts at me in carte, I do so; and when she pushes in tierce, I do so; and by this means a man is sure to avoid being killed. But it may not be amiss, brother Isaac, to give you the progress of a regular quarrel; and then you will see what sort of a thing a gentleman is. Now I have been told, do you see, brother Isaac, by a friend who has a regard for my honour, that Captain Jenkins, or Hopkins, or Wilkins, or what captain you please, has in public company called me a cuckold——

*I. Fun.* A cuckold? But how can that be? because why, brother Zac. you ben't married.

*Z. Fun.* But as I am just going to be married, that may very well happen you know.

*Mrs. Mech.* True.

*Z. Fun.* Yes, yes, the thing is natural enough. Well, the captain has said I am a cuckold. Upon which, the first time I set eyes on captain Wilkins, either at Vaux-hall, or at Ranelagh, I accost him, in a courteous, genteel-like manner.

*I. Fun.* And that's more than he merits.

*Z. Fun.* Your patience, dear Isaac——in a courteous, gentleman-like manner; captain Hopkins, your servant.

*I. Fun.* Why, you call'd him but now captain Wilkins.

*Z. Fun.* 'Pshaw! you blockhead, I tell you the name does not signify nothing——Your servant;  
shall

shall I crave your ear for a moment? The captain politely replies, Your commands, good Mr. Fungus? then we walk side by side—Come here, Mrs. Mechlin.—[*They walk up and down*]—for some time as civil as can be. Mind brother Isaac.

*I. Fun.* I do, I do.

*Z. Fun.* Hey——no, t'other side, Mrs. Mechlin.—that's right—I hear, captain Wilkins—

*I. Fun.* I knew it was Wilkins.

*Z. Fun.* Zounds! Isaac, be quiet—Wilkins, that you have taken some liberties about and concerning of me, which damme, I don't understand—

*I. Fun.* Don't swear, brother Zachary.

*Z. Fun.* Did ever mortal hear the like of this fellow!

*I. Fun.* But you are grown such a reprobate since you went to the wars—

*Z. Fun.* Mrs. Mechlin, stop the tongue of that blockhead; why, dunce, I am speaking by rule, and Mrs. Mechlin can tell you that duels and damme's go always together.

*Mrs. Mech.* Oh, always.

*Z. Fun.* Which, damme, I don't understand. Liberties with you, cries the captain, where, when, and in what manner? Last Friday night in company at the St. Alban's, you called me a buck, and moreover said that my horns were exalted. Now, fir, I know very well what was your meaning by that, and therefore demand satisfaction. That, fir, is what I never deny to a gentleman; but as to you, Mr. Fungus, I can't consent to give you that rank. How, fir, do you deny my gentility! Oh, that affront must be answered this instant—Draw, fir. Now push, Mrs. Mechlin.—

[*They*

[*They fence.*.]—There I parry tierce, there I parry carte, there I parry — Hold, hold, have a care, zooks, Mrs. Mechlin.

*I. Fun.* Ha, ha, ha! I think you have met with your match; well pushed, Mrs. Mechlin.

*Z. Fun.* Ay, but instead of pushing in tierce, she pushed me in carte, and came so thick with her thrusts, that it was not in nature to parry them.

*I. Fun.* Well, well, I am fully convinced of your skill; but I think, brother Zac. you hinted an intention of marrying, is that your design?

*Z. Fun.* Undoubtedly.

*I. Fun.* And when?

*Z. Fun.* Why this evening.

*I. Fun.* So sudden? and pray is it a secret to whom?

*Z. Fun.* A secret, no, I am proud of the match; she brings me all that I want, her veins full of good blood; such a family! such an alliance! zooks, she has a pedigree as long as the Mall, brother Isaac, with large trees on each side, and all the boughs loaded with lords.

*I. Fun.* But has the lady no name?

*Z. Fun.* Name! ay, such a name, lord, we have nothing like it in London: none of your stunted little dwarfish words of one syllable; your Watts, and your Potts, and your Trotts; this rumbles through the throat like a cart with broad wheels. Mrs. Mechlin, you can pronounce it better than me.

*Mrs. Mech.* Lady Sacharissa Mackirkincroft.

*Z. Fun.* Kirkincroft! there are a mouthful of syllables for you. Lineally descended from Hercules Alexander Charlemagne Hannibal, Earl of Glendowery,

Glendowery, prime minister to king Malcolm the first.

*I. Fun.* And are all the parties agreed ?

*Z. Fun.* I can't say quite all ; for the right honourable peer that is to be my papa, (who by the bye) is as proud as the devil, has flatly renounced the alliance, calls me here in his letter Plebeian, and says if we have any children, they will turn out very little better than pye balls.

*I. Fun.* And what does the gentlewoman say ?

*Z. Fun.* The gentlewoman ! Oh, the gentlewoman, who (between ourselves) is pretty near as high as her father ; but, however, my person has proved too hard for her pride, and I take the affair to be as good as concluded.

*I. Fun.* It is resolved ?

*Z. Fun.* Fixed.

*I. Fun.* I am sorry for it.

*Z. Fun.* Why so ? come, come, brother Isaac, don't be uneasy, I have a shrewd guess at your grievance ; but though you may not be suffered to see lady Sacharissa at first, yet who knows before long I may have interest enough with her to bring it about ; and in the mean time you may dine when you will with the steward.

*I. Fun.* You are exceedingly kind.

*Z. Fun.* Mrs. Mechlin, you don't think my lady will gainsay it ?

*Mrs. Mech.* By no means ; it is wonderful considering her rank, how mild and condescending she is : why, but yesterday, says her ladyship to me, Though, Mrs. Mechlin, it can't be supposed that I should admit any of the Fungus family into my presence——

*Z. Fun.* No, no, to be sure ; not at first, as I said.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Mech.* Yet his brother or any other relation, may dine with the servants every day.

*Z. Fun.* Do you hear, Isaac, there's your true, inherent nobility, so humble and affable; but people of real rank never have any pride; that is only for upstarts.

*I. Fun.* Wonderfully gracious; but here, brother Zac. you mistake me, it is not for myself I am sorry.

*Z. Fun.* Whom then?

*I. Fun.* For you. Don't you think that your wife will despise you?

*Z. Fun.* No.

*I. Fun.* Can you suppose that you will live together a month?

*Z. Fun.* Yes.

*I. Fun.* Why, can you bear to walk about your own house like a paltry dependant?

*Z. Fun.* No.

*I. Fun.* To have yourself and your orders contemned by your servants?

*Z. Fun.* No.

*I. Fun.* To see your property devoured by your lady's beggarly cousins, who, notwithstanding, won't vouchsafe you a nod?—

*Z. Fun.* No.

*I. Fun.* Can you be blind at her bidding, run at her sending, come at her calling, dine by yourself when she has bettermost company, and sleep six nights a week in the garret?

*Z. Fun.* No.

*I. Fun.* Why, will you dare to disobey, have the impudence to dispute the sovereign will and pleasure of a lady like her?

*Z. Fun.* Ay, marry will I.

*I. Fun.* And don't you expect a whole clan of  
Andrew

Andrew Ferraros, with their naked points at your throat?

*Z. Fun.* No.

*I. Fun.* Then you don't know half you will have to go through.

*Z. Fun.* Look you, brother, I know what you would be at; you don't mean I should marry at all.

*I. Fun.* Indeed, brother Zachary, you wrong me; I should with pleasure see you equally matched, that is, to one of your own rank and condition.

*Z. Fun.* You would? I don't doubt it, but that is a pleasure you never will have. Look you, Isaac, I have made up my mind; it is a lady I like, and a lady I will have; and if you say any more, I'll not be contented with that, for damme, I'll marry a duchess.

*Enter LA FLEUR.*

*La Fleur.* Le Maitre pour donner d'eloquence.

*Z. Fun.* What does the puppy say, Mrs. Mechlin? for you know I can't parler vous.

*Mrs. Mech.* The gentleman from the city, that is to make you a speaker.

*Z. Fun.* Odzooks! a special fine fellow, let's have him.

*Mrs. Mech.* Faites l'entrer. [*Exit La Fleur.*

*I. Fun.* Brother, as you are busy, I will take another——

*Z. Fun.* No, no, this is the finest fellow of all, it is he that is to make me a man; and hark ye, brother. if I should chance to rise in the state, no more words, your business is done.

*I. Fun.* What, I reckon some member of parliament.

*Z. Fun.*

*Z. Fun.* A member! Lord help you, brother Isaac, this man is a whole senate himself. Why it is the famous orationer that has published the book.

*I. Fun.* What, Mr. Gruel.

*Z. Fun.* The same.

*I. Fun.* Yes, I have seen his name in the News.

*Z. Fun.* His knowledge is wonderful; he has told me such secrets: why do you know, Isaac, by what means 'tis we speak?

*I. Fun.* Speak! why we speak with our mouths.

*Z. Fun.* No, we don't.

*I. Fun.* No!

*Z. Fun.* No. He says we speak by means of the tongue, the teeth, and the throat; and without them we only should bellow.

*I. Fun.* But surely the mouth—

*Z. Fun.* The mouth, I tell you, is little or nothing, only just a cavity for the air to pass through.

*I. Fun.* Indeed!

*Z. Fun.* That's all; and when the cavity's small, little sounds will come out; when large, the great ones proceed; observe now in whistling and bawling.—[*whistles and bawls.*]—Do you see. Oh he is a miraculous man.

*I. Fun.* But of what use is all this?

*Z. Fun.* But it's knowledge, a'n't it; and of what signification is that, you fool! and then as to use, why he can make me speak in any manner he pleases; as a lawyer, a merchant, a country gentleman; whatever the subject requires.—But here he is.

*Enter*



*Enter Mr. GRUEL.*

Mr. Gruel, your servant; I have been holding forth in your praise.

*Gruel.* I make no doubt, Mr. Fungus, but to your declamation, or recitation, (as Quintilian more properly terms it) I shall be indebted for much future praise, in as much as the reputation of the scholar does (as I may say) confer or rather as it were reflect, a marvellous kind of lustre on the fame of the master himself.

*Z. Fun.* There, Isaac! didst ever hear the like? he talks just as if it were all out of a book; what would you give to be able to utter such words?

*I. Fun.* And what should I do with them? them holiday terms would not pass in my shop; there's no buying and selling with them.

*Gruel.* Your observation is pithy and pertinent; different stations different idioms demand, polished periods accord ill with the mouths of mechanics; but as that tribe is permitted to circulate a baser kind of coin, for the ease and convenience of inferior traffic, so it is indulged with a vernacular or vicious vulgar phraseology, to carry on their interlocutory commerce; but I doubt, sir, I soar above the region of your comprehension?

*I. Fun.* Why if you would come down a step or two, I can't say but I should understand you the better.

*Z. Fun.* And I too.

*Gruel.* Then to the familiar I fall: if the gentleman has any ambition to shine at a vestry, a common-hall, or even a convivial club, I can supply him with ample materials.

*I. Fun.*



*I. Fun.* No, I have no such desire.

*Gruel.* Not to lose time ; your brother here, (for such I find the gentleman is) in other respects a common man like yourself——

*Z. Fun.* No better.

*Gruel.* Observe how altered by means of my art : are you prepared in the speech on the great importance of trade ?

*Z. Fun.* Pretty well, I believe.

*Gruel.* Let your gesticulations be chaste, and your muscular movements consistent.

*Z. Fun.* Never fear —— | *Enter Jenny, and whispers Mrs. Mechlin.* ]——Mrs. Mechlin, you'll stay ?

*Mrs. Mech.* A little business, I'll return in an instant. [ *Exit Mrs. Mechlin.*

*Gruel.* A little here to the left, if you please, sir, there you will only catch his profile——that's right——now you will have the full force of his face ; one, two, three ; now off you go.

*Z. Fun.* When I consider the vast importance of this day's debate ; when I revolve the various vicissitudes that this soil has sustained ; when I ponder what our painted progenitors were ; and what we, their civilized successors, are ; when I reflect, that they fed on crab-apples and chesnuts——

*Gruel.* Pignuts, good sir, if you please.

*Z. Fun.* You are right ; crab-apples and pignuts ; and that we feast on green-peas, and on custards : when I trace in the recording historical page, that their floods gave them nothing but frogs, and now know we have fish by land carriage. I am lost in amazement at the prodigious power of commerce. Hail commerce ! daughter of industry, consort to credit, parent of opulence, full sister to liberty,

liberty, and great grandmother to the art of navigation—

*I. Fun.* Why this gentlewoman has a pedigree as long as your wife's, brother Zac.

*Z. Fun.* Prithee Isaac be quiet—art of navigation—a—a—'vigation.—Zooks, that fellow has put me quite out.

*Gruel.* It matters not; this day's performance has largely fulfilled your yesterday's promise.

*Z. Fun.* But I han't half done, the best is to come; let me just give him that part about turnpegs—for the sloughs, the mires, the ruts, the impassable bogs, that the languid, but generous, steed travelled through; he now pricks up his ears, he neighs, he canters, he capers through a whole region of turnpegs.

*Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.*

*Mrs. Mech.* Your riding-master is below.

*Z. Fun.* Gadso! then here we must end. You'll pardon me, good Mr. Gruel; for as I want to be a finished gentleman as soon as I can, it is impossible for me to stick long to any one thing:

*Gruel.* Sir, Though your exit is rather abrupt, yet the multiplicity of your avocations do, (as I may say) in some measure, cicatrise the otherwise mortal wound on this occasion sustained by decorum.

*Z. Fun.* Cicatrise! I could hear him all day: He is a wonderful man. Well, Mr. Gruel, to morrow we will at it again.

*Gruel.* You will find me prompt at your slightest volition.

*Z. Fun.* I wish, brother Isaac, I could have staid, you should have heard me oration away like  
a lawyer,

a lawyer, about pleadings and presidents, but all in good time.— [Exit Fungus.

*Mrs. Mech.* This gentleman, fir, will gain you vast credit.

*Gruel.* Yes, ma'am, the capabilities of the gentleman, I confess, are enormous; and as to you I am indebted for this promising pupil, you will permit me to expunge the obligation by an instantaneous and gratis lecture on that species of eloquence peculiar to ladies.

*Mrs. Mech.* Oh, fir, I have no sort of occasion—

*Gruel.* As to that biped, man, (for such I define him to be) a male or masculine manner belongs—

*Mrs. Mech.* Any other time, good Mr. Gruel.

*Gruel.* So to that biped, woman, she participating of his general nature, the word homo, in Latin, being promiscuously used as woman or man—

*Mrs. Mech.* For Heaven's sake—

*Gruel.* But being cast in a more tender and delicate mould—

*Mrs. Mech.* Sir, I have twenty people in waiting—

*Gruel.* The soft, supple, insinuating graces—

*Mrs. Mech.* I must insist—

*Gruel.* Do appertain. (as I may say) in a more peculiar, or particular manner;—

*Mrs. Mech.* Nay, then—

*Gruel.* Her rank, in the order, of entities.—

*Mrs. Mech.* I must thrust you out of my house.

*Gruel.* Not calling her forth—

*Mrs. Mech.* Was there ever such a—

[pushing him out.

*Re-enter GRUEL.*

*Gruel.* To those eminent, hazardous, and (as I may say) perilous conflicts, which so often——

*Mrs. Mech.* Get down stairs, and be hanged to you.—[*Pushes him out.*]—There he goes, as I live, from the top to the bottom; I hope. I han't done him a mischief: You ar'n't hurt, Mr. Gruel?—No, all's safe; I hear him going on with his speech; an impertinent puppy!

*J. Fun.* Impertinent, indeed, I wonder all those people don't turn your head, Mrs. Mechlin.

*Mrs. Mech.* Oh, I am pretty well used to 'em But who comes here! Mr. Isaac, if you will step into the next room, I have something to communicate that well deserves your attention.

[*Exit Isaac Fungus.*

*Enter SIMON.*

*Sim.* Doctor Catgut at the foot of the stairs.

*Mrs. Mech.* The devil he is! What can have brought him at this time of day? Watch, Simon, that nobody comes up whilst he is here.—[*Exit. Simon.*]—I hope he has not heard of the pretty present we sent him to day.

*Enter Dr. CATGUT.*

*Dr. Cat.* Madam Mechlin, your humble. I have, ma'am, received a couple of compliments from your mansion this morning; one I find from a lodger of your's, the other I presume from your niece; but for the last, I rather suppose I am indebted to you.

*Mrs. Mech.* Me! indeed, Doctor, you are widely mistaken; I assure you, sir, since your business broke out, I have never set eyes of her once.

*Dr. Cat.*

*Dr. Cat.* Then I am falsely informed.

*Mrs. Mech.* But after all you must own it is but what you deserve. I wonder, Doctor you don't leave off these tricks.

*Dr. Cat.* Why what can I do, Mrs. Mechlin? my constitution requires it.

*Mrs. Mech.* Indeed, I should not have thought it.

*Dr. Cat.* Then the dear little devils are so desperately fond.

*Mrs. Mech.* Without doubt.

*Dr. Cat.* And for frolick, flirtation, diligence, dress and address——

*Mrs. Mech.* To be sure.

*Dr. Cat.* For what you call genuine gallantry, few men, I flatter myself, will be found that can match me.

*Mrs. Mech.* Oh, that's a point given up.

*Dr. Cat.* Hark ye, Molly Mechlin; let me perish, child, you look divinely to-day.

*Mrs. Mech.* Indeed!

*Dr. Cat.* But that I have two or three affairs on my hands, I should be positively tempted to trifle with thee a little.

*Mrs. Mech.* Ay, but Doctor, consider I am not of a trifling age, it would be only losing your time.

*Dr. Cat.* Ha, so coy! But a propos, Molly, this lodger of your's; who is he, and what does he want?

*Mrs. Mech.* You have heard of the great Mr. Fungus!

*Dr. Cat.* Well!

*Mrs. Mech.* Being informed of your skill and abilities, he has sent for you to teach him to sing.

*Dr. Cat.*

*Dr. Cat.* Me teach him to sing! What does the scoundrel mean to affront me?

*Mrs. Mech.* Affront you!

*Dr. Cat.* Why don't you know, child, that I quitted that paltry profession?

*Mrs. Mech.* Not I.

*Dr. Cat.* Oh, intirely renounced it.

*Mrs. Mech.* Then what may you follow at present?

*Dr. Cat.* Me!—nothing. I am a poet, my dear.

*Mrs. Mech.* A poet!

*Dr. Cat.* A poet. The Muses; you know I was always fond of the ladies: I suppose you have heard of Shakspeare, and Shadwell, of Tom Brown, and of Milton, and Hudibras?

*Mrs. Mech.* I have.

*Dr. Cat.* I shall blast all their laurels, by gad; I have just given the public a taste, but there's a belly-full for them in my larder at home.

*Mrs. Mech.* Upon my word, you surprize me; but pray, is poetry a trade to be learned?

*Dr. Cat.* Doubtless. Capital as I am, I have not acquired it above a couple of years.

*Mrs. Mech.* And could you communicate your art to another?

*Dr. Cat.* To be sure. Why I have here in my pocket, my dear, a whole folio of rhymes, from Z quite to great A. Let us see, A. Ay, here it begins, A, afs, pafs, grafs, mafs, lasfs, and so quite thro' the alphabet down to Z. Zounds, grounds, mounds, pounds, hounds.

*Mrs. Mech.* And what do you do with those rhymes?

*Dr. Cat.* Oh, we supply them.

*Mrs. Mech.* Supply them?

*Dr. Cat.*

*Dr. Cat.* Ay, fill them up, as I will shew you. Last week, in a ramble to Dulwich, I made these rhimes into a duet for a new comic opera I have on the stocks. Mind, for I look upon the words as a model for that sort of writing.

First she.—*There to see the sluggish afs,  
Thro' the meadows as we pass,  
Eating up the farmer's grass,  
Blyth and merry, by the mafs,  
As a little country lass.*

*Mrs. Mech.* Very pretty.

*Dr. Cat.* A'n't it. Then he replies,

*Hear the farmer cry out, zounds !  
As he trudges thro' the grounds,  
Yonder beast has broke my mounds ;  
If the parish has no pounds,  
Kill, and give him to the hounds.*

Then Da Capo, both join in repeating the last stanza ; and this tacked to a tolerable tune, will run you for a couple of months. You observe ?

*Mrs. Mech.* Clearly. As our gentleman is desirous to learn all kinds of things. I can't help thinking but he will take a fancy to this.

*Dr. Cat.* In that case, he may command me, my dear ; and I promise you, in a couple of months, he shall know as much of the matter as I do.

*Mrs. Mech.* At present he is a little engaged, but as soon as the honey-moon is over —

*Dr. Cat.* Honey-moon ! Why is he going to be married ?

*Mrs. Mech.* This Evening, I fancy.

*Dr. Cat.* The finest opportunity for an introduction, in nature ; I have by me, ma'am Mech-  
lin,



lin, of my own composition, such an epithalamium.

*Mrs. Mech.* Thalmium, what's that?

*Dr. Cat.* A kind of an elegy, that we poets compose at the solemnization of weddings.

*Mrs. Mech.* Oh, ho!

*Dr. Cat.* It is set to musick already, for I still compose for myself.

*Mrs. Mech.* You do?

*Dr. Cat.* Yes. What think you now of providing a band, and serenading the 'squire to-night? It will be a pretty extempore compliment.

*Mrs. Mech.* The prettiest thought in the world. But I hear Mr. Fungus's bell. You'll excuse me, dear Doctor, you may suppose we are busy.

*Dr. Cat.* No apology then, I'll about it this instant.

*Mrs. Mech.* As soon as you please; any thing to get you out of the way. [*Aside and exit.*]

*Dr. Cat.* Your obsequious, good madam Mechlin. But notwithstanding all your fine speeches, I shrewdly suspect my blessed bargain at home was a present from you; and what shall I do with it? —These little embarrasses we men of intrigue are eternally subject to. There will be no sending it back. She will never let it enter the house. —Hey! gad, a lucky thought is come into my head——this serenade is finely contrived.——Madam Mechlin shall have her cousin again, for I will return her bye-blow in the body of a double bass-viol; so the bawd shall have a concert as well as the 'squire.—— [*Exit.*]

*End of the Second Act.*



## A C T III.

SCENE *Continues.*

*Enter* HARPY, YOUNG LOVEIT *and* JENNY.

*Harpy.*

**T**ELL your mistress my name is Harpy ; she knows me, and how precious my time is.

*Jen.* Mr. Harpy, the attorney of Furnival's Inn ?

[*Exit Jenny.*]

*Har.* The same. Ay, ay, young gentleman, this is your woman ; I warrant your business is done. You knew Kitty Williams, that married Mr. Abednego Potiphar, the Jew broker ?

*Y. Lov.* I did.

*Har.* And Robin Rainbow, the happy husband of the widow Champanfy, from the isle of St. Kitt's ?

*Y. Lov.* I have seen him.

*Har.* All owing to her. Her success in that branch of business is wonderful ! Why, I dare believe, since last summer, she has not sent off less than forty couple to Edinburgh.

*Y. Lov.* Indeed ! She must be very adroit.

*Har.* Adroit ! You shall judge. I will tell you a case : you know the large brick house at Peckham, with a turret at top ?

*Y. Lov.* Well.

*Har.* There lived Miss Cicely Mite, the only daughter of old Mite the cheesemonger, at the corner of Newgate-street, just turned of fourteen, and under the wing of an old maiden aunt, as watchful

ful as a dragon—but hush—I hear Mrs. Mechlin, I'll take another season to finish my tale.

*Y. Lov.* But, Mr. Harpy, as these kind of women are a good deal given to gossiping, I would rather my real name was a secret till there is a sort of necessity.

*Har.* Gossiping! She, lord help you, she is as close as a Catholic confessor.

*Y. Lov.* That may be, but you must give me leave to insist.

*Har.* Well, well, as you please.

*Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.*

Your very humble servant, good madam Mechlin; I have taken the liberty to introduce a young gentleman, a friend of mine, to crave your assistance.

*Mrs. Mech.* Any friend of yours, Mr. Harpy; won't you be seated, sir.

*Y. Lov.* Ma'am. [*They sit down.*]

*Mrs. Mech.* And pray, sir, how can I serve you?

*Har.* Why, ma'am, the gentleman's situation is—but, sir, you had better state your case to Mrs. Mechlin yourself.

*Y. Lov.* Why, you are to know, ma'am, that I am just escaped from the university, where (I need not tell you) you are greatly esteemed.

*Mrs. Mech.* Very obliging. I must own, sir, I have had a very great respect for that learned body, ever since they made a near and dear friend of mine a doctor of music.

*Y. Lov.* Yes, ma'am, I remember the gentleman.

*Mrs. Mech.* Do you know him, sir? I expect him here every minute to instruct a lodger of mine.

*Y. Lov.* Not intimately. Just arrived, but last night: upon my coming to town I found my father deceased,

deceased, and all his fortune devised to his relict, my mother.

*Mrs. Mech.* What, the whole!

*Y. Lov.* Every shilling. That is, for her life.

*Mrs. Mech.* And to what sum may it amount?

*Y. Lov.* Why, my mother is eternally telling me, that after her, I shall inherit fifty or sixty thousand at least.

*Mrs. Mech.* Upon my word, a capital sum.

*Y. Lov.* But of what use, my dear Mrs. Mechlin, since she refuses to advance me a guinea upon the credit of it, and while the grass grows—— You know the proverb.——

*Mr. Mech.* What, I suppose you want something for present subsistence?

*Y. Lov.* Just my situation.

*Mrs. Mech.* Have you thought of nothing for yourself?

*Y. Lov.* I am resolved to be guided by you.

*Mrs. Mech.* What do you think of a wife?

*Y. Lov.* A wife!

*Mrs. Mech.* Come, come, don't despise my advice; when a young man's finances are low, a wife is a much better resource than a usurer; and there are in this town a number of kind-hearted widows that take a pleasure in repairing the injuries done by fortune to handsome young fellows.

*Har.* Mrs. Mechlin has reason.

*Y. Lov.* But, dear ma'am, what can I do with a wife.

*Mrs. Mech.* Do! why like other young fellows who marry ladies a little stricken in years; make her your banker and steward. If you say but the word, before night I'll give you a widow with two thousand a year in her pocket.

*Y. Lov.*

*Y. Lov.* Two thousand a year! a pretty employment, if the residence could but be dispensed with.

*Mrs. Mech.* What do you mean by residence? Do you think a gentleman, like a pitiful trader, is to be eternally tacked to his wife's petticoat? when she is in town, be you in the country; as she shifts do you shift. Why, you need not be with her above thirty days in the year; and let me tell you, you won't find a more easy condition; twelve months subsistence for one month's labour!

*Y. Lov.* Two thousand a year, you are sure?

*Mrs. Mech.* The least penny.

*Y. Lov.* Well madam, you shall dispose of me just as you please.

*Mrs. Mech.* Very well, if you will call in half an hour at farthest, I believe we shall finish the business.

*Y. Lov.* In half an hour?

*Mrs. Mech.* Precisely. Oh, dispatch is the very life and soul of my trade. Mr. Harpy will tell you my terms, you will find them reasonable enough.

*Har.* Oh, I am sure we shall have no dispute about those.

*Y. Lov.* No, no.—

[*Going.*]

*Mrs. Mech.* Oh, but Mr. Harpy, it may be proper to mention that the gentlewoman, the party, is upwards of sixty.

*Y. Lov.* With all my heart; it is the purse, not the person I want! Sixty! she is quite a girl; I wish with all my soul she was ninety.

*Mrs. Mech.* Get you gone, you are a devil, I see that.

*Y. Lov.* Well, for half an hour, sweet Mrs. Mechlin, adieu.

[*Exeunt Young Loveit and Harpy.*]

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Mech.* Soh! I have provided for my dowager from Devonshire-square, and now to cater for my commissary. Here he comes.

*Enter FUNGUS and BRIDOUN.*

*Fun.* So in six weeks—Oh, Mrs. Mechlin, any news from the lady?

*Mrs. Mech.* I expect her here every moment. She is conscious that in this step, she descends from her dignity; but being desirous to screen you from the fury of her noble relations, she is determined to let them see that the act and deed is intirely her own.

*Fun.* Very kind, very obliging indeed. But, Mrs. Mechlin, as the family is so furious, I reckon we shall never be reconciled.

*Mrs. Mech.* I don't know that. When you have bought commissions for her three younger brothers, discharged the mortgage on the paternal estate, and portioned off eight or nine of her sisters, it is not impossible but my lord may be prevailed on to suffer your name——

*Fun.* Do you think so?

*Mrs. Mech.* But then a work of time, Mr. Fungus.

*Fun.* Ay, ay, I know very well things of that kind are not brought about in a hurry.

*Mrs. Mech.* But I must prepare matters for the lady's reception.

*Fun.* By all means. The jewels are sent to her ladyship?

*Mrs. Mech.* To be sure.

*Fun.* And the ring for her ladyship, and her ladyship's licence?

*Mrs. Mech.* Ay, ay, and her ladyship's parson too; all are prepared.

*Fun.*

*Fun.* Parson! why won't her ladyship please to be married at Powl's?

*Mrs. Mech.* Lord, Mr. Fungus, do you think a lady of her rank and condition would bear to be seen in public at once with a person like you?

*Fun.* That's true, I ———

*Mrs. Mech.* No, no; I have sent to Dr. Tickle-text, and the business will be done in the parlour below.

*Fun.* As you and her ladyship pleases, good Mrs. Mechlin.

*Mrs. Mech.* You will get dressed as soon as you can.

*Fun.* I shall only take a short lesson from Mr. Bridoun, and then wait her ladyship's pleasure. Mrs. Mechlin, may my brother be by?

*Mrs. Mech.* Ay, ay, provided his being so is kept a secret from her.

*Fun.* Never fear.—— [*Exit Mrs. Mechlin.*]—— Well, Mr. Bridoun, and you think I am mended a little.——

*Brid.* A great deal.

*Fun.* And that in a month or six weeks I may be able to prance upon a long-tailed horse in Hyde-park, without any danger of falling?

*Brid.* Without doubt.

*Fun.* It will be vast pleasant, in the heat of the day, to canter along the King's-road, side by side with the ladies, in the thick of the dust; but that I must not hope for this summer.

*Brid.* I don't know that, if you follow it close.

*Fun.* Never fear, I shan't be sparing of—— But come, come, let us get to our business—— John, have the carpenters brought home my new horse?

*Enter*

*Enter JOHN.*

*John.* It is here, sir, upon the top of the stairs.

*Fun.* Then fetch it in, in an instant,—[*Exit John.*]  
—What a deal of time and trouble there goes, Mr. Bridoun, to the making a gentleman. And do your gentlemen born now (for I reckon you have had of all sorts) take as much pains as we do?

*Brid.* To be sure; but they begin at an earlier age.

*Fun.* There is something in that; I did not know but they might be apter, more cuter now in catching their larning.

*Brid.* Dispositions do certainly differ.

*Fun.* Ay, ay, something in nater, I warrant, as they say the children of blackamoors will swim as soon as they come into the world —[*Enter Servants with a wooden horse.*]  
—Oh, here he is, Ods me! it is a stately fine beast.

*Brid.* Here, my lads, place it here—very well, where's your switch, Mr. Fungus?

*Fun.* I have it.

*Brid.* Now let me see you vault nimbly into your seat. Zounds! you are got on the wrong side, Mr. Fungus!

*Fun.* I am so, indeed, but we'll soon rectify that. Now we are right: may I have leave to lay hold of the mane?

*Brid.* If you can't mount him without.

*Fun.* I will try; but this steed is so devilish tall—Mr. Bridoun, you don't think he'll throw me?

*Brid.* Never fear.

*Fun.* Well, if he should he can't kick, that's one comfort, however.

*Brid.* Now mind your position.

*Fun.*



*Fun.* Stay till I recover my wind.

*Brid.* Let your head be erect.

*Fun.* There.

*Brid.* And your shoulders fall easily back.

*Fun.* Ho ——— there.

*Brid.* Your switch perpendicular in your right hand——Your right ——that is it, your left to the bridle.

*Fun.* There.

*Brid.* Your knees in, and your toes out.

*Fun.* There.

*Brid.* Are you ready?

*Fun.* When you will.

*Brid.* Off you go.

*Fun.* Don't let him gallop at first.

*Brid.* Very well: preserve your position.

*Fun.* I warrant.

*Brid.* Does he carry you easy?

*Fun.* All the world like a cradle. But, Mr. Bridoun, I go at a wonderful rate.

*Brid.* Mind your knees.

*Fun.* Ay, ay, I can't think but this here horse stands still very near as fast as another can gallop.

*Brid.* Mind your toes.

*Fun.* Ho, Stop the horse. Zounds! I'm out of the stirrups, I can't sit him no longer; there I go.——— [Falls off.]

*Brid.* I hope you ar'n't hurt?

*Fun.* My left hip has a little confusion.

*Brid.* A trifle, quite an accident; it might happen to the very best rider in England.

*Fun.* Indeed!

*Brid.* We have such things happen every day at the manege; but you are vastly improved.

*Fun.* Why, I am grown bolder a little; and,  
Mr.



Mr. Bridoun, when do you think I may venture to ride a live horse?

*Brid.* The very instant you are able to keep your seat on a dead one.——

*Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.*

*Mrs. Mech.* Bless me, Mr. Fungus, how you are trifling your time! I expect lady Sacharissa every moment, and see what a trim you are in!

*Fun.* I beg pardon, good madam Mechlin. I'll be equipped in a couple of minutes; where will her ladyship please to receive me?

*Mrs. Mech.* In this room, to be sure; come, stir, stir.

*Fun.* I have had a little fall from my horse.—I'll go as fast as I—Mr. Bridoun, will you lend me a lift? *[Exeunt Fungus and Bridoun.]*

*Mrs. Mech.* There—Jenny, show Mrs. Loveit in here—Who's there?—

*Enter SERVANTS.*

Pray move that piece of lumber out of the way. Come, come, make haste. Madam, if you'll step in here for a moment.

*Enter Mrs. LOVEIT.*

*Mrs. Lov.* So, so, Mrs. Mechlin; well, you see I am true to my time; and how have you throve, my good woman?

*Mrs. Mech.* Beyond expectations.

*Mrs. Lov.* Indeed! And have you provided a party?

*Mrs. Mech.* Ay, and such a party, you might search the town round before you could meet with his fellow: he'll suit you in every respect.

*Mrs. Lov.* As how, as how, my dear woman?

*Mrs. Mech.* A gentleman by birth and by breeding,

ing, none of your little whipper snapper Jacks, but a countenance as comely, and a presence as portly ; he has one fault indeed, if you can but overlook that.

*Mrs. Lov.* What is it ?

*Mrs. Mech.* His age.

*Mrs. Lov.* Age ! how, how ?

*Mrs. Mech.* Why he is rather under your mark, I am afraid ; not above twenty at most.

*Mrs. Lov.* Well, well, so he answers in every thing else, we must overlook that ; for, Mrs. Mechlin, there is no expecting perfection below.

*Mrs. Mech.* True, ma'am.

*Mrs. Lov.* And where is he ?

*Mrs. Mech.* I look for him every minute ; if you will but step into the drawing-room, I have given him such a picture, that I am sure he is full as impatient as you.

*Mrs. Lov.* My dear woman, you are so kind and obliging : but, Mrs. Mechlin, how do I look ? don't flatter me, do you think my figure will strike him ?

*Mrs. Mech.* Or he must be blind.

*Mrs. Lov.* You may just hint black don't become me, that I am a little paler of late ; the loss of a husband one loves will cause an alteration, you know.

*Mrs. Mech.* True ; oh, he will make an allowance for that.

*Mrs. Lov.* But things will come round in a trice.

[*Exit Mrs. Lovett,*

*Enter SIMON.*

*Sim.* Madam, miss Dolly is dizen'd out, and every thing ready.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Mech.* Let her wait for the Commissary here, I will introduce him the instant he is dressed.

[*Exit Mrs. Mechlin.*]

*Sim.* Miss Dolly, you may come in, your aunt will be here in an instant.

*Enter DOLLY and JENNY.*

*Dolly.* Hush, Simon, hush, to your post.

*Sim.* I am gone ——— [ *Exit Simon.* ]

*Dolly.* Well, Jenny, and have I the true quality air ?

*Jen.* As perfectly, ma'am, as if you had been bred to the business ; and for figure, I defy the first of them all. For my part, I think Mr. Fungus very well off ; when the secret comes out, I don't see what right he has to be angry.

*Dolly.* Oh, when once he is noosed, let him struggle as much as he will, the cord will be drawn only the tighter.

*Jen.* Ay, ay, we may trust to your management. I hope, miss, I shall have the honour to follow your fortunes ; there will be no bearing this house, when once you have left it.

*Dolly.* No, Jenny, it would be barbarous to rob my aunt of so useful a second ; besides, for mistress and maid, we rather know one another a little too well.

*Jen.* Indeed ! but here comes Mr. Fungus ; remember distance and dignity.

*Dolly.* I warrant you, wench.

*Jen.* So, I see what I have to hope. Our young filly seems to be secure of her match ; but I may jostle her the wrong side the post : we will have a trial, however ; but I must see and find out the brother.

*Enter*

*Enter Z. FUNGUS and Mrs. MECHLIN.*

*Fun.* Yes, Scarlet is vastly becoming, and takes very much with the ladies ; quite proper too, as I have been in the army.

*Mrs. Mech.* Stay where you are till you are announced to the lady. Mr. Fungus begs leave to throw himself at your ladyship's feet.

*Dolly.* The mon may dra nigh.

*Mrs. Mech.* Approach.

*Fun.* One, two, three, ha ! Will that do ?

*Mrs. Mech.* Pretty well.

*Fun.* May I begin to make love ?

*Mrs. Mech.* When you will.

*Fun.* Now stand my friend, Mr. Gruel But she has such a deal of dignity that she dashes me quite.

*Mrs. Mech.* Courage.

*Fun.* Here, hold the paper to prompt me in case I should stumble—Madam, or, May it please your ladyship, When I preponderate the grandeur of your high ginnyalogy, and the mercantile meanness of my dingy descent ; when I consider that your ancestors, like admiral Anson, sailed all round the world in the ark ; and that it is a matter of doubt, whether I ever had any forefathers or no ; I totter, I tremble, at the thoughts of my towering ambition — Ah—a, is not Phaeton next ?——

*Mrs. Mech.* Hey !—[*Looking at the paper.*]—No, Luna.

*Fun.* Right ;—ambition—dignity how debased, distance how great ; it is as if the link should demand an alliance with Luna ; or the bushy-bramble court the boughs of the stately Scotch fir ; it is as if——What's next ?

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Mech.* Next——hey ;——I have lost the place I am afraid—Come, come, enough has been said ; you have shewn the sense you entertain of the honour. Upon these occasions, a third person is fittest to cut matters short. Your ladyship hears that ——

*Dolly.* Yes, yes, I ken weel enough what the mon would be at. *Mrs. Mechlin* has spear'd like things in your great commendations, *Mr. Fungus*, that I cannot but say I clik'd a fancy to you from the very beginning.

*Fun.* Much obliged to *Mrs. Mechlin*, indeed, please your la'ship. —

*Dolly.* You ken I am of as auncient a family as any North Briton can boast.

*Fun.* I know it full well, please your la'ship.

*Dolly.* And that I shall get the ill-wull of a' my kin by this match.

*Fun.* I am sorry for that, please your la'ship.

*Dolly.* But after the ceremony it will be proper to withdraw from town for a short space o' time.

*Fun.* Please your la'ship, what your la'ship pleases.

*Dolly.* In order to gi that gossip, Scandal, just time to tire her tongue.

*Fun.* True, your la'ship.

*Dolly.* I mun expect that the folk will mak' free wi' my character in choosin' like a consort as you.

*Fun.* And with me too, please your la'ship.

*Dolly.* Wi' you, mon !

*Mrs. Mech.* Hold your tongue.

*Dolly.* Donna you think the honor will dra mickle envy upon you ?

*Fun.* Oh, to be sure, please your la'ship. I did not mean that.

*Dolly.* Weel, I say we'll gang into the country.

*Fun.*

*Fun.* As soon as your la'ship pleases ; I have a sweet house hard by Reading.

*Dolly.* You ha' ; that's right.

*Fun.* One of the most pleasantest places that can be again.

*Dolly.* Ha' you a good prospect ?

*Fun.* Twenty stage-coaches drive every day by the door, besides carts and gentlemen's carriages.

*Dolly.* Ah, that will ——

*Mrs. Mech.* Oh, your ladyship will find all things prepared : in the next room the attorney waits with the writings.

*Fun.* The honour of your la'ship's hand——

*Dolly.* Maister Fungus, you're a little too hasty.  
[ *Exit Dolly.*

*Mrs. Mech.* Not till after the nuptials ; you must not expect to be too familiar at first.

*Fun.* Pray, when do you think we shall bring the bedding about ?

*Mrs. Mech.* About the latter end of the year, when the winter sets in.

*Fun.* Not before!

*Enter Young LOVEIT, hastily.*

*Y. Lov.* I hope, Madam Mechlin, I have not exceeded my hour ; but I expected Mr. Harpy would call.

*Mrs. Mech.* He is in the next room with a lady. Oh, Mr. Fungus, this gentleman is ambitious of obtaining the nuptial benediction from the same hands after you.

*Fun.* He's heartily welcome : What, and is his wife a woman of quality too ?

*Mrs. Mech.* No, no, a cit ; but monstrously rich ; but your lady will wonder——

*Fun.*

*Fun.* Ay, ay, but you'll follow; for I shan't know what to say to her when we are alone.—

[*Exit Fungus.*]

*Mrs. Mech.* I will send you, sir, your spouse in an instant: the gentlewoman is a widow, so you may throw in what raptures you please.

*Y. Lov.* Never fear.—[*Exit Mrs. Mechlin.*]  
And yet this scene is so new, how to acquit myself—let me recollect—some piece of a play now.—“Vouchsafe divine perfection”—No, that won't do for a dowager; it is too humble and whining. But see, the door opens, so I have no time for rehearsal—I have it—“Clasp'd  
“in the folds of love I'll meet my doom, and act my”——

*Enter Mrs. LOVEIT.*

*Mrs. Lov* Hah!

*Y. Lov.* By all that's monstrous, my mother!

*Mrs. Lov.* That rebel my son, as I live!

*Y. Lov.* The quotation was quite a-propos: had it been a little darker, I might have revived the story of Œdipus.

*Mrs. Lov.* So, firrah, what makes you from your studies?

*Y. Lov.* A small hint I received of your inclinations brought me here, ma'am, in order to prevent, if possible, my father's fortune from going out of the family.

*Mrs. Lov.* Your father! how dare you disturb his dear ashes; you know well enough how his dear memory melts me; and that at his very name my heart is ready to break.

*Y. Lov.* Well said, my old matron of Ephesus.

*Mrs. Lov.* That is what you want, you disobedient unnatural monster; but compleat, accomplish your



your cruelty : send me the same road your villainies forced your father to take.

*Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.*

*Mrs. Mech.* Hey-day ! What the deuce have we here ; our old lady in tears !

*Mrs. Lov.* Disappointed a little ; that's all.

*Mrs. Mech.* Pray, ma'am what can occasion——

*Mrs. Lov.* Lord bless me, Mrs. Mechlin, what a blunder you have made.

*Mrs. Mech.* A blunder ! as how ?

*Mrs. Lov.* Do you know who you have brought me ?

*Mrs. Mech.* Not perfectly.

*Mrs. Lov.* My own son ! that's all.

*Mrs. Mech.* Your son !

*Mrs. Lov.* Ay, that rebellious, unnatural——

*Mrs. Mech.* Blunder indeed ! But who could have thought it : why by your account, ma'am, I imagined your son was a child scarce out of his frocks.

*Mrs. Lov.* Here's company coming, so my reputation will be blasted for ever.

*Mrs. Mech.* Never fear, leave the care on't to me.

*Enter FUNGUS and DOLLY.*

*Fun.* What is the matter : you make such a noise, there is no such thing as minding the writings.

*Mrs. Mech.* This worthy lady an old friend of mine, not having set eyes on her son since the death of his father ; and being apprised by me, that here she might meet with him, came with a

true

true maternal affection to give him a little wholesome advice.

*Mrs. Lov.* Well said, Mrs. Mechlin.

*Mrs. Mech.* Which the young man returned in a way so brutal and barbarous, that his poor mother—be comforted, ma'am; you had better repose on my bed.

*Mrs. Lov.* Any where to get out of his sight.

*Mrs. Mech.* Here, Jenny.

*Mrs. Lov.* Do you think you can procure me another party.

*Mrs. Mech.* Never doubt it.

*Mrs. Lov.* Ugh, ugh—— [Exit coughing.

*Mrs. Mech.* Bear up a little, ma'am. [Exit.

*Fun.* Fye upon you, you have thrown the old gentlewoman into the stericks.

*T. Lov.* Sir!

*Fun.* You a man! you are a scandal, a shame to your sect.

*Enter Dr. CATGUT.*

*Dr. Cat.* Come, come, Mrs. Mechlin, are the couple prepared; the fiddles are tuned, the bows ready rofined, and the whole band—Oh, you, fir, are one party I reckon, but where is the—Ah, Dolly, what are you here, my dear.

*Dolly.* Soh!

*Fun.* Dolly! Who the devil can this be?

*Dr. Cat.* As nice and as spruce too, the bride-maid I warrant: why you look as blooming, you flut.

*Fun.* What can this be? hark ye, fir!

*Dr. Cat.* Well, fir.

*Fun.* Don't you think you are rather too familiar with a lady of her rank and condition?

*Dr. Cat.* Rank and condition: what, Dolly?

*Fun.*

*Fun.* Dolly ; what a plague possesses the man ; this is no Dolly, I tell you.

*Dr. Cat.* No !

*Fun.* No this is lady Scachariffa Mackirkincroft.

*Dr. Cat.* Who ?

*Fun.* Descended from the old, old, old earl of Glendowery.

*Dr. Cat.* What she, Dolly Mechlin ?

*Fun.* Dolly Devil, the man's out of his wits, I believe.

*Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.*

Oh, Mrs. Mechlin, will you set this matter to rights ?

*Mrs. Mech.* How, Dr. Catgut !

*Fun.* The strangest fellow here has danced up stairs, and has Dolly, Dolly, Dolly'd my lady ; who the plague can he be ?

*Dr. Cat.* Oh, a-propos, Molly Mechlin, what is this the man that is to be married ? the marriage will never hold good ; why he is more frantic and madder ———

*Fun.* Mad ! John, fetch me the foils ; I'll carte and tierce you, you scoundrel.

*Enter ISAAC FUNGUS and JENNY.*

*I. Fun.* Where's brother, it an't over ; you be'n't married, I hope.

*Z. Fun.* No, I believe not ; why, what is the ——

*I. Fun.* Pretty hands you are got into ! Your servant, good madam ; what this is the person, I warrant ; ay how pretty the puppet is painted ; do you know who she is ?

*Z. Fun.* Who she is ? without doubt.

*I. Fun.*

*I. Fun.* No, you don't, brother Zac. only the spawn of that devil incarnate, dressed out as—

*Z. Fun.* But hark ye, Isaac, are—don't be in a hurry—are you sure—

*I. Fun.* Sure—the girl of the house, abhorring their scandalous project, has freely confessed the whole scheme. Jenny, stand forth, and answer boldly to what I shall ask: Is not this wench the woman's niece of the house?

*Jen.* I fancy she will hardly deny it.

*I. Fun.* And is not this mistress of yours a most profligate——

*Mrs. Mech.* Come, come, Master Isaac, I will save you the trouble, and cut this matter short in an instant:—well then, this girl, this Dolly, is my niece; and what then?

*Z. Fun.* And ar'n't you ashamed?

*T. Lov.* She ashamed! I would have told you, but I could not get you to listen; why she brought me here to marry my mother.

*Z. Fun.* Marry your mother! Lord have mercy on us, what a monster! to draw a young man in to be guilty of incense. But hark ye, brother Isaac.

[*They retire.*]

*Dr. Cat.* Gads my life, what a sweet project I have helped to destroy; but come, Dolly, I'll piece thy broken fortunes again; thou hast a good pretty voice, I'll teach thee a thrill and a shake, perch thee amongst the boughs at one of the gardens: and then as a mistress, which, as the world goes, is a much better station than that of a wife, not the proudest of them all—

*Mrs. Mech.* Mistress! No, no, we have not managed our matters so badly. Hark ye, Mr. Commissary.

*Z. Fun.* Well, what do you want?

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Mech.* Do you propose to consummate your nuptials?

*Z. Fun.* That's a pretty question, indeed.

*Mrs. Mech.* You have no objection then to paying the penalty, the contract here that Mr. Harpy has drawn.

*Z. Fun.* The contract, hey, brother Isaac:

*I. Fun.* Let me see it.

*Mrs. Mech.* Soft you there, my maker of candles, it is as well where it is; but you need not doubt of its goodness: I promise you the best advice has been taken.

*Z. Fun.* What a damned fiend, what a harpy!

*Mrs. Mech.* And why so, my good master Fungus; is it because I have practised that trade by retail which you have carried on in the gross? What injury do I do the world? I feed on their follies, 'tis true; and the game, the plunder, is fair; but the fangs of you and your tribe,

*A whole people have felt, and for ages will feel:  
To their candour and justice I make my appeal;  
Tho' a poor humble scourge in a national cause,  
As I trust I deserve, I demand your applause.*

[Exeunt omnes,

F I N I S.

THE  
L A M E L O V E R,

A  
C O M E D Y

IN THREE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE HAY-MARKET.

WRITTEN BY

SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, 38, BEDFORD STREET.

---

1808.





TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
FRANCIS SEYMOUR CONWAY,  
EARL OF HERTFORD,  
LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF  
HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSHOLD,  
TO WHOSE  
POLITENESS AND CANDOUR  
THE AUTHOR  
OWES EVERY ACKNOWLEDGMENT,  
THIS COMEDY IS  
GRATEFULLY DEDICATED  
BY  
HIS LORDSHIP'S  
MOST OBLIGED  
AND  
MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

SAM. FOOTE.



# PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY

MR. GENTLEMAN.

---

PROLOGUES, like cards of compliment, we find,  
Most as unmeaning as politely kind ;  
To beg a favour, or to plead excuse,  
Of both appears to be the gen'ral use.

Shall my words, tipt with flattery, prepare  
A kind exertion of your tend'rest care ?  
Shall I present our author to your sight,  
All pale and trembling for his fate this night ?  
Shall I solicit the most pow'rful arms  
To aid his cause—the force of beauty's charms ?  
Or tell each critic, his approving taste  
Must give the sterling stamp, wherever plac'd ?  
This might be done—but so to seek applause  
Argues a conscious weakness in the cause.  
No—let the Muse in simple truth appear,  
Reason and Nature are the judges here :  
If by their strict and self-describing laws,  
The sev'ral characters to-night she draws ;  
If from the whole a pleasing piece is made,  
On the true principles of light and shade ;  
Struck with the harmony of just design,  
Your eyes—your ears—your hearts, will all combine  
To grant applause :—but if an erring hand  
Gross disproportion marks in motley band,  
If the group'd figures false connexions show,  
And glaring colours without meaning glow,  
Your wounded feelings, turn'd a diff'rent way,  
Will justly damn—th' abortion of a play.

As Farquhar has observ'd, our English law,  
Like a fair spreading oak, the Muse shall draw,  
By Providence design'd, and wisdom made  
For honesty to thrive beneath its shade ;  
Yet from its boughs some insects shelter find,  
Dead to each nobler feeling of the mind,  
Who thrive, alas ! too well, and never cease  
To prey on justice, property, and peace.

## PROLOGUE.

At such to-night, with other *legal* game,  
Our vent'rous author takes satiric aim ;  
And brings, he hopes, originals to view,  
Nor pilfers from th' Old Magpie, nor the New\*.  
But will to Candour chearfully submit ;  
She reigns in boxes, galleries, and pit.

\* Alluding to Mr. Garrick's Prologue to the Jubilee.

---

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

SIR LUKE LIMP,	Mr. Foote.
SERGEANT CIRCUIT,	Mr. Vandermere.
COLONEL SECRET,	Mr. Robson.
JACK,	Mr. Weston.
MR. WOODFORD,	Mr. Knowles.
MR. FAIRPLAY,	Mr. Wheeler.
FIRST SERVANT,	Mr. Dancer.
SECOND SERVANT,	Mr. Griffiths.

### W O M E N.

MRS. CIRCUIT,	Mrs. Gardner.
CHARLOTTE,	Mrs. Jewell.
MRS. SIMPER,	Mrs. Saunders.
BETTY,	Mrs. Read.

THE  
LAME LOVER.

---

A C T I.

*Enter Serjeant Circuit and Charlotte.*

*Char.*

**I** TELL you, sir, his love to me is all a pretence : it is amazing that you, who are so acute, so quick in discerning on other occasions, should be so blind upon this.

*Serj.* But where are your proofs, Charlotte? What signifies your opening matters which your evidence cannot support?

*Char.* Surely, sir, strong circumstances in every court should have weight.

*Serj.* So they have collaterally, child, that is by way as it were of corroboration, or where matters are doubtful; then indeed, as Plowden wisely observes “*Les circonstances ajout beaucoup de poids aux faits*”—You understand me?

*Char.* Not perfectly well.

*Serj.* Then to explain by case in point; A, we will suppose, my dear, robs B of a watch upon Hounslow heath—dy’e mind, child?

*Char.* I do, sir:

*Serj.* A is taken up and indicted; B swears positively to the identity of A.—Dy’e observe?

*Char.* Attentively.

*Serj.* Then what does me A, but sets up the alibi C, to defeat the affidavit of B.—You take me?

*Char.* Clearly.

*Serj.* So far you see then the balance is even.

*Char.* True.

*Serj.* But then to turn the scale, child, against A, in favour of B, they produce the circumstance D, viz. B's watch found in the pocket of A; upon which, the testimony of C being contradicted by B,—no, by D,—why then A, that is to say C,—no D,—joining B, they convict C,—no, no, A,—against the affidavit of C.—So this being pretty clear, child, I leave the application to you.

*Char.* Very obliging, sir. But suppose now, sir, it should appear that the attention of sir Luke Limp is directed to some other object, would that not induce you to —

*Serj.* Other object ! Where ?

*Char.* In this very house.

*Serj.* Here ! why the girl is non compos ; there's nobody here, child, but a parcel of Abigails.

*Char.* No, sir ?

*Serj.* No.

*Char.* Yes, sir, one person else.

*Serj.* Who is that ?

*Char.* But remember, sir, my accusation is confined to sir Luke.

*Serj.* Well, well.

*Char.* Suppose then, sir, those powerful charms which made a conquest of you, may have extended their empire over the heart of sir Luke ?

*Serj.* Why, hussy, you don't hint at your mother-in-law ?

*Char.* Indeed, sir, but I do.

*Serj.* Ay ; why this is point blank treason against my sovereign authority : but can you, Charlotte, bring proof of any overt acts ?

*Char.* Overt acts !

*Serj.* Ay ; that is any declaration by writing, or even word of mouth is sufficient ; then let 'em demur if they dare.

*Char.* I can't say that, sir ; but another organ has been pretty explicit.

*Serj.* Which?

*Char.* In those cases a very infallible one—the eye.

*Serj.* Pshaw! nonsense and stuff.—The eye! —the eye has no authority in a court of law.

*Char.* Perhaps not, sir; but it is a decisive evidence in a court of love.

*Serj.* Hark you, hussy, why you would not file an information against the virtue of madam your mother; you would not insinuate that she has been guilty of crim. con.?

*Char.* Sir, you mistake me; it is not the lady, but the gentleman I am about to impeach.

*Serj.* Have a care, Charlotte, I see on what ground your action is founded—jealousy.

*Char.* You were never more deceived in your life; for it is impossible, my dear sir, that jealousy can subsist without love.

*Serj.* Well.

*Char.* And from that passion (thank Heaven) I am pretty free at present.

*Serj.* Indeed!

*Char.* A sweet object to excite tender desires!

*Serj.* And why not, hussy?

*Char.* First as to his years.

*Serj.* What then?

*Char.* I own, sir, age procures honour, but I believe it is very rarely productive of love.

*Serj.* Mighty well.

*Char.* And tho' the loss of a leg can't be imputed to sir Luke Limp as a fault —

*Serj.* How!

*Char.* I hope, sir, at least you will allow it as a misfortune.

*Serj.* Indeed?

*Char.* A pretty thing truly, for a girl, at my time of life, to be tied to a man with one foot in the grave.

*Serj.* One foot in the grave! the rest of his



body is not a whit the nearer for that.—There has been only an execution issued against part of his personals, his real estate is unencumbered and free—besides, you see he does not mind it a whit, but is as alert, and as merry, as a defendant after non-suiting a plaintiff for omitting an S.

*Char.* O, sir ! I know how proud sir Luke is of his leg, and have often heard him declare, that he would not change his bit of timber for the best flesh and bone in the kingdom.

*Serj.* There's a hero for you !

*Char.* To be sure, sustaining unavoidable evils with constancy is a certain sign of greatness of mind.

*Serj.* Doubtless.

*Char.* But then to derive a vanity from a misfortune, will not I'm afraid be admitted as a vast instance of wisdom, and indeed looks as if the man had nothing better to distinguish himself by.

*Serj.* How does that follow ?

*Char.* By inuendo.

*Serj.* Negatur.

*Char.* Besides, sir, I have other proofs of your hero's vanity, not inferior to that I have mentioned.

*Serj.* Cite them.

*Char.* The paltry ambition of loving and following titles.

*Serj.* Titles ! I don't understand you ?

*Char.* I mean the property of fastening in public upon men of distinction, for no other reason but because of their rank ; adhering to sir John till the baronet is superseded by my lord ; quitting the puny peer for an earl ; and sacrificing all three to a duke.

*Serj.* Keeping good company ! a laudable ambition !

*Char.* True, sir, if the virtues that procured the father a peerage, could with that be entail'd on the son.

*Serj.* Have a care, hussy—there are severe laws against speaking evil of dignities.—

*Char.* Sir!

*Serj.* Scandalum magnatum is a statute must not be trifled with: why you are not one of those vulgar sluts that think a man the worse for being a lord?

*Char.* No, sir; I am contented with only not thinking him the better.

*Serj.* For all this, I believe, hussy, a right honourable proposal would soon make you alter your mind.

*Char.* Not unless the proposer had other qualities than what he possesses by patent. Besides, sir, you know sir Luke is a devotee to the bottle.

*Serj.* Not a whit the less honest for that.

*Char.* It occasions one evil at least; that when under its influence, he generally reveals all, sometimes more, than he knows.

*Serj.* Proofs of an open temper, you baggage, but, come, come, all these are but trifling objections.

*Char.* You mean, sir, they prove the object a trifle.

*Serj.* Why, you pert jade, do you play on my words? I say sir Luke is —

*Char.* Nobody.

*Serj.* Nobody! how the deuce do you make that out? He is neither person attainted or outlaw'd, may in any of his majesty's courts sue or be sued, appear by attorney, or in propria persona, can acquire, buy, procure, purchase, possess, and inherit not only personalities, such as goods, and chattels, but even realities, as all lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatsoever, and wheresoever.

*Char.* But sir—

*Serj.* Nay, further, child, he may sell, give, bestow, bequeath, devise, demise, lease, or to farm lett, ditto lands, or to any person whomsoever—and —

*Char.* Without doubt, sir ; but there are notwithstanding in this town a great number of nobodies, not described by lord Coke.

*Serj.* Hey !

*Char.* There is your next-door neighbour, sir Harry Hen, an absolute blank.

*Serj.* How so, Mrs. Pert ?

*Char.* What, sir ! a man who is not suffered to hear, see, smell, or in short to enjoy the free use of any one of his senses ; who, instead of having a positive will of his own, is denied even a paltry negative ; who can neither resolve or reply, consent or deny, without first obtaining the leave of his lady : an absolute monarch to sink into the sneaking state of being a slave to one of his subjects—Oh fy !

*Serj.* Why, to be sure, sir Harry Hen, is as I may say —

*Char.* Nobody, sir, in the fullest sense of the word— Then your client lord Solo.

*Serj.* Heyday ! Why you would not annihilate a peer of the realm, with a prodigious estate, and an allowed judge too of the elegant arts.

*Char.* O yes, sir, I am no stranger to that nobleman's attributes ; but then, sir, please to consider, his power as a peer he gives up to a proxy ; the direction of his estate, to a rapacious, artful attorney : and as to his skill in the elegant arts, I presume you confine them to painting and music, he is directed in the first by mynheer Van Eisel, a Dutch dauber ; and in the last is but the echo of signora Florenza, his lordship's mistress and an opera singer.

*Serj.* Mercy upon us ! at what a rate the jade runs !

*Char.* In short, sir, I define every individual who, ceasing to act for himself, becomes the tool, the mere engine of another man's will, to be nothing more than a cypher.

*Serj.* At this rate the jade will half unpeople the world: but what is all this to sir Luke? to him, not one of your cases apply.

*Char.* Every one—Sir Luke has not a first principle in his whole composition; not only his pleasures, but even his passions are prompted by others; and he is as much directed to the objects of his love and his hatred, as in his eating, drinking, and dressing. Nay, though he is active, and eternally busy, yet his own private affairs are neglected; and he would not scruple to break an appointment that was to determine a considerable part of his property, in order to exchange a couple of hounds for a lord, or to buy a pad-nag for a lady. In a word—but he's at hand, and will explain himself best; I hear his stump on the stairs.

*Serj.* I hope you will preserve a little decency before your lover at least.

*Char.* Lover! ha, ha, ha!

*Enter Sir Luke Limp.*

*Sir Luke.* Mr. Serjeant, your slave—Ah! are you there my little —O Lord! Miss, let me tell you something for fear of forgetting—Do you know that you are new christened, and have had me for a gossip?

*Char.* Christened! I don't understand you.

*Sir Luke.* Then lend me your ear—Why last night, as colonel Kill'em, sir William Weezy, lord Frederick Foretop, and I were carelessly sliding the Ranelagh round, picking our teeth, after a damn'd muzzy dinner at Boodie's, who should trip by but an abbess, well known about town, with a smart little nun in her suite. Says Weezy (who, between ourselves, is as husky as hell) Who is that? odds flesh, she's a delicate wench! Zounds! cried lord Frederick, where can Weezy have been, not to have seen the Harietta before? for you must know Frederick is

a bit of a Macaroni, and adores the soft Italian termination in *a*.

*Char.* He does?

*Sir Luke.* Yes, a dilettante all over.—Before? replied Weezy: crush me if ever I saw any thing half so handsome before!—No! replied I in an instant; colonel, what will Weezy say when he sees the Charlotta?—Hey! you little ——

*Char.* Meaning me, I presume.

*Sir Luke.* Without doubt; and you have been toasted by that name ever since.

*Serj.* What a vast fund of spirits he has!

*Sir Luke.* And why not, my old splitter of causes?

*Serj.* I was just telling Charlotte, that you was not a whit the worse for the loss.

*Sir Luke.* The worse! much the better, my dear. Consider, I can have neither strain, splint, spavin, or gout; have no fear of corns, kibes, or that another man should kick my shins or tread on my toes.

*Serj.* Right.

*Sir Luke.* What, dy'e think I would change with Bill Spindle for one of his drumsticks, or chop with lord Lumber for both of his logs?

*Serj.* No!

*Sir Luke.* No, damn it, I am much better.—Look there—Ha!—What is there I am not able to do? To be sure I am a little awkward at running; but then, to make me amends, I'll hop with any man in town for his sum.

*Serj.* Ay, and I'll go his halves.

*Sir Luke.* Then as to your dancing, I am cut out at Madam Cornelly's, I grant, because of the croud; but as far as a private set of six couple, or moving a chair-minuet, match me who can.

*Char.* A chair minuet! I don't understand you.

*Sir Luke.* Why, child, all grace is confined to the motion of the head, arms, and chest, which may be as fully displayed sitting as if one had as

many legs as a polypus.—As thus—tol de rol—don't you see?

*Serj.* Very plain.

*Sir Luke.* A leg! a redundancy! a mere nothing at all. Man is from nature an extravagant creature. In my opinion, we might all be full as well as we are, with but half the things that we have.

*Char.* Ay, sir Luke! how do you prove that?

*Sir Luke.* By constant experience.—You must have seen the man who makes and uses pens without hands.

*Serj.* I have.

*Sir Luke.* And not a twelvemonth ago, I lost my way in a fog, at Mile-End, and was conducted to my house in May-Fair by a man as blind as a beetle.

*Serj.* Wonderful!

*Sir Luke.* And as to hearing and speaking, those organs are of no manner of use in the world.

*Serj.* How!

*Sir Luke.* If you doubt it, I will introduce you to a whole family, dumb as oysters, and deaf as the dead, who chatter from morning till night by only the help of their fingers.

*Serj.* Why, Charlotte, these are cases in point.

*Sir Luke.* Oh! clear as a trout-stream; and it is not only, my little Charlotte, that this piece of timber answers every purpose, but it has procured me many a bit of fun in my time.

*Serj.* Ay!

*Sir Luke.* Why, it was but last summer, at Tunbridge, we were plagued the whole season by a bullet-headed Swiss from the canton of Bern, who was always boasting, what, and how much he dared do; and then, as to pain, no Stoic, not Diogenes, held it more in contempt.—By gods, he vas no more minds it dan nothings at all—So, foregad, I gave my German a challenge.



*Serj.* As how?—Mind, Charlotte.

*Sir Luke.* Why, to drive a corking pin into the calves of our legs.

*Serj.* Well, well.

*Sir Luke.* Mine, you may imagine, was easily done—but when it came to the Baron—

*Serj.* Ay, ay.

*Sir Luke.* Our modern Cato soon lost his coolness and courage, screw'd his nose up to his fore-top, rapp'd out a dozen oaths in high Dutch, limp'd away to his lodgings, and was there laid up for a month—Ha, ha, ha!

*Enter a Servant, and delivers a card to Sir Luke.*

*Sir Luke reads.* “Sir Gregory Goose desires the honour of sir Luke Limp’s company to dine. An answer is desired.” Gadso! a little unlucky; I have been engag’d for these three weeks.

*Serj.* What, I find sir Gregory is return’d for the corporation of Fleecem.

*Sir Luke.* Is he so? Oh ho!—That alters the case.—George, give my compliments to sir Gregory, and I’ll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to alderman Inkle’s, in Thread-needle-street; sorry can’t wait upon him, but confin’d to bed two days with the new influenza.

*[Exit Servant.]*

*Char.* You make light, sir Luke, of these sort of engagements.

*Sir Luke.* What can a man do? These damn’d fellows (when one has the misfortune to meet them) take scandalous advantage; teaze. When will you do me the honour, pray, sir Luke, to take a bit of mutton with me? Do you name the day.—They are as bad as a beggar, who attacks your coach at the mounting of a hill; there is no getting rid of them, without a penny to one, and a promise to t’other.

*Serj.* True; and then for such a time too—



three weeks! I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michaelmas term for the summer assizes.

*Sir Luke.* Not but, upon these occasions, no man in England is more punctual than ——

*Enter a Servant, who gives sir Luke a Letter.*

From whom?

*Serv.* Earl of Brentford. The servant waits for an answer.

*Sir Luke.* Answer!—By your leave, Mr. Serjeant and Charlotte. [*Reads.*] “Taste for music—Mons. Duport—fail—Dinner upon table at five.”—Gadso! I hope sir Gregory’s servant an’t gone.

*Serv.* Immediately upon receiving the answer.

*Sir Luke.* Run after him as fast as you can—tell him, quite in despair—recollect an engagement that can’t in nature be missed,—and return in an instant. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Char.* You see, sir, the knight must give way for my lord.

*Sir Luke.* No, faith; it is not that, my dear Charlotte; you saw that was quite an extempore business.—No, hang it, no, it is not for the title; but to tell you the truth, Brentford has more wit than any man in the world; it is that makes me fond of his house.

*Char.* By the choice of his company he gives an unanswerable instance of that.

*Sir Luke.* You are right, my dear girl. But now to give you a proof of his wit: You know Brentford’s finances are a little out of repair, which procures him some visits that he would very gladly excuse.

*Serj.* What need he fear? His person is sacred; for by the tenth of William and Mary—

*Sir Luke.* He knows that well enough; but for all that—

*Serj.* Indeed, by a late act of his own house,

(which does them infinite honour) his goods or chattels may be ——

*Sir Luke.* Seized upon when they can find them ; but he lives in ready furnish'd lodgings, and hires his coach by the month.

*Serj.* Nay, if the sheriff return “ non inventus ” —

*Sir Luke.* A pox o'your law, you make me lose sight of my story. One morning, a Welch coach-maker came with his bill to my lord, whose name was unlucky Lloyd. My lord had the man up. You are call'd, I think, Mr. Lloyd?—At your lordship's service, my lord.—What, Lloyd with an L?—It was with an L indeed, my lord.—Because in your part of the world I have heard that Lloyd and Flloyd were synonymous, the very same names. Very often indeed, my lord.—But you always spell your's with an L?—Always.—That, Mr. Lloyd, is a little unlucky ; for you must know I am now paying by debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an F ; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your L.—Ha, ha, ha !

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* There was no overtaking the servant.

*Sir Luke.* That is unlucky : tell my lord I'll attend him.—I'll call on sir Gregory myself.

*[Exit Servant.]*

*Serj.* Why, you won't leave us, sir Luke ?

*Sir Luke.* Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotta ; have a thousand things to do for half a million of people positively ; promised to procure a husband for lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach-horse for brigadier Whip ; after that, must run into the city to borrow a thousand for young At-all at Almack's ; send a Cheshire cheese by the stage to sir Timothy Tankard in Suffolk ; and get at the Herald's Office a coat of arms to clap on the coach of Billy Ben-

gal, a nabob newly arrived : so you see I have not a moment to lose.

*Serj.* True, true.

*Sir Luke.* At your toilet to-morrow you may—

*Enter a Servant abruptly, and runs against sir Luke.*

Can't you see where you are running, you rascal!

*Serv.* Sir, his grace the duke of —

*Sir Luke.* Grace!—Where is he?—Where —

*Serv.* In his coach at the door.—If you an't better engaged would be glad of your company to go into the city, and take a dinner at Dolly's.

*Sir Luke.* In his own coach did you say?

*Serv.* Yes, sir.

*Sir Luke.* With the coronets—or—

*Serv.* I believe so.

*Sir Luke.* There's no resisting of that.—Bid Joe run to sir Gregory Goose's.

*Serv.* He is already gone to alderman Inkle's.

*Sir Luke.* Then do you step to the knight—hey!—no—you must go to my lord's—hold, hold, no—I have it—Step first to sir Greg's, then pop in at lord Brentford's just as the company are going to dinner.

*Serv.* What shall I say to sir Gregory?

*Sir Luke.* Any thing—what I told you before.

*Serv.* And what to my lord?

*Sir Luke.* What!—Why tell him that my uncle from Epsom—no—that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him—hey!—Why tell him—hold I have it—Tell him, that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arrested by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a hackney coach, and carried to the Pied Bull in the Borough; I beg ten thousand pardons for making his grace wait, but his grace knows my misfor—

*[Exeunt sir Luke and Servant.]*

*Char.* Well, sir, what dy'e think of the proofs? I flatter myself I have pretty well established my case.

*Serj.* Why, hussy, you have hit upon points; but then they are but trifling flaws, they do'n't vitiate the title, that stands unimpeached; and—But, madam, your mother.

*Enter Mrs. Circuit.*

*Mrs. Circ.* What have you done with the knight?—Why you have not let him depart?

*Char.* It was not in my power to keep him.

*Mrs. Circ.* I don't wonder at that; but what took him away?

*Char.* What will at any time take him away—a duke at the door.

*Mrs. Circ.* Are you certain of that?

*Serj.* Why truly, chuck, his retreat was rather precipitate for a man that is just going to be married.

*Mrs. Circ.* The prospect of marriage does not always prove the strongest attachment.

*Serj.* Pardon me, lovee; the law allows no higher consideration than marriage.

*Mrs. Circ.* Pshaw!

*Serj.* Insomuch, that if duke A was to intermarry with chambermaid B, difference of condition would prove no bar to the settlement.

*Mrs. Circ.* Indeed!

*Serj.* Ay; and this was held to be law by chief-baron Bind'em, on the famous case of the marquis of Cully, and Fanny Flip-flap the French dancer.

*Mrs. Circ.* The greater blockhead the baron: but don't pester me with your odious law cases.—Did not you tell me you was going to Kingston to-day to try the crown causes?

*Serj.* I was begg'd to attend for fear his lordship should not be able to sit; but if it proves inconvenient to you—

*Mrs. Circ.* To me! Oh, by no means in the world; I am too good a subject to desire the least delay in the law's execution: and when d'ye set out?

*Serj.* Between one and two ; I shall only just give a law lecture to Jack.

*Mrs. Circ.* Lord ! I wonder, Mr. Circuit, you would breed that boy up to the bar.

*Serj.* Why not, chuck ? He has fine steady parts, and for his time moots a point —

*Mrs. Circ.* Steady ! stupid you mean : nothing sure could add to his heaviness but the being loaded with law. Why don't you put him into the army ?

*Serj.* Nay, chuck, if you choose it, I believe I have interest to get Jack a commission.

*Mrs. Circ.* Why, Mr. Circuit, you know he is no son of mine ; perhaps a cockade may animate the lad with some fire.

*Serj.* True, lovee ; and a knowledge of the law mayn't be amiss to restrain his fire a little.

*Mrs. Circ.* I believe there is very little danger of his exceeding that way.

*Serj.* Charlotte, send hither your brother.

[*Exit Charlotte.*]

*Mrs. Circ.* I'll not interrupt you.

*Serj.* Far from it, lovee ; I should be glad to have you a witness of Jacky's improvement.

*Mrs. Circ.* Of that I am no judge ; besides, I am full of business to day—There is to be a ballot at one, for the Ladies' Club lately established, and lady Bab Basto has proposed me for a member.—Pray, my dear, when will you let me have that money to pay my lord Loo ?

*Serj.* The three hundred you mean ?

*Mrs. Circ.* And besides, there is my debt to Kitty Cribbage ; I protest I almost blush whenever I meet them.

*Serj.* Why really, lovee, 'tis a large sum of money.—Now, were I worthy to throw in a little advice, we might make a pretty good hand of this business.

*Mrs. Circ.* I don't understand you.

*Serj.* Bring an action against them on the statute, in the name of my clerk ; and so not only rescue the debt from their hands, but recover likewise considerable damages.

*Mrs. Circ.* A pretty conceit, Mr. Serjeant ! but does it not occur to your wisdom, that as I have (by the help of captain Cog) been oftener a winner than loser, the tables may be turned upon us ?

*Serj.* No, no, chuck, that did not escape me ; I have provided for that.—Do you know, by the law, both parties are equally culpable ; so that, lovee, we shall be able to fleece your friends not only of what they have won of poor dearee, but likewise for what they have lost.

*Mrs. Circ.* Why, what a paltry, pettifogging puppy art thou !—And could you suppose that I would submit to the scandalous office ?

*Serj.* Scandalous ! I don't understand this strange perversion of words. The scandal lies in breaking the laws, not in bringing the offenders to justice.

*Mrs. Circ.* Mean-spirited wretch !—What, do you suppose that those laws could be levell'd against people of their high rank and condition ? Can it be thought that any set of men would submit to lay legal restraints on themselves ?—Absurd and preposterous !

*Serj.* Why, by their public practice, my love, one would suspect that they thought themselves excepted by a particular clause.

*Mrs. Circ.* Oh ! to be sure ; not the least doubt can be made.

*Serj.* True, chuck—But then your great friends should never complain of highwaymen stopping their coaches, or thieves breaking into their houses.

*Mrs. Circ.* Why, what has that to do with the business ?

*Serj.* Oh ! the natural consequence, lovee ; for whilst the superiors are throwing away their fortunes, and consequently their independence above



—you can't think but their domestics are following their examples below.

*Mrs. Circ.* Well, and what then?

*Serj.* Then! the same distress that throws the master and mistress into the power of any who are willing to purchase them, by a regular gradation, seduces the servants to actions, tho' more criminal, perhaps not more atrocious.

*Mrs. Circ.* Pshaw! stuff!—I have no head to examine your dirty distinctions—Don't teize me with your jargon.—I have told you the sums I shall want, so take care they are ready at your returning from Kingston.—Nay, don't hesitate; recollect your own state of the case, and remember, my honour is in pawn, and must, some way or other, be redeem'd by the end of the week. [*Exit.*

*Serj.* My honour is in pawn!—Good lord! how a century will alter the meaning of words!—Formerly, chastity was the honour of women, and good faith and integrity the honour of men: but now, a lady who ruins her family by punctually paying her losses at play, and a gentleman who kills his best friend in some trifling frivolous quarrel, are your only tip-top people of honour. Well, let them go on, it brings grist to our mill: for whilst both the sexes stick firm to their honour, we shall never want business, either at Doctor's Commons, or the Old Bailey. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## A C T II.

*Enter Serjeant Circuit and Jack.*

*Serj.*

**J**ACK, let Will bring the chaise to the door.

*Jack.* Mr. Fairplay, sir, the attorney, begs to speak a few words.

*Serj.* How often have I told you, that I will see none of these sort of folks but at chambers; you know how angry your mother is at their rapping and littering the house.

*Jack.* He says, sir, he will not detain you five minutes.

*Serj.* Well, bid him walk in.

*Enter Fairplay.*

*Serj.* Well, Mr. Fairplay, what's your will?

*Fairp.* I just call'd, Mr. Serjeant, to know your opinion upon the case of young Woodford, and if you like the proposal of being concern'd.

*Serj.* If it turns out as you state it, and that the father of the lad was really a minor, the Essex estate may without doubt be recover'd; and so may the lands in the North.

*Fairp.* We have full proofs to that fact.

*Serj.* May be so; but really, Mr. Fairplay, you know the length of time that these kind of suits—

*Fairp.* True, sir, but then your experience will shorten I appreh —

*Serj.* That's more than I know: and then not only my fees lying dormant, but, perhaps, an expectation of money to be advanced.

*Fairp.* The property, sir, is of very great value,



and, upon the recovery, any acknowledgement shall be readily made.

*Serj.* There again, *any*! do you know that in law, that word *any* has no meaning at all? Besides, when people are in distress, they are lavish enough of their offers; but when their business is done, then we have nothing but grumbling and grudging.

*Fairp.* You have only to dictate your terms.

*Serj.* Does the lad live in town?

*Fairp.* He has been under my care since the death of his father; I have given him as good an education as my narrow fortune would let me; he is now studying the law in the Temple, in hopes that should he fail of other assistance, he may be able one day to do *himself* justice.

*Serj.* In the Temple?

*Fairp.* Yes, sir, in those little chambers just over your head—I fancy the young gentleman knows him.

*Jack.* Who? Mr. Woodford! lord, as well as myself, he is a sweet sober youth, and will one day make a vast figure, I am sure.

*Serj.* Indeed!

*Jack.* I am positive, sir, if you were to hear him speak at the Robinhood in the Butcher-row, you would say so yourself: why he is now reckon'd the third; except the breeches-maker from Barbican, and sawny Sinclair the snuffman, there is not a mortal can touch him.

*Serj.* Peace, puppy; well, Mr. Fairplay, leave the papers a little longer with me and—pray who is employ'd against you?

*Fairp.* A city attorney, one Sheepskin.

*Serj.* A cunning fellow, I know him; well, sir, if you will call at Pump-court in a week.

*Fairp.* I shall attend you.

*Serj.* Jack, open the door for Mr.—[*Exeunt Fairplay and Jack.*] Something may be made of this matter: I'll see this Sheepskin myself. So much

in future for carrying on the suit, or so much in hand to make it miscarry: a wise man should well weigh which party to take for.

*Enter Jack.*

So Jack, any body at chambers to-day?

*Jack.* Fieri Facias from Fetter-lane, about the bill to be filed by Kit Crape against Will Vizard, this term.

*Serj.* Praying for an equal partition of plunder?

*Jack.* Yes, sir.

*Serj.* Strange world we live in, that even highwaymen can't be true to each other! [*half aside to himself.*] but we shall make master Vizard refund, we'll shew him what long hands the law has.

*Jack.* Facias says, that in all the books he can't hit on a precedent.

*Serj.* Then I'll make one myself; *aut inveniam, aut faciam*, has been always my motto. The charge must be made for partnership-profit, by bartering lead and gunpowder, against money, watches, and rings, on Epping-forest, Hounslow-heath, and other parts of the kingdom.

*Jack.* He says, if the court should get scent of the scheme, the parties would all stand committed.

*Serj.* Cowardly rascal! but however, the caution may'nt prove amiss. [*Aside.*] I'll not put my own name to the bill.

*Jack.* The declaration too is delivered in the cause of Roger Rapp'em against sir Solomon Simple.

*Serj.* What, the affair of the note?

*Jack.* Yes.

*Serj.* Why, he is clear that his client never gave such a note.

*Jack.* Defendant never saw plaintiff since the hour he was born; but, notwithstanding, they have three witnesses to prove a consideration, and signing the note.

*Serj.* They have?

*Jack.* He is puzzled what plea to put in.

*Serj.* Three witnesses ready, you say?

*Jack.* Yes.

*Serj.* Tell him Simple must acknowledge the note, [*Jack starts.*] and bid him, against the trial comes on, to procure four persons at least to prove the payment, at the Crown and Anchor, the 10th of December.

*Jack.* But then how comes the note to remain in plaintiff's possession?

*Serj.* Well put, Jack; but we have a *salvo* for that; plaintiff happen'd not to have the note in his pocket, but promised to deliver it up, when call'd thereunto by defendant.

*Jack.* That will do rarely.

*Serj.* Let the defence be a secret, for I see we have able people to deal with. But come, child, not to lose time, have you carefully conn'd those instructions I gave you?

*Jack.* Yes, sir.

*Serj.* Well, that we shall see. How many points are the great object of practice?

*Jack.* Two.

*Serj.* Which are they?

*Jack.* The first is to put a man into possession of what is his right.

*Serj.* The second?

*Jack.* Either to deprive a man of what is *really* his right, or to keep him as long as possible *out* of possession.

*Serj.* Good boy! To gain the last end what are the best means to be used?

*Jack.* Various and many are the legal modes of delay.

*Serj.* Name them.

*Jack.* Injunctions, demurrers, sham-pleas, writs of error, rejoinders, sur-rejoinders, rebutters, sur-

rebutters,, replications, exceptions, essoigns, and imparlance.

*Serj.* [*To himself.*] Fine instruments in the hands of a man who knows how to use them.—But now, Jack, we come to the point: if an able advocate has his choice in a cause, (which if he is in reputation he may readily have,) which side should he choose, the right, or the wrong?

*Jack.* A great lawyer's business, is always to make choice of the wrong.

*Serj.* And prithee why so?

*Jack.* Because a good cause can speak for itself, whilst a bad one demands an able counsellor to give it a colour.

*Serj.* Very well But in what respects will this answer to the lawyer himself?

*Jack.* In a two-fold way; firstly, his fees will be large in proportion to the dirty work he is to do.

*Serj.* Secondly?—

*Jack.* His reputation will rise, by obtaining the victory in a desperate cause.

*Serj.* Right, boy.—Are you ready in the case of the cow?

*Jack.* Pretty well, I believe.

*Serj.* Give it then.

*Jack.* First of April, anno seventeen hundred and blank, John a Nokes was indicted by blank, before blank, in the county of blank, for stealing a cow, contra pacem, etcet.—and against the statute in that case provided and made, to prevent stealing of cattle.

*Serj.* Go on.

*Jack.* Said Nokes was convicted upon the said statute.

*Serj.* What follow'd upon?—

*Jack.* Motion in arrest of judgment, made by counsellor Puzzle. First, because the field from whence the cow was convey'd is laid in the indictment as round, but turn'd out upon proof to be square.

*Serj.* That's well : a valid objection.

*Jack.* Secondly, Because in said indictment the colour of the cow is called red, there being no such things in rerum natura as red cows, no more than black lions, spread eagles, flying griffins, or blue boars.

*Serj.* Well put.

*Jack.* Thirdly, said Nokes has not offended against form of the statute ; because stealing of cattle is there provided against ; whereas we are only convicted for stealing a cow. Now, though cattle may be cows, yet it does by no means follow that cows must be cattle.

*Serj.* Bravo, bravo ! buss me, you rogue ; you are your father's own son ! go on, and prosper.—I am sorry, dear Jack, I must leave thee. If Providence but sends thee life and health, I prophesy, thou wilt wrest as much land from the owners, and save as many thieves from the gallows, as any practitioner since the days of king Alfred.

*Jack.* I'll do my endeavour. [*Exit Serjeant.*] So ! —father is set off. Now if I can but lay eyes on our Charlotte, just to deliver this letter, before madam comes home. There she is.—Hist, sister Charlotte !

*Enter Charlotte.*

*Char.* What have you got there, Jack ?

*Jack.* Something for you, sister.

*Char.* For me ! Prithee, what is it ?

*Jack.* A thing.

*Char.* What thing ?

*Jack.* A thing that will please you I'm sure.

*Char.* Come, don't be a boy, let me have it.  
[*Jack gives the letter.*] How's this ! a letter ! from whom ?

*Jack.* Can't you guess ?

*Char.* Not I ; I don't know the hand.

*Jack.* May be not ; but you know the inditer.

*Char.* Then tell me his name.

*Jack.* Break open the seal, and you'll find it.

*Char.* [*Opening the letter.*] "Charles Woodford!"—I am sure I know nothing of him.

*Jack.* Ay, but sister, you do.

*Char.* How! when, and where?

*Jack.* Don't you remember about three weeks ago, when you drank tea at our chambers, there was a young gentleman in a blue sattin waistcoat, who wore his own head of hair?

*Char.* Well?

*Jack.* That letter's from he.

*Char.* What can be his business with me?

*Jack.* Read that, and you'll know.

*Char.* [*reads.*] "Want words to apologize—hum—very first moment I saw you—hum, hum—smother'd long in my breast—hum, hum—happiest, or else the most wretched of men."—So, sir, you have undertaken a pretty commission! and what do you think my father will ——

*Jack.* Why, I hope you won't go for to tell him.

*Char.* Indeed, sir, but I shall.

*Jack.* No, sister, I'm sure you won't be so cross. Besides, what could I do? The poor young lad begg'd so hard; and there for this fortnight he has gone about sighing, and musing, and moping: I am satisfied it would melt you to see him. Do, sister, let me bring him this evening, now father is out.

*Char.* Upon my word!—The young man has made no bad choice of an agent; you are for pushing matters at once.—But harkee, sir, who is this spark you are so anxious about? And how long have you known him?

*Jack.* Oh! a prodigious long while: above a month I am certain. Don't you think him mighty genteel? I assure you he is vastly liked by the ladies.

*Char.* He is.



*Jack.* Yes, indeed, Mrs. Congo, at the Grecian coffee-house, says, he's the soberest youth that comes to the house: and all Mrs. Mittens's prentices throw down their work, and run to the window every time he goes by.

*Char.* Upon my word!

*Jack.* And moreover, besides that, he has several great estates in the country, but only for the present, he is kept out of 'em all by the owners.

*Char.* Ah, Jack! that's the worst part of the story.

*Jack.* Pshaw! that's nothing at all. His guardian, Mr. Fairplay, has been with father to-day, and says, he is certain that he can set all to rights in a trice.

*Char.* Well, Jack, when that point is determined, it will be time enough to ———

*Jack.* Then! lord of mercy! why, sister Charlotte, it is my private opinion that if you don't give him some crumbs of comfort, he won't live till Midsummer term.

*Char.* I warrant you. Either Cupid's darts were always but poetical engines, or they have been lately deprived of their points. Love holds no place in the modern bills of mortality. However, Jack, you may tell your friend, that I have observed his frequent walks in our street.

*Jack.* Walks! Why one should think he was appointed to relieve the old watchman? for no sooner one is *off*, but the other comes *on*.

*Char.* And that from his eyes being constantly fixed on my window (for the information of which, I presume, he is indebted to you)—

*Jack.* He! he! he!

*Char.* I had a pretty shrewd guess at his business; but tell him that unless my fa — Hush! our tyrant is return'd. Don't leave the house till I see you.

*Enter Mrs. Circuit and Betty.*

*Mrs. Circ.* So, sir, what makes you loitering from chambers? I thought I told you, you should never be here but at meals? [*Exit Jack.*] One spy is enough in a family.—Miss, you may go to your room; and d'ye hear—I shall have company, so you need not come down. [*Exit Charlotte.*]—Betty, no message or letter?

*Betty.* None, madam.

*Mrs. Circ.* That is amazing!—You know I expect colonel Secret and Mrs. Simper every instant.

*Betty.* Yes, madam.

*Mrs. Circ.* Put the fruit and the wine on the table in the next room.

*Betty.* Very well, madam.

*Mrs. Circ.* And, Betty, order the fellow to let nobody in but sir Luke.

*Betty.* Madam, I shall take care. [*Exit.*]

*Mrs. Circ.* [*sits down.*] The ballot must be over by this time. Sure there is nothing so dreadful as a state of suspense: but should they black-ball me!—No, there's no danger of that; miss Mattadore has insured me success.—Well, this is certainly one of the most useful institutions; it positively supplies the only point of time one does not know how to employ. From twelve, the hour of one's rising, to dinner, is a most horrible chasm; for though teizing the mercers and milliners by tumbling their wares, is now and then an entertaining amusement, yet upon repetition it palls.—But every morning to be sure of a party, and then again at night after a rout, to have a place to retire to; to be quite freed from all pain of providing; not to be pester'd at table with the odious company of clients, and country cousins; for I am determined to dine, and sup at the club, every day.



I can tell 'em, they'll have but very few forfeits from me.

*Enter Betty, in haste, with a Letter.*

*Betty.* By a chairman, madam, from the Thatch'd-House.

*Mrs. Circ.* Give it me, Betty, this instant ;—ay—this is Mattadore's hand. [*opens and reads the letter.*] “ My dear Circuit—it is with the utmost concern, and confusion, I find myself obliged to acquaint you, that notwithstanding all the pains I have taken, the club have thought fit to reject.”—  
—Oh ! [*she faints*]

*Betty.* Bless my soul ! my lady is gone !—John ! Will ! Kitty ! run hither this instant.—

*Enter two Maids and a Man-servant.*

*All.* What, what's the matter ?

*Betty.* Quick ! quick ! some hartshorn and water [*pats her hands.*] Madam ! madam —

*Servant.* Here ! here ! here ! [*bringing water.*]

*Betty.* John, go for the potter-carrier this instant—I believes to my soul she is dead——Kitty, fetch some feathers to burn under her nose ;—there, stand further off, and give her some air——

[*Exeunt John and Kitty.*]

*Enter sir Luke.*

*Sir Luke.* Hey day ! what the deuce is the matter ? What's the meaning of all this, Mrs. Betty ?

*Betty.* Oh ! sir, is it you— my poor lady ! [*cries*] clap the bottle hard to her nose.

*Sir Luke.* But how came it about ?

*Betty.* Some of the continents of that curs'd letter, she has there in her hand.

*Sir Luke.* Here, here, take some of my eau-de-luce. [*offering a bottle.*]

*Betty.* There ! she recovers a little—some water

—I believe it is nothing but a satirical fit, I have had them myself—now she opens her eyes—so, so—bend her forward a little.

*Sir Luke.* My sweet Mrs. Circuit.

*Mrs. Circ.* Who is that ?

*Betty.* Nobody at all, madam, but only sir Luke.

*Mrs. Circ.* Oh ! sir Luke, such a stroke, so fatal, so sudden, it is not in nature I should ever survive it.

*Sir Luke.* Marry, heaven forbid ! but what cause—what could ——

*Mrs. Circ.* Leave the room. [*to the servants, who go out.*]—Only, look over that letter.

*Sir Luke.* Hum, hum,—[*reads*] “ fit to reject you”—this——

*Mrs. Circ.* There ! there ! there !

*Sir Luke.* I own this is the utmost malice of fortune—but let me finish the letter.—“ This calamity, dear Circuit, is of such a nature as baffles all advice, or interposition of friends, I shall therefore leave you to time, and your own good understanding.” (pretty and sensible)—” yours, &c.”—But let us see, what says the postscript—[*reads.*] “ Perhaps it may give you some comfort to know that you had sixteen almonds, and but two raisins against you.”

*Mrs. Circ.* But two !

*Sir Luke.* No more !

*Mrs. Circ.* This must be Kitty Cribbage’s doing, she has been tattling about the paultry trifle I owe her.

*Sir Luke.* Not unlikely ; but come, bear up, my dear madam, and consider that two.—

*Mrs. Circ.* Is as bad as two thousand.

*Sir Luke.* Granted ; but perhaps it mayn’t be too late to repair.—Gadso ! I have thought of a scheme—I’ll be elected myself, and then I warrant we manage ——

*Mrs. Circ.* You, sir Luke? That never can be.

*Sir Luke.* No, madam, and why not?—Why you don't suppose that they would venture to——

*Mrs. Circ.* It would not only be against the spirit, but the very letter of their constitution to chuse you a member.

*Sir Luke.* Ay, madam, how so?

*Mrs. Circ.* Their statutes are selected from all the codes that ever existed from the days of Lycurgus to the present Czarina.

*Sir Luke.* Well.

*Mrs. Circ.* The law that relates to your case they have borrow'd from the Roman religion.

*Sir Luke.* As how?

*Mrs. Circ.* As no man can be admitted a Monk, who has the least corporal spot, or defect; so, no candidate can be received as a member who is deprived of the use of any one of his limbs.

*Sir Luke.* Nay, then indeed I am clearly cut out; that incapacity can never be got over.

*Mrs. Circ.* Indeed, the Serjeant says, if the club could be induced to resolve in your favour, then the original law would signify nothing.

*Sir Luke.* Well, well, we'll see what can be done. [*a loud knocking.*] But hush! the company's come; collect yourself, sweet Mrs. Circuit; don't give your enemies the malicious pleasure of seeing how this disappointment affects you.

*Mrs. Circ.* Never fear; I know a little too much of the world not to turn this defeat to my credit.

*Enter colonel Secret and Mrs. Simper.*

*Mrs. Sim.* Your servant, sir Luke; my dear Circuit, I am frighten'd to death—your people tell me, you are but just recover'd from a ——

*Mrs. Circ.* Oh! nothing at all! a faintness, a kind of swimming—but those people are ever swelling those mole hills to mountains.

*Mrs. Sim.* I protest I was afraid that you had suffer'd your late disappointment to lay hold of your spirits.

*Mrs. Circ.* What disappointment, my dear?

*Col.* Mrs. Simper hints at the little mistake made this morning at the Thatch'd-house.

*Mrs. Circ.* That! ridiculous! I could have told you that a fortnight ago, child—all my own doing.

*Mrs. Sim.* How!

*Sir Luke.* Entirely.

*Mrs. Circ.* Oh! I always detested the thoughts of the thing;—they would put me up, let me say what I would, so I was reduced to the necessity of prevailing upon two friends to black-ball me.

*Mrs. Sim.* That, indeed, alters the case.

*Col.* I am vastly happy to hear it: your old acquaintance were afraid they should lose you.

*Mrs. Circ.* It is a sign they know but little of me—but come, my good folks, I have prepared a small collation in the next room, will you ——

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Jack and Woodford.*

*Jack.* I'll watch sister, to see that nobody comes; now, Woodford, make good use of your time. [*Exit Woodford.*] There, I have left 'em together; if I had staid, I don't believe they would have open'd their mouths for a month: I never saw such an alteration in a lad since the day I was born.—Why, if I had not known him before, I should not have thought he had a word to throw to a dog; but I remember the old proverb:

True lovers are shy,  
When people are by.

I'll take a peep to see how they go on;—there they are, just in the same posture I left them; she

folding her fingers, and he twirling his hat ; why they don't even look at each other : was there ever such a couple of—stay, stay, now he opens his mouth—pshaw !—lord ! there he shuts it again—hush ! I hear somebody coming—no—nothing at all :—mother is safe I am sure,—there is no danger from her—now let us take t'other—*[peeps at the door]* hum !—gadso, matters are mightily mended—there ! there ! very well—there he lays down the law—now he claps his hand on his heart—vastly pretty, I vow—there he swops with both his knees on the ground—charming !—and squeezes his hat with both hands, like one of the actors—delightful ! she wants him to rise and he won't—prodigious moving indeed !

*Enter Betty.*

*Betty.* So, sir, what are you doing there ?

*Jack.* There ; where ?

*Betty.* With your eyes glew'd close to the key-hole.

*Jack.* I wanted to speak a word to my sister.

*Betty.* Then why don't you open her door ?

*Jack.* I did not know but she might be saying her prayers.

*Betty.* Prayers ! a likely story ! who says their prayers at this time of the day ?—No, no, that won't upon me.—Let me look—very pretty ! So, so, I see there's somebody else at his prayers too—fine doings ! —As soon as the company goes, I shall take care to inform madam your mother.

*Jack.* Nay, but Mrs. Betty, you won't be so—

*Betty.* Indeed, Mr. John, but I shall—I'll swallow none of your secrets, believe me.

*Jack.* What, perhaps your stomach is overloaded already.

*Betty.* No matter for that, I shall be even with miss for telling master about and concerning my drums.

*Jack.* Why, Mrs. Betty, surely sister could not —

*Betty.* When she very well knows that I have not sent cards but twice the whole season.

*Jack.* Lord! what signi —

*Betty.* What would she say, if she visited the great families I do? For though I am as I may say but a commoner, no private gentlewoman's gentlewoman, has a more prettier set of acquaintance.

*Jack.* Well, but —

*Betty.* My routs indeed!—There is Mrs. Allspice, who lives with lady Cicely Sequence, has six tables every Sunday, besides looers, and braggers; and moreover proposes giving a masquerade, the beginning of June, and I intends being there.

*Jack.* Well, but to talk calmly.

*Betty.* And as miss is so fond of fetching and carrying, you may tell her we are to have a private play among ourselves, as the quality have: the Distrustful Mother, 'tis call'd —Pylades, by Mr. Thomas, lord Catastrophe's butler—Hermione, Mrs. Allspice; and I shall do Andromache myself.

*Jack.* A play! lord, Mrs. Betty, will you give me a ticket?

*Betty.* All's one for that—and so you may tell miss that—*[bell rings]* coming, madam, this minute—and that, Mr. John, is the long and the short on't.—*[bell rings again]* lord, I am coming. *[Exit.*

*Enter Woodford to Jack.*

*Woodf.* What's the matter?

*Jack.* Here, Betty, my mother's fac totum, has just discover'd your haunts; and is gone to lay an information against you—so depend upon it, a search warrant will issue directly.

*Woodf.* Stay but a moment, till I take leave of your sister.

*Jack.* Zooks! I tell you the constables will be here in a trice, so you have not a moment to lose.



*Woodf.* How unlucky this is !

*Jack.* But I hope you have obtain'd a verdict however.

*Woodf.* No.

*Jack.* No !

*Woodf.* It would not have been decent, to have press'd the judge too soon for a sentence.

*Jack.* Soon !—You are a ninny, I tell you so :—here you will suffer judgment to go by default.—You are a pretty practitioner indeed !

*Woodf.* This, you may know, my dear Jack, is an equity case ; I have but just fil'd my bill ; one must give the parties time to put in an answer.

*Jack.* Time !—How you may come off in court I can't tell, but you will turn out but a poor chamber counsel I fear.—Well, come along, perhaps I may be able to procure another hearing before it is—but, lord o'mercy ! there is father crossing the hall—should he see us all's over—we have nothing for't but taking shelter with sister. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## A C T III.

*Sir Luke Limp, Mrs. Circuit, Colonel Secret, and Mrs. Simper, discover'd at a table, with a collation before them.*

*Mrs. Circ.*

OH! by the bye, sir Luke—take some of these sweetmeats, my dear (*to Mrs. Simper*)—did not you promise to introduce to me that little agreeable piece of imperfection that belongs to the opera?—Colonel, won't you taste the champaign?

*Sir Luke.* Who, Signior Piano?—Let me assist Mrs. Simper.—Why, madam, I made an attempt; but at present—shan't I send you a biscuit?—he is in the possession of a certain lady, who never suffers him out of her sight for a moment.

*Mrs. Sim.* Oh! the curmudgeon!—I am vastly fond of these custards.

*Sir Luke.* Yes, they have a delicate flavour—but he promised, if possible, to escape for an hour—won't you? [*to Mrs. Circuit.*]

*Mrs. Circ.* No, it gives me the heart-burn,—Then let us leave him a cover.

*Col.* By all means in the world.

*Mrs. Circ.* But there is, likewise, another party, for whom a place ought to be kept.

*Mrs. Sim.* Another! Who can that be I wonder.

*Mrs. Circ.* A small appendix of mine.

*Sir Luke.* How, madam!

*Mrs. Circ.* You need not be jealous sir Luke—taste that tart, Mrs. Simper—it is only my husband the Serjeant.—Ha! ha! ha!—Betty makes them herself.



*Mrs. Sim.* Oh! you abominable creature! How could such a thought come into your head?

*Sir Luke.* Ma'am—[*Offering sweetmeats to Mrs. Simper.*]

*Mrs. Sim.* Not a bit more, I thank you.—I swear and vow I should swoon at the sight.

*Mrs. Circ.* And I should receive him with the polite indifference of an absolute stranger.

*Sir Luke.* Well said, my good lady Intrepid! But, notwithstanding, I would venture a trifle that his appearance would give you such an electrical shock——

*Mrs. Circ.* You are vastly deceived.

*Sir Luke.* Dare you come to the proof? Will you give me leave to introduce Mr. Serjeant? He is not far off.

*Mrs. Circ.* What, my husband?

*Sir Luke.* Even he! I saw him as I enter'd the hall.

*Mrs. Circ.* Impossible!

*Sir Luke.* Nay, then I must fetch him.

[*Exit sir Luke.*]

*Col.* I can't conceive what the knight would be at.

*Mrs. Sim.* Why, he is mad.

*Mrs. Circ.* Or turn'd fool.

*Enter sir Luke, with the Serjeant's peruke on a block.*

*Sir Luke.* Now, Madam, have I reason? Is this your husband or not?

*Mrs. Sim.* It is he; not the least doubt can be made.

*Col.* Yes, yes, it is the Serjeant himself.

*Mrs. Circ.* I own it; I acknowledge the lord of my wishes. [*Kisses the block.*]

*Mrs. Sim.* All his features are there!

*Col.* The grave cast of his countenance!

*Sir Luke.* The vacant stare of his eye!

*Mrs. Circ.* The livid hue of his lips !

*Mrs. Sim.* The rubies with which his cheeks are enrich'd !

*Col.* The silent solemnity when he sits on the bench !

*Mrs. Circ.* We must have him at table : but pray good folks let my husband appear like himself.—I'll run for the gown. [Exit.

*Mrs. Sim.* By all means in the world.

*Sir Luke.* Dispatch, I beseech you.

*Mrs. Circuit returns with a gown and band.*

*Mrs. Circ.* Sir Luke, lend your assistance.

*Col.* There, place him at the head of the table.

[*They fix the head at the back of a chair, and place it at table ; then all sit.*]

*Mrs. Sim.* Madam, you'll take care of your husband.

*Mrs. Circ.* I don't want to be put in mind of my duty.

*Mrs. Sim.* Oh, madam ! I know that very well.

*Sir Luke.* Come, Hob or Nob, master Circuit—let us try if we can't fuddle the Serjeant.

*Col.* O, fie ! I have a proper respect for the coif.

*Mrs. Sim.* Don't be too facetious, sir Luke : it is not quite so safe to sport with the heads of the law ; you don't know how soon you may have a little business together.

*Sir Luke.* But come, the Serjeant is sulky.—I have thought of a way to divert him :—You know he is never so happy as when he is hearing a cause ; suppose we were to plead one before him ; Mrs. Circuit and I to be counsel, the Colonel the clerk, and Mrs. Simper the cryer.

*Mrs. Circ.* The finest thought in the world ! And stay, to conduct the trial with proper solemnity, let's rummage his wardrobe ; we shall there be able to equip ourselves with suitable dresses.

*Sir Luke.* Alons, alons !

*Mrs. Sim.* There is no time to be lost. [*all rise.*]

*Mrs. Circ.* [*Stopping short as they are going out.*]  
But won't my husband be angry if we leave him alone? Bye, deeree—we shall soon return to thee again. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Serjeant Circuit, not perceiving the collation.*

*Serj.* So, my lord not being able to sit, there was no occasion for me.—I can't put that girl's nonsense out of my head—My wife is young to be sure, and loves pleasure I own; but as to the *main* article, I have not the least ground to suspect her in that—No, no!—And then sir Luke! my *prochain ami*, the dearest friend I have in the—Heyday! [*seeing the collation*] What the deuce have we here?—A collation!—So, so—I see madam knows how to divert herself during my absence.—What's this? [*seeing the block.*] Oh, ho! ha! ha; ha!—Well, that's pretty enough I protest—Poor girl, I see she could not be happy without having something at table that resembled me.—How pleased she will be to find me here in *propria persona*.—By your leave, Mrs. Circuit— [*sits down and eats*] Delicate eating, in troth—and the wine [*drinks*]—Champaign as I live—must have t'other glass—They little think how that gentleman there regales himself in their absence—Ha! ha! ha! —quite convenient, I vow—the heat of the weather has made me—Come, brother Coif, here's your health— [*drinks*]—I must pledge myself I believe— [*drinks again*]—devilish strong—pshut!—Somebody's coming— [*gets up and goes towards the wings*]—What do I see? four lawyers? What the devil can be the meaning of this? I should be glad to get at the bottom of—Hey! By your leave, brother Serjeant—I must crave the use of your robe— [*sits down, and gets under the gown*]—Between ourselves, this is not the first time this gown has cover'd a fraud.

*Enter sir Luke, Colonel, Mrs. Circuit, and Mrs. Simper, dressed as counsellors.*

*Sir Luke.* Come, come, gentlemen, dispatch, the court has been waiting some time. Brother Circuit, you have look'd over your brief?

*Mrs. Circ.* What, do you suppose, sir, that like some of our brethren I defer that till I come into court? No, no.

*Sir Luke.* This cause contains the whole marrow and pith of all modern practice.

*Mrs. Circ.* One should think, sir Luke, you had been bred to the bar.

*Sir Luke.* Child, I was some years in the Temple; but the death of my brother robb'd the robe of my labours.

*Mrs. Sim.* What a loss to the public!

*Sir Luke.* You are smart, Mrs. Simper. I can tell you, serjeant Snuffle, whose manner I studied, pronounced me a promising youth.

*Mrs. Sim.* I don't doubt it.

*Sir Luke.* But let us to business. And first, for the state of the case; The parties you know are Hobson and Nobson; the object of litigation is a small parcel of land, which is to decide the fate of a borough.

*Mrs. Circ.* True; call'd Turnbury Mead.

*Sir Luke.* Very well. Then to bring matters to a short issue, it was agreed, that Nobson should on the premises cut down a tree, and Hobson bring his action of damage.

*Mrs. Circ.* True, true.

*Sir Luke.* The jury being sworn, and the counsellors feed, the court may proceed.—Take your seats—But hold—I hope no gentleman has been touch'd on both sides.

*All.* Oh, fie!

*Sir Luke.* Let silence be call'd.

*Mrs. Sim.* Silence in the court !

*Sir Luke.* But stop. To be regular, and provide for fresh causes, we must take no notice of the borough and lands, the real objects in view, but stick fast to the tree, which is of no importance at all.

*All.* True, true.

*Sir Luke.* Brother Circuit, you may proceed.

*Mrs. Circ.* Gentlemen of the Jury—I am in this cause counsel for Hobson, the plaintiff.—The action is brought against Nebuchadonezer Nobson, That he, the said Nobson, did cut down a tree, value two-pence, and to his own use said tree did convert.—Nobson justifies, and claims tree as his tree. We will, gentlemen, first state the probable evidence, and then come to the positive: and first as to the probable.—When was this tree here belonging to Hobson, and claim'd by Nobson, cut down? Was it cut down publicly in the day, in the face of the sun, men, women, and children, all the world looking on?—No; it was cut down privately, in the night, in a dark night, nobody *did* see, nobody *could* see—Hum—And then with respect and regard to this tree, I am instructed to say, gentlemen, it was a beautiful, an ornamental tree to the spot where it grew. Now can it be thought that any man would come for to go in the middle of the night, nobody seeing, nobody *did* see, nobody *could* see, and cut down a tree, which tree was an ornamental tree, if tree had been his tree?—Certainly no—And again, gentlemen, we moreover insist, that this tree was not only ornamental to the spot where it grew, but it was a useful tree to the owner: it was a plum-tree, and not only a plum-tree, but I am authorized to say the best of plum-trees, it was a damascen plum.—Now can it be thought, that any man would come for to go, in the middle of the night, nobody seeing, nobody *did* see, nobody *could* see, and cut down a tree;

which tree was not only an ornamental tree, but a useful tree ; and not only a useful tree, but a plum-tree ; and not only a plum-tree, but the best of plum-trees, a damascen plum ? Most assuredly no.—If so be then, that this be so, and so it most certainly is, I apprehend no doubt will remain with the court, but my client a verdict will have, with full costs of suit, in such a manner and so forth, as may nevertheless appear notwithstanding.

*Sir Luke.* Have you done, Mr. Serjeant ?

*Mrs. Circ.* You may proceed.

*Sir Luke.* Gentlemen of the Jury—I am in this cause counsel for Hob—Zounds ! I think the head moves.

*All.* Hey !

*Col.* No, no, Mrs. Simper jogg'd the chair with her foot, that was all.

*Sir Luke.* For Hercules Hobson—(I could have sworn it had stir'd)—I shan't, gentlemen, upon this occasion, attempt to move your passions, by flowing periods and rhetorical flowers, as Mr. Serjeant has done ; no, gentlemen, if I get at your hearts, I will make my way through your heads, however thick they may be—in order to which, I will pursue the learned gentleman, through what he calls his probable proofs : and first, as to this tree's being cut down in the night ; in part we will grant him that point, but, under favour, not a dark night Mr. Serjeant ; no, quite the reverse, we can prove the moon shone bright, with uncommon lustre that night—So that if so be as how people did not see, that was none—[*Serjeant sneezes.*] nay, Mrs. Circuit, if you break the thread of my ——

*Mrs. Circ.* Me break ! I said nothing I'm sure.

*Sir Luke.* That's true, but you sneezed.

*Mrs. Circ.* Not I.

*Sir Luke.* I am sure somebody did ; it could not be the head—consider the least interruption puts one out of one's—None of our faults, they might



have look'd on and seen if they would. And then as to this beautiful tree, with which Mr. Serjeant has ornamented his spot—No, gentlemen, no such matter at all; I am instructed to say quite the reverse; a stunted tree, a blighted, blasted tree; a tree not only limbless, and leafless, but very near lifeless; that was the true state of the tree: and then as to its use, we own it was a plum-tree indeed, but not of the kind Mr. Serjeant sets forth, a damascen plum; our proofs say loudly a bull plum; but if so be and it had been a damascen plum, will any man go for to say, that a damascen plum is the best kind of plum; not a whit, I take upon me to say it is not a noun substantive plum—with plenty of sugar it does pretty well indeed in a tart, but to eat it by itself, will Mr. Serjeant go to compare it with the queen mother, the padrigons——

*Serj.* [*Appearing suddenly from under the gown.*]  
The green gages, or the orleans.

*Mrs. Circ.* As I live 'tis my husband! [*All run off except sir Luke, and the Serjeant.*]

*Serj.* Nay, sir Luke, don't you run away too—give me a buss—since I was born I never heard a finer reply; I am sorry I did not hear your argument out—but I could not resist.

*Sir Luke.* This I own was a little surprise—had you been long here, Mr. Serjeant?

*Serj.* But the instant you enter'd.

*Sir Luke.* So, then all is safe. [*Aside.*]

*Serj.* But come, won't you refresh you, sir Luke—you have had hard duty to-day.

*Sir Luke.* I drank very freely at table.

*Serj.* Nay, for the matter of that, I ha'nt been idle; [*both drink.*] But come, throw off your gown, and let us finish the bottle: I ha'nt had such a mind to be merry I can't tell the day when.

*Sir Luke.* Nay then, Mr. Serjeant, have at you—come, here's long life and health to the law.

[*Drinks.*]



*Serj.* I'll pledge that toast in a bumper. [*Drinks.*]  
—I'll take Charlotte's hint, and see if I can't draw  
the truth out of the knight by a bottle. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Luke.* I'll try if I can't fuddle the fool, and  
get rid of him that way. [*Aside.*]

*Serj.* I could not have thought it: why where  
the deuce did you pick up all this? But by the bye,  
pray who was the cryer?

*Sir Luke.* Did you not know her? Mrs. Simper,  
your neighbour.

*Serj.* A pestilent jade! she's a good one I war-  
rant.

*Sir Luke.* She is thought very pretty; what  
say you to a glass in her favour?

*Serj.* By all means in the world! [*they drink.*]  
and that spark the clerk?

*Sir Luke.* Colonel Secret, a friend to the lady  
you toasted.

*Serj.* A friend! oh, ay,—I understand you—  
come, let us join 'em together

*Sir Luke.* Alons. [*drink.*] Egad, I shall be caught  
in my own trap, I begin to feel myself fluster'd al-  
ready. [*Aside.*]

*Serj.* Delicate white wine, indeed! I like it  
better every glass. [*Sings.*]

Drink and drive care away,  
Drink and be merry.

*Sir Luke.* True, my dear Serjeant—this is the  
searcher of secrets—the only key to the heart.

*Serj.* Right, boy, in vino veritas.

*Sir Luke.* No deceit in a bumper. [*sings.*] Drink  
and be merry.

*Serj.* Merry! damme, what a sweet fellow you  
are, what would I give to be half so jolly and  
gay.

*Sir Luke.* [*Appearing very drunk.*] Would you?  
And yet do you know, Serjeant, that at this very  
juncture of time, there is a thing has popp'd into  
my head, that distresses me very much.

*Serj.* Then drive it out with a bumper. [*drinks*]  
Well, how is it now?

*Sir Luke.* Now! the matter is not mended at all.

*Serj.* What the deuce is the business that so sticks in your stomach.

*Sir Luke.* You know my dear Serjeant, I am your friend, your real, your affectionate friend.

*Serj.* I believe it, sir Luke.

*Sir Luke.* And yet, for these six months, I have conceal'd a secret, that touches you near, very near.

*Serj.* Me near! That was wrong, very wrong; friends should have all things in common.

*Sir Luke.* That's what I said to myself; sir Luke, says I, open your heart to your friend; but to tell you the truth, what sealed up my lips, was the fear that this secret should make you sulky and sad.

*Serj.* Me sulky and sad! ha! ha! how little you know of me.

*Sir Luke.* Swear then that you won't be uneasy.

*Serj.* Well, I do.

*Sir Luke.* [*Rising.*] Soft! let us see that all's safe;—well, Mr. Serjeant, do you know that you are—a fine, honest fellow?

*Serj.* Is that a secret?

*Sir Luke.* Be quiet; a damn'd honest fellow—but as to your wife——

*Serj.* Well?

*Sir Luke.* She is an infamous strum—

*Serj.* How! it is a falshood, sir Luke, my wife is as virtuous a wom——

*Sir Luke.* Oh! if you are angry, your servant—I thought that the news would have pleased you—for after all, what is the business to me? What do I get by the bargain?

*Serj.* That's true; but then would it not vex any man to hear his wife abused in such a——

*Sir Luke.* Not if it's true, you old fool.

*Serj.* I say it is false : prove it ; give me that satisfaction, sir Luke.

*Sir Luke.* Oh ! you shall have that pleasure directly ; and to come at once to the point—you remember last new year's day how severely it froze.

*Serj.* I do recollect.

*Sir Luke.* Very well ; we were all invited to dine at alderman Inkle's.

*Serj.* Very right.

*Sir Luke.* Well, and I did not go : Mrs. Circuit made me dine here in this house—was it my fault ?

*Serj.* No, no, sir Luke, no.

*Sir Luke.* At table says she—she said, I was the picture of you—was it my fault ?

*Serj.* Well, and suppose you are ; where's the mischief in that ?

*Sir Luke.* Be quiet I tell you ;—then throwing her arms round my neck,—it is my husband himself I embrace, it is my little old man that I kiss !—for she has a prodigious affection for you at bottom—was it my fault ?

*Serj.* But what is there serious in this, dost think I mind such trifles ?

*Sir Luke.* Hold your tongue, you fool, for a moment—then throwing her Teresa aside—upon my soul she is prodigious fine every where here—was it my fault ?

*Serj.* My fault ! my fault ! I see no fault in all this.

*Sir Luke.* [*pretending to cry.*] No ! why then my dear friend, do you know that I was so unworthy, so profligate, so abandon'd—as to—[*rises*] say no more, the business is done.

*Serj.* Ay, indeed !

*Sir Luke.* Oh ! fact ! there is not the least doubt of the matter ; that is no *hear-say*, dy'e see, I was by all the while.

*Serj.* Very pretty ! very fine upon my word.

*Sir Luke.* Was it my fault? What could I do? Put yourself in my place; I must have been more, or less, than man to resist.

*Serj.* Your fault, sir Luke, no, no—you did but your duty—but as to my wife——

*Sir Luke.* She's a diabolical fiend, I shall hate her as long as I live.

*Serj.* And I too.

*Sir Luke.* Only think of her forcing me, as it were with a sword at my breast, to play such a trick; you, my dear Serjeant, the best, truest friend I have in the world. [Weeps.]

*Serj.* [Weeping.] Dry your tears, dear sir Luke; I shall ever gratefully acknowledge your confidence in trusting me with the secret—[taking him forward.] But I think it might be as well kept from the rest of the world.

*Sir Luke.* My dear soul, do you think I would tell it to any mortal but *you*? No, no, not to my brother himself—You are the only man upon earth I would trust.

*Serj.* Ten thousand thanks, my dear friend! sure there is no comfort, no balsam in life like a friend—but I shall make madam Circuit remember ——

*Sir Luke.* We neither of us ought to forgive her—were I you, I'd get a divorce.

*Serj.* So I will—provided you will promise not to marry her after.

*Sir Luke.* Me! I'll sooner be torn to pieces by wild horses—no, my dear friend, we will retire to my house in the country together, and there, in innocence and simplicity, feeding our pigs and pigeons, like Pyramus and Thisbe, we will live paragons of the age.

*Serj.* Agreed; we will be the whole earth to each other; for, as Shakespeare says,

“The friend thou hast and his adoption tried  
Clasp to thy soul, and quit the world beside.”—

*Sir Luke.* Zounds, here comes madam Serjeant herself.

*Enter Mrs. Circuit.*

*Mrs. Circ.* So, gentlemen! a sweet tête-à-tête you have been holding—but I know it all, not a syllable you have said has been lost.

*Sir Luke.* Then, I hope you have been well entertained, Mrs. Circuit.

*Mrs. Circ.* And you, you mean-spirited, dastardly wretch, to lend a patient ear to his infamous improbable tales, equally shameful both to you and me.

*Serj.* How madam! have you the assurance—

*Mrs. Circ.* Yes, sir, the assurance that innocence gives; there is not a soul, I thank heaven, that can lay the least soil, the least spot, on my virtue; nor is there a man on earth but yourself would have sat and silently listen'd to the fictions and fables of this intemperate sot.

*Serj.* Why to be sure the knight is overtaken a little; very near drunk.

*Sir Luke.* I hope he believes it is a lie. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Circ.* Do me instant justice on this defamer, this liar, or never more expect to see me in your house.

*Serj.* I begin to find out the fraud, this is all a flam of the knight's.

*Mrs. Circ.* I'll drive this instant to a friend of mine in the Commons, and see if no satisfaction can be had, for blasting the reputation of a woman like me—and hark you, sir, what inducement, what devil could prompt? —

*Serj.* Ay; what devil could prompt—

*Sir Luke.* Heyday!

*Mrs. Circ.* But I guess at your motive; you flatter'd yourself, that by marrying Charlotte, and discarding of me, you should engross all his affections and —

*Serj.* True, true—stop, my life, let me come at

him, a little: hark you, Mr. Knight, I begin to discover that you are a very sad dog.

*Sir Luke.* Et tu Brute!

*Serj.* Brute!—you'll find I am not the brute you would have me believe—I have consider'd both sides of the question.

*Sir Luke.* Both sides of the question?

*Serj.* Both: if your story is true, you are a scoundrel to debauch the wife of your friend, and if it is false, you are an infamous liar.

*Sir Luke.* Well argued.

*Serj.* So in both cases, get out of my house.

*Sir Luke.* Nay, but Serjeant ———

*Serj.* Troop I tell you, and never again enter these walls—you have libelled my wife, and I will see you no more.

*Sir Luke.* Was there ever such a ——

*Serj.* March! and as to my daughter, I would as soon marry her to a forma pauperis client.

*[Serjeant pushes sir Luke off.]*

*Mrs. Circ.* Do you consider, Mr. Circuit, where you are pushing the fellow?—That chamber is Charlotte's.

*Enter sir Luke, Woodford, Charlotte, and Jack.*

*Sir Luke.* Heyday! who the deuce have we here?—Pray walk in, my good folks—your servant, miss Charlotte; your servant, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um.—Mr. Serjeant, you need not trouble yourself to cater for miss; your family you see can provide for themselves.

*Serj.* Heyday! What the deuce is all this! Who are you, sir, and how came you here?

*[To Woodford.]*

*Jack.* It was I, father, that brought him.

*Serj.* How, sirrah!

*Sir Luke.* Well said, my young limb of the law.

*Jack.* Come, let us have none o'your—though I brought Mr. Woodford, you could not persuade



me to do the same office for you—father, never stir if he did not make me the proffer, if I would let him into the house the night you was at Kingston, of a new pair of silk stockings, and to learn me a minuet.

*Sir Luke.* Me ! I should never have got you to turn out your toes.

*Jack.* Ay, and moreover you made me push out my chest, and do so with my fingers, as if I was taking two pinches of snuff.

*Sir Luke.* You see, Mr. Serjeant, what a fondness I have for every twig of your family.

*Serj.* I shall thank *you* hereafter—but from you, Charlotte, I expected other guess—

*Char.* When, sir, you hear this whole matter explain'd, you will acquit me, I am sure.

*Woodf.* Indeed, sir, I am wholly to blame ; my being here was as much a surprize upon miss Charlotte as——

*Serj.* But now you are here, pray what's your business ?

*Jack.* O ! father, I can acquaint you with that—he wanted me to bring a love-letter to Charlotte, so I told him he might bring it himself, for that I would not do any such thing for never so much, for fear of offending of you.

*Serj.* You mended the matter indeed—but after all, who, and what are you ?

*Jack.* It's the young gentleman that lives over our heads, to whom Mr. Fairplay is guardian.

*Serj.* Who, Woodford ?

*Jack.* The same.

*Serj.* And are you, young man, in a situation to think of a wife ?

*Woodf.* I am flattered, sir, that as justice is with me, I shall one day have no contemptible fortune to throw at her feet.

*Serj.* Justice is !—What signifies justice ?—Is the law with you, you fool ?



*Woodf.* With your help, sir, I should hope for their union, upon this occasion at least.

*Serj.* Well, sir, I shall re-consider your papers, and, if there are probable grounds, I may be induced to hear your proposals.

*Woodf.* Nay then, sir, the recovering my paternal possessions makes me anxious indeed—Could I hope that the young lady's good wish would attend me!

*Char.* I have a father, and can have no will of my own.

*Sir Luke.* So then it seems poor Pil Garlick here is discarded at once.

*Serj.* Why, could you have the impudence, after what has happen'd, to hope that——

*Mrs. Circ.* He has given wonderful proofs of his modesty.

*Sir Luke.* Be quiet, Mrs. Circuit.—Come, good folks, I will set all matters to rights in a minute; and first, Mr. Serjeant, it becomes me to tell you, that I never intended to marry your daughter.

*Serj.* How! never!

*Sir Luke.* Never. She is a fine girl I allow; but would it now, Mr. Serjeant, have been honest in me, to have robb'd the whole sex of my person, and confin'd my favours to her?

*Serj.* How!

*Sir Luke.* No! I was struck with the immorality of the thing; and therefore to make it impossible that you should ever give me your daughter, I invented the story I told you concerning Mrs. Circuit and me.

*Serj.* How!

*Sir Luke.* Truth, upon my honour.—Your wife there will tell you the whole was a lie.

*Serj.* Nay, then indeed.—But with what face can I look up to my dear? I have injured her beyond the hopes of forgiveness.—Would you, lovee, but pass an act of oblivion——

*Sir Luke.* [*kneels*] See me here prostrate to implore your clemency in behalf of my friend.

*Mrs. Circ.* Of that I can't determine directly.— But as you seem to have some sense of your guilt, I shall grant you a reprieve for the present ; which contrition and amendment may, perhaps, in time, swell into a pardon.

But if again offending you are caught,  
*Serj.* Then let me suffer, dearee, as I ought.  
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

FINIS.

A NEW EDITION OF

T H E

B A N K R U P T.

A

C O M E D Y.

---

[ Price 1s. 6d. ]



T H E  
BANKRUPT.

A  
C O M E D Y.

I N  
T H R E E A C T S.

---

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

---

A N E W E D I T I O N.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. WOODFALL, and S. BLADON,  
in Pater-noster-Row, 1782.

*Entered at Stationers-Hall.*



TO THE MOST NOBLE

THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY,

THE PATRON OF LETTERS,

THE HOPE AND ORNAMENT

OF HIS COUNTRY,

THIS COMEDY

IS DEDICATED

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST

DEVOTED AND OBLIGED

HUMBLE SERVANT

SAMUEL FOOTE.





# P R O L O G U E.

*Spoken by* Mr. F O O T E.

FOR wit's keen satire, and this laughing stage,  
What theme so fruitful as a Bankrupt Age?  
For not confin'd to commerce is the curse,  
The head is near as empty as the purse;  
Equally sunk, our credit and our wit,  
Ner is the sage more solvent than the cit;  
All these—but soft, ere thus abroad we roam,  
Were it not prudent first to look at home?  
You, gentle Sirs, have giv'n me credit long,  
And took my word for many an idle song;  
But if exhausted, I give notes to-day—  
For wit and humour, which I cannot pay,  
I must turn Bankrupt too, and hop away. }  
Unless, indeed, I modishly apply,  
For leave to sell my works by lottery.  
Tho' few will favour, where's no cash to see'em,  
Poor hopes, that way, to part with my Museum:  
My old friend, Smirk, indeed, may lend his aid,  
And sell by auction all my stock in trade;  
His placid features, and imploring eye,  
May tempt, perhaps, the tardy town to buy;  
His winning manner, and his soft address,  
To other sales of mine have giv'n success;  
But after all, my ever honour'd friends,  
On you alone my fate this night depends;  
I've fought some battles, gain'd some vict'ries here,  
And little thought a culprit to appear  
Before this House; but if resolv'd you go,  
To find me guilty, or to make me so,  
To grant me neither wit, nor taste, nor sense,  
Vain were my plea, and useless my defence.  
But still, I will not steal, I will not beg,  
Tho' I've a passport in this wooden leg.  
But to my cot contentedly retire,  
And stew my cabbage by my only fire;  
Mean time, great Sirs, my sentence yet unknown, }  
E'en as your Justice be your candour shewn,  
And when you touch my honour, don't forget your own. }

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

Sir Robert Riscounter,	-	-	Mr. FOOTE.
Sir James Biddulph,	-	-	Mr. AICKIN.
Pillage,	-	-	Mr. PALMER.
Resource,	-	-	Mr. FEARON.
Margin,	-	-	Mr. BADDELEY.
Robin,	-	-	Mr. WHITEFIELD.
Phelim O'Flam,	-	-	Mr. BANNISTER.
James,	-	-	Mr. R. PALMER.
Sir Thomas Tradewell,	-	-	Mr. DAVIS.
Dingey,	-	-	Mr. GRIFFITHS.
Pepper,	-	-	Mr. STEPHENS.
Plaister,	-	-	Mr. JONES.
Rumour,	-	-	Mr. LLOYD.
Clerk,	-	-	Mr. WALTERS.

## W O M E N.

Lady Riscounter,	-	-	Miss SHERRY.
Lydia,	-	-	Mrs. JEWELL.
Lucy,	-	-	Miss AMBROSE.
Kitty,	-	-	Miss PLATT,

---

---

T H E

B A N K R U P T.

---

A C T I.

*Enter Robin and Kitty, meeting.*

*Robin.* **T**HIS letter and casket, with my master's most respectful compliments, you will, Kitty, with your own fair hands, deliver to Miss.

*Kitty.* The casket is heavy—I suppose, Mr. Robin, this is what my Lady calls the Purry-funalia?

*Robin.* A small tribute, Madam, to adorn the bride on the happy occasion.

*Kitty.* What then, I suppose you look upon this marriage as good as concluded.

*Robin.* Things are gone such a length, that not the least doubt can be made.

*Kitty.* And yet between the cup and the lip,—you remember the proverb?

*Robin.* One of the parties may die to be sure, otherwise I don't know how—

*Kitty.* No?

*Robin.*

*Robin.* No: The young lady has not alter'd her mind?

*Kitty.* Not to my knowledge.

*Robin.* What, Sir Robert Riscouter, her father? these curmudgeonly cits regard no ties, no obligations when they have an higher interest in view. I suppose he has received larger proposals from some other party.

*Kitty.* I have heard no such thing.

*Robin.* Well then, I am sure no impediment can arise from our quarter. My master, Sir James Biddulph, is too much a man of honour: besides, I know his whole soul is wrapt up in Miss Lydia.

*Kitty.* He has given her pretty convincing proofs of his passion.

*Robin.* What, I suppose the malicious mother-in-law, who, I know, hates Miss, and has a damn'd deal of art, in conjunction with Miss Lucy, that precious pledge of her former husband's affections, has contrived to throw some confounded rub in the way.

*Kitty.* Bless me, Mr. Robin, I don't know what you mean, I am sure I said nothing at all.

*Robin.* No?

*Kitty.* No. But only that things which are not done, may perhaps never be done; there is nothing certain but death.

*Robin.* Very moral, Miss Kitty,—(there is some mystery, if I could but get at it, but this slut is as cunning—I will have a trial however) nay, for the matter of that, I can have, Mrs. Kitty, no interest at all in this match; there is so much confinement, and form, even in the most fashionable families, that a single service is best suited to me, especially too, that now I am  
got

got into most of the clubs : there is one circumstance I shall most feelingly regret: That I own will greatly touch me.

*Kitty.* And pray, what may that be, Mr. Robin?

*Robin.* Not living under the same roof with Miss Kitty. I made no doubt, Madam, but your fortunes would follow your mistress's, and, in that case, I thought to soften the rigours of my captivity, in your agreeable converse.

*Kitty.* Really, Mr. Robin? Well, I protest, I did not.

*Robin.* And when our mutual endeavours had procured for us a small independence, I flatter'd myself with gently sliding the downhill of life, subject to no other will but Miss Kitty's.

*Kitty.* What a difference between him, and the servants of this side the bar?—Really, Mr. Robin, you talk nearly as well as your master.

*Robin.* And no wonder, Madam, since love, the same deity, inspires us both.

*Kitty.* How quick you are in your rippartees, Mr. Robin! are you good at a riddle?

*Robin.* If you mean the making them, no; it is too low a species of writing for me; for novels I have now and then some dealings with Noble, and have by me a genteel comedy of one act, that is thought to have a good deal of merit.

*Kitty.* And pray when does it make its appearance?

*Robin.* Why, faith, I don't know, all the managers are such scribblers, that they won't give

give a genius fair play, but engross the whole itage to themselves.

*Kitty.* Very selfish, indeed. Well, Mr. Robin, though you won't make a riddle, I will, which, as my Lady expects me, you may study to expound by yourself. This match won't take place, and yet are none of the parties to blame; I may live in the same house with you, though I should leave my young Mistress's service, and the loss of my place may perhaps be the making of my fortune. So Adieu.

*Robin.* Nay, but Miss Kitty, one word, if you please.

*Kitty.* Not a syllable, go, and puzzle your brains. But take this, for your comfort, that if you cannot at present make out my meaning, a little time will fully explain it. [*Exit.*]

*Robin.* So skittish and shy, Mrs. Pert! but if our next meeting don't bring forth this secret, you are no true chambermaid, nor I fit for a valet de chambre. All reserve amongst servants is flat treason against the community. Every well-disciplin'd domestic is bound in honour, however careful of his own, to reveal all family secrets, to the rest of the tribe. But I must brush off, for here comes my Lady. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Lady Riscounter, and James.*

*Lady Risc.* And he has promised that the paragraph shall appear in the paper this morning?

*James.* I am afraid, Madam, there is no doubt of his keeping his word.

*Lady Risc.* Afraid! what a pusillanimous creature art thou?

*James.* As your Ladyship, by what means I know not, is acquainted with my veneration  
for



for Miss, you can't wonder at my feeling some compunction, in becoming an instrument to ruin her fame.

*Lady Risc.* Why the fellow is a fool: don't you consider, that her ruin, as you call it, will be your rise?

*James.* Perhaps, so, Madam, but how can I—

*Lady Risc.* You love Lydia, you say?

*James.* More than I have words to express.

*Lady Risc.* And Sir James Biddulph you detest, as a successful rival, no doubt?

*James.* Except on that account, I have no reason.

*Lady Risc.* And what better reason can any man have? don't you know, that the two great master passions that give birth to all that we do, is hatred and love?

*James.* Without doubt.

*Lady Risc.* The mind would stagnate without them; and are not you particularly fortunate, in being able, by one masterly stroke, to gratify both?

*James.* Were I indeed sure of succeeding with Miss?

*Lady Risc.* You have every probable chance in your favour: in the first place, it is impossible, consistently with his honour, that Sir James Biddulph can pursue his designs upon Lydia.

*James.* May be not.

*Lady Risc.* Nor will any proper suitable person think of her when her reputation is gone.

*James.* Too true, I believe.

*Lady*

*Lady Risc.* Then, who so likely to succeed as yourself? as you are the party suspected, common policy will point out you for her husband.

*James.* But will Miss Lydia be brought to submit?

*Lady Risc.* She can have no choice but her father's. Him, I can easily manage, and possibly, as a *douceur*, prevail on him to augment the very considerable fortune she derives from her aunt; never fear, things are in a very good way.

*James.* I must submit all to your ladyship's management.

*Lady Risc.* Your part will be easy enough, you will have nothing to do but be passive.

*Enter Kitty, and Lucy, with a news-paper in her hand.*

*Lucy.* Here, Madam, here it is, and placed in a most conspicuous part of the paper.

*Lady Risc.* And no alteration?

*Lucy.* Not a word. In the exact form that we sent it.

*Lady Risc.* Pr'ythee read it, my dear.

*Lucy.* [*Reads.*] "We can assure the publick, from the very best authority, that the beautiful daughter, by a former venture, of an eminent banker, not far from the Monument, was surpris'd by the servants, in a most critical situation, with Mr. J——s, clerk to her father."

*Lady Risc.* Right, right.

*Lucy.* "And what heightens her crime, she was on the eve of being married to an amiable  
"ble

“ ble young baronet, at the west end of the town, the apparent object of her own choice.”

*Lady Risc.* Finely circumstantial, it is impossible for any body to err in the person.

*Lucy.* Not in nature; now, I think, we shall pull down Miss Prudery's pride.

*Lady Risc.* It cannot fail. Kitty, you have carefully perused the instructions I gave you.

*Kitty.* Please your ladyship, I have them by heart.

*Lady Risc.* Don't be too forward in replying to any question they put to you; but answer with a kind of reluctant hesitation, as if the facts were forc'd from your mouth.

*Kitty.* Never fear, Madam.

*Lady Risc.* Don't forget to make frequent professions of the great love and affection you bear your young mistress, that you could not have thought it, shan't know whom to trust for the future; ready to lay down your life for your lady.

*Lucy.* Suggest too, that some strange arts must have been used, or you are convinc'd she could never have been brought to submit.

*Kitty.* I shall carefully, Madam, obey your directions.

*Lady Risc.* And squeeze out a tear now and then if you can.

*Lucy.* Or, if they won't come, rub your eyes till they are red.

*Lady Risc.* Right; this will give probability to all that you say.

*Lucy.* Otherwise, the young hypocrite's behaviour has been always so specious, those who know her won't credit the story.

*Kitty,*

*Kitty.* Suppose, Madam, Sir James Bidulph, or any body else, should make any enquiry?

*Lady Risc.* Answer none of their questions; your tenderness for Lydia will be a proper excuse; to your master's authority, indeed, you are obliged to submit. You comprehend me?

*Kitty.* Perfectly, Madam.

*Lady Risc.* Within, I will give you further instructions; and remember, Kitty, your fortune is at stake: Success, in this one instance, will make you easy for life.

*Kitty.* The best I can do will be but a poor return for your ladyship's goodness.

*Lady Risc.* Send the news-paper into your master. [*Exit Kitty.*] You have, James, seen none of our people this morning?

*James.* I have not enter'd the shop.

*Lady Risc.* Then get out of the way as fast as you can; secrete yourself somewhere, that will give additional strength to the story. Your withdrawing will argue a consciousness arising from guilt.

*James.* That I most sufficiently feel.

*Lady Risc.* Success will soon drown the remembrance. [*Exit James.*] That fellow must not appear; his mind is so maukish, that, should he be confronted with Lydia, he would betray our whole plot in an instant.

*Lucy.* It is a wonder, Madam, how you have got all this address: instead of a private family, you are form'd to govern a country.

*Lady Risc.* Why, I think, I may without vanity say, that I deriv'd from nature some talents for this kind of intrigue; but to the care of my education I chiefly owe what I am.

*Lucy.*

*Lucy.* Indeed, Madam!

*Lady Risc.* My father was a stock-broker, you know, and your father, my first husband, an attorney, my dear.

*Lucy.* True, Madam.

*Lady Risc.* And as they had no reserve, they kept no secrets from me, I must have been a blockhead, indeed, not to have made some progress in their professional arts.

*Lucy.* True, Madam.

*Lady Risc.* But after defeating Sir James Biddulph's designs upon Lydia, to turn the tide of his affections, and substitute you in her room, will, Lucy, be the great political effort.

*Lucy.* From your ladyship's great abilities there cannot be the least doubt of success: besides, her father is so hasty and violent that, I am sure, he will never be brought to forgive her.

*Lady Risc.* There is no relying on that; no mortal was ever so mutable. Our various climate is not so inconstant as he. Sir Robert is choleric enough, but then, as he is provoked without cause, he is appeased without reason; one word will inflame, another extinguish the fire; whom one minute he persecutes, the next he protects. His joy, grief, love, hatred, are in eternal rotation, and I have been often tempted to think his mind a machine, moved only by the immediate objects before it.

*Lucy.* And yet, Madam, how compleatly you rule him!

*Lady Risc.* No longer, child, than I stay by his side; after that, the first person has him  
that

that fees him, and all my impressions are effac'd in an instant.

*Enter Kitty.*

*Kitty.* My master has got at the paragraph.

*Lady Risc.* Has he so? well, and—

*Kitty.* He enquired, Madam, for you, and putting his finger here, bid me shew this directly to your ladyship.

*Lady Risc.* He did not suspect then that I had seen it before?

*Kitty.* Not in the least—but here he comes tottering and trembling—with his face as white as a sheet.

*Lady Risc.* Get you behind.

*Enter Sir Robert Riscounter.*

*Sir Rob. Risc.* Well, my dear, have you read——

*Lady Risc.* Sir Robert, I have.

*Sir Rob. Risc.* Have you so? Well, and pray what do you think? Did you ever see such an audacious, abominable, impudent, scandalous piece of scurrility? Zounds, give me my cane, I will go directly to the rascally printer's, and——

*Lady Risc.* But suppose, Sir Robert, the printer should not be passive, and, in return for the strokes of your cane, should leave the marks of his nails in your face.

*Sir Rob.* There may be something in that, as your ladyship says, I have heard some of the rogues are strong and sturdy enough.

*Lady Risc.* And, first, let us be sure who the party is the paragraph points at.

*Sir Rob.*

*Sir Rob.* Hey! what d'ye say? points at? why, it is as clear as the sun—[*takes the paper*] banker---Monument--- first venture---zounds they might as well have published my name, and my daughter's, at length.

*Lady Risc.* Why, to say truth, the marks are pretty strong; but still let us coolly consider the case. Kitty, go down; Lucy, my dear, leave Sir Robert and me together a little. [*Exit Lucy and Kitty.*]

*Sir Rob.* Ay, go, child, pr'ythee go. I don't believe, Lady Riscounter, that there is a single man in the Ward, who would have the least hesitation in pronouncing who was---

*Lady Risc.* Well, but don't let us be in such hurry to make the application ourselves; the malice of others will be ready enough to do that: let me see, is there no other banker lives near the Monument?

*Sir Rob.* Not that I know; but suppose there should, here, the west end of the town, and the amiable baronet, puts the matter out of dispute: hey, what d'ye say?---

*Lady Risc.* That, indeed; but, hold a little, does not it mention the name of the paramour? Ay, here it is, J---S.

*Sir Rob.* J--s.

*Lady Risc.* J---s, I don't recollect any body that visits here, whose name those letters will suit.

*Sir Rob.* There is no Jones, nor Joddrell poo, pox, that is an L---nor Jennings, nor Jarvis, nor Jenkins, nor---

*Lady Risc.* Not that I recollect.

*Sir Rob.*—There is Jacobs the Jew, but he



he is as old as one of the patriarchs, with his beard down to his breeches; they can never mean him.

*Lady Risc.* Poo! that's too absurd to suppose: but stay, are there no other distinguishing marks? um, um,—"J——s, clerk of her father's." I own that passage escaped me.

*Sir Rob.* Hey! what did you say? and me too, one of my clerks! who can that be? J——s, the two letters belonging to a surname.

*Lady Risc.* So I should imagine.

*Sir Rob.* Zounds! it can never be James.

*Lady Risc.* James!

*Sir Rob.* An impudent, eternal, damn'd son of a bitch! this is the consequence of taking beggars into your bosom.

*Lady Risc.* But, Sir Robert——

*Sir Rob.* Don't mention it, Madam; was not he the thirteenth son of a starv'd Curate in Essex, ragged as their colts, and knew about as much as one of their calves—did not I feed, cloath, take him into my house, treat him as if he had been—and, in return, the villian to dishonour my child!

*Lady Risc.* You are too impatient, Sir Robert; why should you fix all at once upon James? I have observed the lad's behaviour to be discreet and modest; nay, indeed, rather shy and reserv'd.

*Sir Rob.* That is true enough, I must own. I never remark'd the boy to be presumptuous and forward, like some of our pert prigs of the city, but, as your ladyship observes, rather  
bashful

bashful and shy. No, no, it can never be him.

*Lady Risc.* Not but I have known people with that specious outside appearance, carry minds as malignant and daring——

*Sir Rob.* The curfedeft fly dogs upon earth: hypocrify is the finest veil for a villian. I always suspected there was something bad behind his solemn sanctified look: I don't believe the scoundrel ever swore an oath since he came into the house. There is a villian for you, my dear.

*Lady Risc.* Nay, but my dear, let us conclude nothing rashly. Suppose you send for James up, and sift him a little?

*Sir Rob.* That may'nt be amiss——who's there?

*Lady Risc.* Not that I believe he will be ever brought to confess.

*Sir Rob.* He! no, no, curse him. Him! you will never catch him at that: you might as well hope to extract sugar from salt. I may as well let him alone.

*Lady Risc.* Let us see him, however.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Sir Rob.* True. Let James know that I want him, but don't tell the fellow I am angry, and so get him to skulk out of the way.

*Ser.* I did not know that your worship was angry, 'till you told me your——

*Sir Rob.* I tell you! my dear, did I say any such thing? You prying, impertinent—Go, and do as you are bid. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Lady Risc.* I don't think it unlikely, Sir Robert, but some idle acquaintance, without considering

sidering the consequences, may have inserted this malicious article, by way of pleasantry, as a kind of jest upon James.

*Sir Rob.* Nothing so probable, Lady Riscounter: this town swarms with such forward, frivolous puppies.

*Enter Servant.*

Well, where is James?

*Ser.* Sir, he is not within.

*Sir Rob.* What, is the rascal run off?

*Lady Risc.* No, my dear, perhaps only gone out with some bills for acceptance.

*Sir Rob.* Like enough. When will he be back?

*Ser.* The rest of the clerks have not seen him to-day.

*Sir Rob.* Not seen him to-day? what are all of them blind then?

*Lady Risc.* Nay, Sir Robert, perhaps he has not been in the shop.

*Ser.* So they say. *[Exit.*

*Sir Rob.* Then they could not see him, indeed. Not in the shop? nay, then the business is clear; guilt, guilt, flight is full as bad as confession.

*Lady Risc.* It does look suspicious, I own; but then nothing ill can happen without your daughter's concurrence, and you have not the least doubt of her.

*Sir Rob.* Doubt! hey!

*Lady Risc.* And, in fact, have nothing to fear.

*Sir Rob.* Fear! doubt! I hope your Ladyship has no more doubts than myself.

*Lady*

*Lady Risc.* Why should I? how does this affair concern me?

*Sir Rob.* As it concerns me, Lady Riscounter; do you suppose I should have been indifferent, if such a charge had fallen on Lucy?

*Lady Risc.* Such a charge can never fall upon my daughter Lucy.

*Sir Rob.* Full as soon as on my daughter Lydia.

*Lady Risc.* I am not, Sir Robert, so certain of that.

*Sir Rob.* Lady Riscounter, you begin to alarm me; you know more of this matter than you are willing to own.

*Lady Risc.* Whatever I know, Sir Robert, I am resolved not to communicate.

*Sir Rob.* And why not?

*Lady Risc.* Whatever a mother-in-law says, the good-natured world always imputes to malice.

*Sir Rob.* Generally the case, I must own. But to me you may, nay, you ought to reveal.

*Lady Risc.* Since you are so earnest, I own some rumours have reach'd me.

*Sir Rob.* Of what kind?

*Lady Risc.* You will pardon me there: if you will examine your daughter's maid, Kitty; she, I am told, can satisfy all your enquiries.

*Sir Rob.* An artful baggage, I know. For heaven's sake, my dear, send her hither directly.

*Lady Risc.* But not the least mention of me.

[Exit.

*Sir Rob.* Very well, I never observ'd the least correspondence between Lydia and James: but what of that? they would take good care, I warrant, to conceal it from me.

*Enter*

*Enter Kitty.*

So, I find you were the go-between, the little infamous agent in this curs'd——

*Kitty.* Sir Robert——

*Sir Rob.* You must have been a volunteer; I am sure, James was not able to bribe you, for he is as poor as a pillag'd black in Bengal.

*Kitty.* Really, Sir, I don't understand you.

*Sir Rob.* You mean, huffey, you won't: Come, you may as well tell me all the particulars concerning Lydia and James; with the main article, you see I am already acquainted.

*Kitty.* Don't press me, pray Sir; I would rather die than say any thing to hurt my young mistress.—(*Cries*)

*Sir Rob.* Nay, pr'ythee, Kitty, don't cry, you are a good girl, and love my daughter, I see.

*Kitty.* And not without reason, for she has been the kindest, best——

*Sir Rob.* Nay, till now, she was ever an amiable girl; but here, child, you will do her a capital service.

*Kitty.* Indeed, Sir.

*Sir Rob.* For if her affections are fix'd upon James, tho' I may lament, I shall not oppose him.

*Kitty.* Since that is the case, I can't say, but early one morning, hearing a noise in Miss Lydia's apartment, I stepp'd down to see what was the matter.

*Sir Rob.* Well?

*Kitty.* Just as I got at the foot of the stairs, her door open'd, and out came Mr. James.

*Sir Rob.*

*Sir Rob.* Did he? and why did not you alarm the house and seize the villain directly?

*Kitty.* That, Sir, would have ruined my Lady's reputation at once.

*Sir Rob.* True enough, you did wisely. Did the fellow perceive you?

*Kitty.* Yes, Sir, and made me a sign to be silent.

*Sir Rob.* I don't doubt it.

*Kitty.* Indeed, he came to me two hours after, told me he had a passion for Miss, never could get an opportunity of disclosing his mind, and desperate, at finding his hopes on the point of being ruin'd, he had stolen that morning into her chamber, humbly to implore her compassion and pity.

*Sir Rob.* He chose a fine time and place for the purpose.

*Kitty.* On his knees he desired, I would not disclose to any mortal what I had seen.

*Sir Rob.* Which you should not have done.

*Kitty.* He was too late in his caution; not five minutes before I had told it to Mrs. Hemshot, Miss Lucy's maid.

*Sir Rob.* No wonder then the story is public.

*Kitty.* I am certain sure, my young Mistress is innocent, for Mr. James vowed and declared he was all upon honour.

*Sir Rob.* The malice of mankind will never be brought to believe it; you may go. [*Exit Kitty.*] So the girl's reputation is gone, and a retreat from the world the only choice that is left her: all my calamities are come upon me at once; my child ruin'd, and from the general distress, my own fame and fortune on the brink of destruction: the attorney and broker

broker will be instantly here to contrive means for propping my tottering credit. Am I in a condition to think of expedients, or to listen to—

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* A card, Sir. *[Exit,*

*Sir Rob.* *[Reads.]* “ Sir James Biddulph’s  
“ compliments to Sir Robert Riscounter, and  
“ if convenient will take the liberty to wait on  
“ him this morning.” Prepar’d, as I expected,  
our misfortunes have reach’d him, and he comes  
to break off the match ; he is not to be blam’d.  
This rash, inconsiderate—I’ll to her, and if she  
has the least atom of feeling, I’ll—And yet,  
how could the poor girl help his intrusion ? the  
might be ignorant, and yet the fellow without  
encouragement, would never have dared to—  
Yet the impudence of some men is amazing,  
and so indeed is the folly of women : the origi-  
nal fault must be his. But her after-compli-  
ance makes her equally guilty, for had she dis-  
approv’d, she would have reveal’d the fact to  
her mother or me. That, that, condemns her  
at once ; I will to her directly, and find out the  
full extent of her guilt. *[Exit,*

E N D   O F   T H E   F I R S T   A C T .

A C T



## A C T II.

*Miss Lucy and Miss Lydia discovered.*

*Lucy.* **T**O us, indeed, who are encumber'd with fathers and mothers, marriage is a convenient business enough.

*Lydia.* And why on that account, my dear Lucy?

*Lucy.* As it makes one the entire mistress of one's time, and one is accountable to no mortal for what one says or does.

*Lydia.* What, Lucy, not to your husband?

*Lucy.* Nay, don't be prudish, my dear: you are going back to the days of Queen Bess; who talks now of obedience and duty? ridiculous! her majesty's old fardingale is not more out of fashion.

*Lydia.* No!

*Lucy.* No: one reads in books, indeed, of nuptial ties and conjugal love; mere obsolete stuff! modern marriages are mere matters of interest.

*Lydia.* Interest!

*Lucy.* Ay, child; for instance now, Sir Thomas Perkins, our neighbour, finding that Miss Williams has a good parcel of land, which being contiguous to his estate, will be very proper for him to possess; immediately sends his rent-roll a-courting to her's. The parchments are produced on both sides, and no impediments, that is incumbrance appearing, a couple of lawyers marry the manors together.

*Lydia.*

*Lydia.* Without the least regard to the persons?

*Lucy.* Poo, persons! they are consider'd, child, as mansion-houses upon the estates, which one lives in, or neglects, just as they happen to be convenient, or not.

*Lydia.* But suppose, Lucy, as in mine, there should happen to be no land in the case?

*Lucy.* Then, child, the bargain is alter'd; you deposit so much money, and he grants you such an annuity; a mere Smithfield bargain, that is all.

*Lydia.* A pretty picture you give me of marriage! But this is all raillery, Lucy; I am sure you would never submit to this barter and sale.

*Lucy.* I should do like the rest of the world. We must take things as we find them. You are not so foolish as to be fond of Sir James Biddulph, my dear?

*Lydia.* Fond? the expression is strong; you must imagine I prefer him to the rest of——

*Lucy.* Why, as to his appearance, it must be own'd, that the mansion is a pretty modern structure enough, well built, and prettily finish'd: I can't indeed say, his upper story is furnish'd quite to my taste.

*Lydia.* Nay, Lucy, now you are unjust, the whole world concur in giving him sense.

*Lucy.* Nay, that article is not very material. If I had him, that is a part of his house, with which I should hold very little communication, my dear. But, however, you love him?

*Lydia.* Or I am sure I never would have him.

*Lucy*

*Lucy.* And I suppose if any accident was to break off this match, it would make you very unhappy?

*Lydia.* Can you doubt it, my dear?

*Lucy.* There is one evil that attends these ridiculous contracts.

*Lydia.* You don't look upon love then as an essential ingredient?

*Lucy.* Ha! ha! ha! silly and singular; do you know, Lydia, why Love is always painted as blind?

*Lydia.* There are many causes assigned by the poets.

*Lucy.* But not one has given the true one: because the little rogue shuts our eyes to our interests.

*Lydia.* Fye, Lucy, where could you get these narrow and libertine notions?

*Lucy.* A little more experience will tell you. But here comes Sir Robert; not a word of what has passed.

*Lydia.* I shall, my dear Lucy, for your sake, endeavour to forget all you have said.

*Enter Sir Robert Riscouter.*

*Sir Rob.* Lucy, you may go down. [*Exit Lucy.*] After what has pass'd, you will not be surpriz'd that I insist upon your immediately quitting my house!

*Lydia.* Quitting the house, Sir!

*Sir Rob.* Your fortune is independent and large; you will no doubt be happy in escaping from the observing eye of a father.—I will be cool, and desire only an answer to a very few questions. Since the death of your mother (who is happy in having escap'd the knowledge  
of

of this infamous business) have I been ever wanting in any act of paternal affection?

*Lydia.* For Heaven's sake, Sir, what can be the meaning of——

*Sir Rob.* Come, no evasions, but answer briefly yes, or no, to my questions.

*Lydia.* No, Sir.

*Sir Rob.* After my first care to educate you fit for the world, has it not been my principal study to settle you properly in it?

*Lydia.* Most assuredly, Sir.

*Sir Rob.* And knowing to what temptations girls at your age are expos'd, did I not seek out a man of rank, honour, and fortune, to be your protector and guardian for life?

*Lydia.* I confess it.

*Sir Rob.* Did you ever express the least dislike to Sir James Biddulph's address?

*Lydia.* Never.

*Sir Rob.* How could you then so far forget what you owe to me, and yourself, as privately to harbour and encourage a passion——

*Lydia.* I am confounded.

*Sir Rob.* For an object too unsuitable in every respect: for a mere creature of charity?

*Lydia.* Charity!

*Sir Rob.* Ay, for it was compassion to the father's numerous family that induced me to take James into my house.

*Lydia.* James! what of him? or what relation, Sir, can he have to me?

*Sir Rob.* This is astonishing in a girl of her years. What then, you know nothing of this fellow's affections?

*Lydia.* For me?

*Sir*

*Sir Rob.* Aye, for you. No billet-doux, no private meetings, no stealing into your chamber before the servants were out of their beds?

*Lydia.* Amazing! and who, Sir, has dared to insinuate—

*Sir Rob.* Insinuate! why the tale is the talk of the town: all the morning papers are full on't.

*Lydia.* What can, Sir, be the meaning of this? is it possible you can think, Sir, your daughter so abandoned, so lost——

*Sir Rob.* Hey!

*Lydia.* Recollect, dear Sir, I beseech you, have I, in the whole course of my life, ever once dared to deceive you?

*Sir Rob.* Why, Child, I can't say that you have. But in this case, there is such positive proof.

*Lydia.* Of what kind, I beseech you?

*Sir Rob.* Facts, facts, well attested; so don't pretend to deny.

*Lydia.* Attested! by whom?

*Sir Rob.* Their names are needless at present. But what motive or interest could any one have to invent, or propagate?

*Lydia.* None, that I can discover; but, however strong the appearance, if either in thought, word, or deed, there has any thing, either criminal or culpable, passed between me and——

*Sir Rob.* What, no declarations? no interviews?

*Lydia.* No more than with any other man in your service.

*Sir Rob.* Astonishing!

*Lydia.*

*Lydia.* If the contrary can be made to appear, abandon me, Sir, at once to that world, already so prepossess'd to my prejudice, the greatest misfortune that can ever befall me.

*Sir Rob.* Well, child, rise; I can't help giving credit to what you aver. But how to persuade the rest of——

*Enter a Servant.*

Somebody wants me? as I expected. Sir James Biddulph, I reckon?

*Ser.* No, Sir, a couple of gentlemen who say they came by appointment.

*Sir Rob.* I guess who they are. Another bad business. Shew them into the parlour. [*Exit Servant.*] You don't know half your father's afflictions——go, child, go into your chamber.

*Lydia.* I hope my father believes me?

*Sir Rob.* I do, I do. As soon as I have dispatch'd these gentlemen, I will see you again. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *A Parlour.*

*Enter Pillage and Resource.*

*Pil.* Ay, take my word for it, Mr. Resource, in the whole round of the law, and, thank Heaven, the dominions are pretty extensive, there is not a nicer road to hit than the region of Bankrupts.

*Ref.* I should have thought it a turnpike, for you see how easily even a country attorney can find it.

*Pil.*

*Pil.* 'Pshaw! what, amongst manufacturers, and meagre mechanicks? fellows not worth powder and shot; and yet these paltry provincials, master Resource, are often obliged to solicit my aid.

*Ref.* Indeed!

*Pil.* Why, t'other day, a poor dog, over head and ears in debt from the country, was recommended to me by a client: the fellow had scrap'd together all he could get, and came up to town, with a view of running beyond sea, but I stopp'd him directly.

*Ref.* Really!

*Pil.* O, ay, in a couple of months wash'd him as white as a sheep that is just shorn.

*Ref.* How did you bring it about?

*Pil.* Easy enough. Made him take a house in Cheapside, call'd him a citizen in the London Gazette, and his name of John Madge, (being as common as carrots) not a soul in the country suspected that it was he.

*Ref.* How should they?

*Pil.* Pass'd a few necessary notes to get him number and value, white-wash'd him, and sent him home to his wife.

*Ref.* Cleanly and cleverly done.

*Pil.* When the country chaps brought in their bills, he drew out of his pocket a certificate, and gave them a receipt in full for all their demands.

*Ref.* How the loobies must look.

*Pil.* Chop-fallen, no doubt; but he's in business again.

*Ref.* He is?

*Pil.* O yes, and I hear does very well. For I left him two hundred out of the six he brought  
with



with him, to begin the world with credit afresh.

*Ref.* Very generous indeed, Mr. Pillage.

*Pil.* O! a trifling affair, got little by it!—for the matter of that, a mere statute is not much in itself.

*Ref.* Ay! Well I thought it brought pretty perquisites with it.

*Pil.* No, no; it is a good hot-bed indeed to raise chancery suits in.

*Ref.* Ay, that is a produce that deserves propagation.

*Pil.* What, I see you have found a remedy for Master Monk of the Minorities? I thought his was an incurable case.

*Ref.* Only skinn'd over the sore, master Pillage, it will soon break out again.

*Pil.* What were the means that you used?

*Ref.* Got some friends of mine to advance him cash on a project.

*Pil.* Of what kind?

*Ref.* A scheme of his, to monopolize sprats and potatoes.

*Pil.* And it took?

*Ref.* Oh! there was no danger of that. The people of this country are always ready to bite at a bubble.

*Pil.* Will it hold?

*Ref.* Pshaw! We shall break before the season for sprats, and as to the potatoes, we had laid in a ship load or two.

*Pil.* For which you procured a good price?

*Ref.* Not a souse. They are all now in our cellars in Southwark, and have shot out branches as tall as the trees in the Park.

*Pil.* Ha! ha! ha! but apropos, can you guess Sir Robert's business with us? *Ref.*

*Ref.* Very near, I believe.

*Pil.* What, the house is not a tumbling?

*Ref.* A pretty large crack.

*Pil.* Which he wants our assistance to plaster. Why, I thought the knight was as firm as a rock.

*Ref.* I knew better things. I saw the mansion was daily decaying. Hush, here he comes.

*Enter Sir Robert, followed by a Clerk.*

*Sir Rob.* As we have effects in our hands, accept the bills to be sure. But how to discharge them when they are due.—So, gentlemen, I have sent for you to beg your assistance.

*Pil.* Sir Robert, we shall be very happy to serve you, if you will tell us but how.

*Sir Rob.* Why, to deal plainly, gentlemen, my affairs are come to a crisis, and without some substantial and speedy assistance, my credit will quickly expire.

*Pil.* You surprize me: I never guess'd it in danger. Pray, Sir Robert, what brought on the disease, was it an alley fever, or a gradual decay?

*Sir Rob.* A complication of causes. Not but I could have weather'd them all, had the house in Holland but stood, their failure must be followed by mine.

*Pil.* What, Van Swieten's?

*Sir Rob.* Have you heard any thing of him to-day?

*Pil.* No doubt, I believe, of their stopping; their bills were offered at Garraway's under forty per cent. As your name is not blown upon yet, suppose you coin a couple of quires! don't you think the circulation might serve you?

*Sir*

*Sir Rob.* No, that mint is exhausted, and private paper return'd to its primitive value. My real case can be no longer conceal'd. I must stop, and should be glad of your advice how to manage the matter.

*Pil.* There are two methods in use. The choice will depend on how your affairs stand with the world.

*Sir Rob.* Bitter bad, Mr. Pillage.

*Pil.* I guess'd as much, by your sending for us. They treat us, Master Resource, like a couple of quacks, never apply but in desperate cases.

*Ref.* But in all diseases there are different degrees.

*Pil.* True; for instance, if you find you are pretty near on a par, with perhaps a small balance per contra, summon your creditors, lay your conditions fully before them, convince them you have a fund to answer all their demands, and crave a respite for three or four years.

*Sir Rob.* Just to call in my debts, and make the most of my other effects?

*Ref.* True; as the English merchants have a good deal of milk in their blood, that is a favour rarely refused.

*Sir Rob.* This, Master Pillage, will be only deferring the evil.

*Pil.* That is, Sir Robert, as you manage the cards. Don't you see that the length of time, with the want or wish of ready money for trade, will dispose the bulk of your creditors to sell their debts at a loss of thirty or forty per cent.?

*Sir Rob.* True.

*Ref.*

*Ref.* No contemptible sum, when a man's dealings are large.

*Sir Rob.* But how shall I profit by—

*Pil.* What hinders you from privately buying the debts?

*Sir Rob.* That, indeed—

*Ref.* A fine fortune fav'd out of the fire.

*Pil.* True. And now we talk of the fire, for a present supply, you may burn a warehouse or two, after it has been gutted of all its contents.

*Ref.* And recover the full amount of the policy.

*Pil.* Did you never try that?

*Ref.* No, I don't think he has done anything in the fire way yet; have you, Sir Robert?

*Sir Rob.* Never once came into my head.

*Pil.* May be not; oh! for a fertile brain, there are many means to be used; but what d'ye say to my plan?

*Sir Rob.* What, the summoning scheme? I am so involved, that I am afraid that project will never prevail.

*Pil.* Then you have nothing left but a statute.

*Sir Rob.* But if my certificate should not be granted?

*Pil.* That is my proper business, Sir Robert. If we find your creditors inclined to be crusty, there will be no difficulty in creating demands to get number and value.

*Sir Rob.* That will swell my debts to a monstrous amount.

*Ref.* So much the more for your honour; consider you are a knight, and your dignity demands you should fail for a capital sum.

*Sir*

*Sir Rob.* Does it?

*Pil.* To be sure. Why, you would not sneak into the Gazette like a Birmingham button-maker.

*Ref.* Oh fie!

*Pil.* He would never after be able to shew his head upon Change.

*Ref.* Never, never.

*Pil.* And then, you know, what with the portable stuff, such as jewels, or cash, that he himself may secrete, and the dividends that fall to the share of his friends, which they will doubtless restore—

*Ref.* He will be fit to begin the world again with *eclat*.

*Pil.* In a much better condition than ever.

*Ref.* And his children's children will have reason to thank him.

*Sir Rob.* But is there not some danger in concealing the portable stuff, as you call it?

*Pil.* Not in the least. Besides, to colour the business, you may collect a purse of light guineas, with an old batter'd family watch, and deliver them to the commissioners, on your first examination.

*Ref.* That will give an air of integrity.

*Sir Rob.* You seem to think, then, Gentlemen, that it is the duty of every honest merchant to break once at least in his life, for the good of his family?

*Ref.* Not the least question of that.

*Pil.* Every day's practice confirms it. Well, Sir Robert, when shall I provide you the tackle?

*Sir Rob.* The tackle!

*Pil.* In about a month or six weeks, I think, you may be made fit to appear in the papers.

*Sir*

*Sir Rob.* In the Gazette, as a bankrupt?

*Ref.* Aye, but then no time must be lost.

*Pil.* Not a moment, for should they smother his design—

*Sir Rob.* Gentlemen, I must decline your assistance.

*Pil.* How?

*Sir Rob.* For, without considering the private injury I may do to particular persons, this mischievous method must soon affect the whole mercantile world.

*Pil.* Why, what has that——

*Sir Rob.* Mutual confidence is the very cement of commerce. That weakened, the whole structure must fall to the ground.

*Ref.* Hey!

*Sir Rob.* From the practice of these infamous arts, as it is impossible they can be concealed, what suspicions, what jealousies must every man in trade entertain?

*Pil.* How!

*Sir Rob.* What an injury besides, to those in my unhappy condition? the risks and losses unavoidably connected with commerce, procure the unsuccessful trader, generally the compassion, sometimes the friendly aid, of those of his order.

*Ref.* We know that well enough.

*Sir Rob.* But when bankruptcy becomes a lucrative traffic, and men are found to fail with a view of making their fortunes, the unhappy and fraudulent will be confounded together, and punishment fall on his head who has a title to pity.

*Pil.* The man's mad.

*Sir*

*Sir Rob.* Perhaps I myself am a sacrifice to those very arts you have recommended so warmly. But there the mischief shall end. Men may suffer from my calamities, but they never shall by my crimes. [*Exit.*]

*Pil.* Did you ever meet with such a squeamish old fool? what could he mean by sending for us?

*Ref.* Who can tell? his head's turn'd, I suppose.

*Pil.* I thought we had him sure; but how nimbly he has slipp'd through our fingers!

*Ref.* Necessity will soon bring him back to our hook. He is shy for the present, but I warrant he will bite bye and bye.

*Pil.* Or we shall lose a capital prize.

*Ref.* Indeed, should his friends interpose, and matters be compounded without us.

*Pil.* That I have a sure way to prevent. Before an hour is past, I will tear such a rent in his robe, as I defy all the botchers in Europe to mend.

*Ref.* By what means?

*Pil.* I know he is in the receipt of some government money; I will take care to saddle him with an extent.

*Ref.* That will do.

*Pil.* I shall only just go and take out a commission against five macaronies, who are joint annuitants to a couple of Jews.

*Ref.* But how can you lug them into a statute? they are no dealers you know.

*Pil.* No dealers? yes, but they are.

*Ref.* Aye, of what kind?

*Pil.* Why, they are dealers of cards. [*Exeunt.*  
*Enter*



*Enter Lady Riscounter, and Sir James Biddulph.*

*Lady Risc.* If you will walk in, Sir James, Sir Robert is a little busy at present, but he will wait upon you directly.

*Sir James.* I have no call, Madam, that prevents my attending his leisure.

*Lady Risc.* I fear the design of this visit, Sir James, is of a different nature from those we have lately received.

*Sir James.* I came, Madam, to offer my aid in detecting and punishing an infamous calumny that has made its way to the publick, this morning.

*Lady Risc.* But reports of this kind, when despised and neglected, gradually die of themselves. It is a most unlucky affair, I confess.

*Sir James.* Unlucky! most false and atrocious: I hope, Madam, we shall be able to discover its author.

*Lady Risc.* As to that, it is scarce worth the enquiry.

*Sir James.* How, Madam!

*Lady Risc.* We have family reasons, Sir James, for wishing to draw a veil over—

*Sir James.* A veil! I am astonish'd, Lady Riscounter!

*Lady Risc.* The loss of your alliance, indeed, which now we dare neither expect, nor desire, has mortified us all not a little. If any other means could be found to form a connection between us, and a person of your merit and rank, there is nothing, I am sure, I should so ardently wish.

*Sir James.* Your ladyship is most exceedingly kind.

*Lady*

*Lady Risc.* I hope the whole family, especially myself and daughter, are not, through the error of one, to be punished with the loss of your friendship.

*Sir James.* You do me infinite honour.

*Lady Risc.* Indeed, my Lucy, upon this occasion, I felt chiefly for you; for though perhaps not so imposing and specious, as the girl whose lapse we lament, she has great goodness of heart, and a proper sense of your worth.

*Sir James.* Miss Lucy is most prodigiously—

*Lady Risc.* But Sir Robert's door opens, and as my presence may not be so proper upon this occasion, I take my leave, with the hopes of soon receiving a visit—

*Sir James.* I shall be happy, Madam, in seizing every occasion—your ladyship's—[*Exit Lady Riscounter.*] What can be the meaning of this? She seems to confirm and credit the infamous story. Sir Robert, I suppose, will explain it.

*Enter Sir Robert.*

*Sir Rob.* Sir James, I scarce know how to accost you; but the confusion I feel at the unhappy cause of your visit.

*Sir James.* Indeed, Sir Robert, I own myself greatly perplex'd. I enter'd your house, full of the warmest resentment, and prepar'd to take every active part in my power; but your lady has dropp'd some hints, as if you wish'd to stifle all further enquiry. Pray, Sir Robert,  
be

be candid and open. This, Sir, I think, I have a right to demand.

*Sir Rob.* Doubtless. Nor do I wish to conceal : there is room for suspicion, I own ; so far Lady Riscounter is right ; but yet, Lydia—

*Sir James.* You have then seen her, Sir Robert ?—

*Sir Rob.* Not ten minutes ago. Her surprise seem'd so sincere, and so artless, and——

*Sir James.* Without doubt——

*Sir Rob.* And such strong marks of truth, both in her words, and her looks, that I confess—perhaps it was a fatherly weakness, I could not help giving credit to all that she said.

*Sir James.* You did her but justice, I am sure. I will pawn my life upon her honour and faith.

*Sir Rob.* But yet how to reconcile—for, Sir James, I will be impartial ; some accounts I have had——

*Sir James.* Time can only do that. Deep-laid designs are not discovered at once. If we can but get at the clue.—And what steps have you taken ? have you been, or sent to the printer's ?

*Sir Rob.* No. I did think of going, but my lady persuaded me, that the step would be wrong.

*Sir James.* For which she had very good reasons, no doubt. Will you give me leave to accompany you thither ?

*Sir Rob.* If you think it right.

*Sir James.* The very first thing you should do.

*Sir Rob.*

*Sir Rob.* But should not we consult my lady about it?

*Sir James.* The very last thing you should do.

*Sir Rob.* And why so?

*Sir James.* I must beg to conceal my reasons at present, I too, have my suspicions, Sir Robert.

*Sir Rob.* You have?

*Sir James.* Which I fancy you will soon find to be better founded than those of your family.

*Sir Rob.* Not unlikely, Sir James.

*Sir James.* Come, Sir, my chariot is ready.

*Sir Rob.* I attend you, Sir James.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T

A C T III.

*Enter Robin, and a Servant of Sir Robert,*

*Robin.* MY service to Miss Kitty, and I should be happy to have the honour of her ear a moment.

*Ser.* Of her ear!

*Robin.* These low fellows know nothing of the phrases in fashion, mere Vandals and Goats: but I must accommodate myself to their country. Will you tell Miss Kitty Combrush, that I should be glad to speak with her, when she is at leisure?

*Ser.* Now I understand what you mean, that will I, Master Robin. *[Exit.*

*Robin.* Damn'd provoking however, to have our ship sunk just as we were entering the port; this could not happen but by the contrivance of some of the crew: our captain too is most horribly hurt. This jade, I am convinced, is in the whole of the plot; but her own art, and the skill of her prompter, will make it difficult to get at the bottom.

*Enter Kitty,*

*Kitty.* Bless me, Mr. Robin, after what has pass'd, I little expected to see you again at our house.

*Robin.* What injustice both to me and yourself!

*Kitty.* How so, Mr. Robin?

*Robin.* To your powerful attractions, and my proper discernment.

*Kitty.*

*Kitty.* I did not know I had any such things, Mr. Robin.

*Robin.* Infinite! but above all, your penetration is the most surprising to me. The conjuror in the Old Bailey is a fool compar'd to Miss Kitty. You are absolutely as knowing as one of the Civils, if the latter part of your prediction was but as fully accomplish'd.

*Kitty.* What was that?

*Robin.* Our cohabitation in the same house, notwithstanding—

*Kitty.* Time may bring that about, Mr. Robin.

*Robin.* I don't comprehend how that can happen.

*Kitty.* No! why, to make your master amends for the loss of Miss Lydia, suppose we were to give him Miss Lucy—

*Robin.* D'ye call that making my master amends?

*Kitty.* She is a good showy girl, and her fortune—

*Robin.* Will be no temptation to him; I know he detests her.

*Kitty.* Indeed!

*Robin.* Cordially. So that if that be the only means, I have nothing left but despair. Oh! Miss Kitty, think what misery! that tender frame has a tear for pity, I'm sure; to be deprived of the warmest wish of my life, to be cut off for ever—

*Kitty.* And do you really think as you say?

*Robin.* Nothing but an amiable ignorance of your own charms, could for a moment induce you to doubt it.

*Kitty.*

*Kitty.* Suppose then, Mr. Robin, we were to live under our own roof, instead of that of another, don't you think it would be mending the matter?

*Robin.* It would be Elysium, my angel. But how to get at the means?

*Kitty.* If that is your objection, they may be easily found.

*Robin.* Does my lovely Kitty think I can have any other?

*Kitty.* Then since that is the case, Mr. Robin, it is but right I should explain to you, what I meant by my riddle, this morning. But see that we are safe.

*Robin.* Not a soul.

*Kitty.* You must know, then, that this whole affair of Miss Lydia is my lady's contrivance.

*Robin.* What, is that whole story a fiction?

*Kitty.* A mere sham; nothing else; and to bring about Sir James's marriage with Lucy, her motive.

*Robin.* I conceive.

*Kitty.* Now, as the project would not do without my assistance, my lady gave me (here it is, stuck in my stays) a note for five hundred pounds, if the match is broke off; and a thousand, should Miss Lucy's take place.

*Robin.* Hum—hum—hum—500—hum—hum—Rebecca Riscounter—it is just as you say.

*Kitty.* Now, as matters stand, you see I am entitled to the first 500 directly, and, with your assistance, perhaps the other may follow.

*Robin.* Not unlikely. But hold a little, dear Kitty, a little caution may not be amiss.

This



This mistress of your's is a damn'd artful woman; she has trick'd others, and won't scruple cheating of you.

*Kitty.* I don't understand you.

*Robin.* It is not quite clear that this note is a good one.

*Kitty.* How !

*Robin.* I mean such a one as she will be obliged hereafter to pay.

*Kitty.* Then the business shall be blown up in an instant.

*Robin.* Too late. She will only laugh at you when her ends are obtain'd.

*Kitty.* Then what steps can we take ?

*Robin.* There is an old master of mine, who lives in Brick-court in the Temple, as cunning a cur as ever hang'd an innocent man, or sav'd a rogue from the gallows. I'll run, and ask his opinion.

*Kitty.* But won't that be betraying our secret ?

*Robin.* Counsellors, like confessors, are bound not to reveal their client's confession : besides, I can easily conceal the name of the party.

*Kitty.* You will come immediately back ?

*Robin.* In an instant, unless I have your leave to go a step further.

*Kitty.* Further !

*Robin.* To Doctors Commons, for a little bit of parchment, that will soon unite us for ever.

*Kitty.* O law ! you are in a vast prodigious great hurry ; but, I think, Mr. Robin, you must do as you please.

*Robin.*

*Robin.* Thus let me acknowledge your kind condescension. For a moment then, my dear Kitty, adieu. [*Exit Kitty.*] So, now I have the means in my power to resetttle all our matters again. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E, *A Printer's.*

*Margin discovered with News-papers, Account-books, &c.*

*Marg.* September the 9th. Sold twelve hundred and thirty. June the 20th. Two thousand and six. Good increase for the time, considering too that the winter has been pretty pacific: dabble but little in treasons, and not remarkably scurrilous, unless, indeed, in a few personal cases. We must season higher to keep up the demand. Writers in Journals, like rope-dancers, to engage the public attention, must venture their necks every step that they take. The pleasure people feel, arises from the risques that we run—what's the matter?

*Enter Dingey.*

*Ding.* Mr. Hyson has left the answer to his last letter on East-India affairs.

*Marg.* A lazy rascal, now his letter is forgot, he comes with an answer. Besides, the subject is stale: Return it again. Are all our people in waiting?

*Ding.* The Attorney General to the paper, that answers the law cases, is not come yet.

*Marg.* Oh! that's Ben Bond'em the Bailiff; prudently done; perhaps he has a writ against  
one

one of our authors—Bid them enter, and call over their names.

*Ding.* Walk in, Gentlemen.

*Enter* Pepper, Plaister, Rumour, Forge'em, Fibber, Comma, Caustic, O'Flan, *and others.*

*Ding.* Politicians, pro and con, Messieurs Pepper and Plaister.

*Pep. Plaif.* Here.

*Marg.* Pepper and Plaister, as both the houses are up, I shall adjourn your Political Warfare 'till their meeting again.

*Pep.* Don't you think the public would bear one skirmish more before we close the campaign? I have a trimmer here in my hand.

*Plaif.* To which I have as tart a retort.

*Marg.* No, no; enough for the present. It is, Plaister, the proper timing the subject, that gives success to our labours. The conductor of a News-paper, like a good cook, should always serve up things in their season: who eats oysters in June? Plays and Parliament Houses are winter provisions.

*Pep.* Then half the satire and salt will be lost: Besides, if the great man should happen to die, or go out.

*Marg.* Pshaw! it will do as well for the great man that comes in. Political papers should bear vamping; like sermons, change but the application and text, and they will suit all persons and seasons.

*Plaif.* True enough; but mean time, what can we turn to? for we shall be quite out of work,

*Marg.*

*Marg.* I warrant you, if you an't idle, there's business enough, the press teems with fresh publications—Histories, translations, voyages—

*Pep.* That take up as much time to read as to make.

*Marg.* And what with letters from Paris or Spaw, inundations, elopements, dismal effects of thunder and lightning, remarkable causes at country assizes, and with changing the ministry now and then, you will have employment enough for the Summer.

*Plais.* And so enter upon our old trade in the winter?

*Marg.* Aye, or for variety, as it must be tiresome to take always one side; you, Pepper, may go over to administration, and Plaster will join opposition. The novelty may perhaps give fresh spirits to both.

*Pep.* With all my heart. A bold writer has now no encouragement to sharpen his pen. I have known the day when there was no difficulty in getting a lodging in Newgate; but now, all I can say, won't procure me a warrant from a Westminster Justice.

*Marg.* You say right; hard times, master Pepper, for persecution is the very life and soul of our trade; but don't despair, who knows how soon matters may mend? gentlemen, you may draw back.—Read the next.

*Ding.* Criticks—Thomas Comma and Christopher Caustic.

*Marg.* Where are they?

*Ding.* As you could not find them in constant employment, they are engaged by the great, to do the articles in the Monthly Reviews.

*Marg.*

*Marg.* I thought they were done by Doctor Doubtful, the Deist.

*Ding.* Formerly, but now he deals in manuscript sermons, writes religious essays for one of the Journals.

*Marg.* Then he will soon sink. I foresaw what would come of his dramming. Go on.

*Ding.* Collectors of paragraphs, Roger Rumour, and Phelim O'Flam.

*Rum. Flam.* Here.

*Ding.* Fibber and Forge'em, composers and makers of ditto.

*Fib. Forg.* Here.

*Marg.* Well, Rumour, what have you brought for the press?

*Rum.* I have been able to bring you no Positives.

*Marg.* How! no Positives?

*Rum.* Not one. I have a Probability from the court end of the town; and two good Supposes out of the city.

*Marg.* Hand them here—[reads.] “It is  
 “probable, that if the King of Prussia should  
 “join the Czarina, France will send a fleet into  
 “the Mediterranean, which, by giving um-  
 “brage to the Maritime powers, will involve  
 “Spain by its Family Compact. To which, if  
 “Austria should refuse to accede, there may be  
 “a powerful diversion in Poland, made con-  
 “junctly by Sweden and Denmark. And if  
 “Sardinia and Sicily abide by the treaties, the  
 “German Princes can never be neuter; Italy  
 “will become the seat of war, and all Europe  
 “soon set in a flame.”——Vastly well, master  
 Rumour, finely confused, and very alarming.  
 Dingey,

Dingey, give him a shilling for this. I hope no other paper has got it?

*Rum.* Oh fie! did you ever know me guilty of such a——

*Marg.* True, true, now let us see your Supposes—[*Reads.*] “It is supposed if Alderman  
“Mango should surrender his gown, he will be  
“succeeded by Mr. Deputy Drylips; and if  
“my Lord Mayor should continue ill of the  
“gout, it is supposed the swan-hopping will  
“cease for this season.”—That last suppose is  
fudged in, why, would you cram these upon me  
for a couple?

*Rum.* As distinct as can be.

*Marg.* Fye, remember our bargain. You agreed to do the court of Aldermen always for six-pence.

*Rum.* What, if a Common Hall should be called?

*Marg.* Oh! then you are to have three-pence a motion, I know that, very well: I am sure no gentleman can accuse me of being sneaking. Dingey, give him six-pence for his Supposes. Well, Phelim O’Flam, any deaths in your district?

*O’Flam.* The devil a one.

*Marg.* How! none?

*O’Flam.* O yes, a parcel of nobodies, that died worth nothing at all. Fellows that can’t pay for a funeral. Upon my conscience, I can’t think what becomes of the folks; for my part, I believe all the people who live in town, fall down dead in the country, and then too, since Doctor Dispatch is gone to the Bath, patients linger so long.

*Marg.*

*Marg.* Indeed !

*O'Flam.* To be sure they do. Why, I waited at the Jolly Topers, a matter of two days and a half, for the last breath of Lady Dy Dropfy, for fear some other collector should catch it.

*Marg.* A long time indeed.

*O'Flam.* Wasn't it ? considering that she had two consultations besides, devilish tough. Mr. Margin I shall quit the mortality walk, so provide yourself as soon as you can.

*Marg.* I hope not.

*O'Flam.* Why, what will I do ? I am sure the deaths won't keep me alive, you see I am already tripp'd to my shroud ; since November, the suicide season, I have not got salt to my porridge.

*Enter Sir Thomas Tradewell.*

*Sir Thom.* Is your name Matthew Margin ?

*Marg.* It is, and what then ?

*Sir Thom.* Then, pray what right had you to kill me in your last Saturday's paper ?

*Marg.* Kill you !

*Sir Thom.* Ay, Sir, here the article is ; surely the law has some punishment for such insolent rascals as you.

*Marg.* Punishment ! and for what ? but, after all, what injury have you sustain'd ?

*Sir Thom.* Infinite. All my agents are come post out of the country, my house is crowded with cousins, to be present at the opening my will, and there has been (as it is known she has a very good jointure) no less than three proposals of marriage already made to my relict.

*Marg.*



*Marg.* Let me look at the paragraph. [*Reads.*]  
 “ Last night, after eating a hearty supper, died  
 “ suddenly, with his mouth full of custard, Sir  
 “ Thomas Tradewell, knight, an amiable com-  
 “ panion, an affectionate relation, and a friend  
 “ to the poor.”—O’Flam, this is some blunder  
 of yours; for you see, here the gentleman is,  
 and alive.

*O’Flam.* So he says, but the devil a one in  
 this case would I believe but himself; because  
 why, I was told it by Jeremy O’Turlough, his  
 own body chairman, my dear: by the same to-  
 ken, I treated him with a pint of porter for the  
 good news.

*Sir Thom.* Vastly oblig’d to you, Mr. O’Flam,  
 but I have nothing to do with this wretched fel-  
 low; it is you, Margin, shall answer for this.

*Marg.* Why, Sir Thomas, it is impossible  
 but now and then we must kill a man by mis-  
 take. And in some measure to make amends,  
 you see what a good character the paper has  
 given you,

*Sir Thom.* Character!

*Marg.* Aye, Sir, I can tell you I have had a  
 crown for putting in many a worse.

*O’Flam.* Aye, Sir Thomas, consider of  
 that, only think what a comfort it is, to live  
 long enough after you are dead, to read such a  
 good account of yourself in the papers.

*Sir Thom.* Ha! ha! ha! what a ridiculous  
 rascal! but I would advise you, gentlemen, not  
 to take such liberties with me for the future.

[*Exit.*

*O’Flam.* Indeed and we won’t; and I here  
 give Mr. Margin my word, that you shan’t die  
 again,

again, as long as you live, unless, indeed, we get it from under your own hand.

*Enter Sir Robert Riscouter, and Sir James Bidulph.*

*Sir Rob.* Where is this Margin, this impudent, rascally Printer?

*Marg.* Hey day! what's the matter now?

*Sir James.* Curb your choler, Sir Robert.

*Sir Rob.* A pretty fellow, indeed, that every man's and woman's reputation must be subject to the power of his poisonous pen.

*Sir James.* A little patience, Sir Robert.

*Sir Rob.* A land of liberty, this! I will maintain it, the tyranny exercised by that fellow, and those of his tribe, is more despotic and galling, than the most absolute monarch's in Asia.

*Sir James.* Well, but——

*Sir Rob.* Their thrones claim a right only over your persons and property, whilst this mungrel, squatting upon his joint stool, by a single line, proscribes and ruins your reputation at once.

*Sir James.* Sir Robert, let me crave——

*Sir Rob.* And no situation is secure from their insults. I wonder every man is not afraid to peep into a paper, as it is more than probable that he may meet with a paragraph, that will make him unhappy for the rest of his life.

*Marg.* But, Gentlemen, what is all this business about?

*Sir Rob.* About? zounds, Sir, what right had you to ruin my daughter?

*Marg.*

*Marg.* I? I know nothing of you nor your daughter.

*Sir Rob.* Sir James Biddulph, you have it, produce the paper.

*Sir James.* There is no occasion for that, the affair is so recent, I dare say the Gentleman will remember the passage; this, Sir, is the Banker, the father with whose daughter you was pleased to take those insolent freedoms, this morning.

*Sir Rob.* And this, Sir, the amiable Baronet, from the West end of the Town.

*Marg.* I recollect. Well, gentlemen, if you have brought any paragraphs to contradict the report, I am ready to insert them directly.

*Sir Rob.* And so, you rascal, you want us to furnish fresh food for your paper?

*Marg.* I do all I can to keep my scales even; the charge hangs heavy here; on the other side, you may throw in the defence, then see which will weigh down the other.

*Sir Rob.* Indeed, Sir James Biddulph, if he does that——

*Sir James.* That! can that paltry expedient atone for his crime? will the snow that is sullied recover its lustre? so tender and delicate, Sir Robert, is the fame of a lady, that once tainted, it is tarnish'd for ever.

*Sir Rob.* True enough.

*Marg.* I could bear no ill-will to your daughter, as I know nothing about her.

*Sir Rob.* Indeed, Sir James, I don't see how he could.

*Sir James.* Is his being the instrument of another man's malice, a sufficient excuse?

*Sir Rob.* So far from it, that it enhances the guilt. Zounds, Sir James, you are a Parli-  
ment

ment Man, why don't you put an end to this practice?

*Marg.* Ay, let them attack the press, if —

*Sir Rob.* Have a care of that; no no, that must not be done.

*Sir James.* No man, Sir Robert, honours that sacred shield of freedom more than myself.

*Sir Rob.* I dare say.

*Sir James.* But I would not have it serve to shelter these pests, who point their poison'd arrows against the peace of mankind.

*Sir Rob.* By no means in the world. Let them be dragg'd from behind it directly.

*Marg.* Ay, do destroy the watchful dogs that guard and cover your flocks.

*Sir James.* You guard, you cover!

*Marg.* Ay, who but us alarm the nation when bad designs are on foot?

*Sir Rob.* In that respect, they are very useful no doubt.

*Sir James.* Are they therefore entitled to give the alarm, when no such design is intended?

*Sir Rob.* By no means. A pack of factious, infamous scoundrels.

*Marg.* It is we that supply the defects of the laws.

*Sir James.* You!

*Marg.* By stigmatizing those offenders that they cannot reach.

*Sir Rob.* That, indeed, serves to keep the guilty in awe.

*Sir James.* And is a pretence for making the innocent the butts of their malice.

*Sir*

*Sir Rob.* True, true, all is fish that comes to their nets.

*Sir James.* Besides, their slander is scattered so generally, and with so little discretion, that the deformity of vice is destroyed.

*Sir Rob.* True.

*Sir James.* Bad men are made worse, by becoming totally callous, and even the good rendered careless, to that source of patriotism, that pride of virtue, the public opinion.

*Sir Rob.* And they are much in the right on't.

*Marg.* What, you are a courtier, I reckon? no wonder you with the press was demolished.

*Sir James.* If ever that happens, to such miscreants as you 'twill be owing; nor will it surprize me, if all orders concur to give up a great public benefit, for the sake and security of private honour and peace.

*Sir Rob.* Nor me neither.

*Marg.* You would consent then to surrender the press?

*Sir Rob.* I would sooner consent to be hang'd.

*Sir James.* And its unbounded licence continue?

*Sir Rob.* I would much rather see it on fire.

*Marg.* With respect to its general use—

*Sir Rob.* Not the smallest doubt can be made.

*Sir James.* But, Sir Robert, then the abuse—

*Sir Rob.* Is what no mortal can bear.

*Marg.* But, Sir Robert, you would but just now—

*Sir Rob.* I confess it, I did.

*Sir*

*Sir James.* Ay, but that was, Sir Robert, because—

*Sir Rob.* For no other reason in life.

*Marg.* My observation you allow to be—

*Sir Rob.* Pointed.

*Sir James.* And my reply—

*Sir Rob.* Conclusive as could be.

*Marg.* But then—

*Sir Rob.* To be sure.

*Sir James.* Because why—

*Sir Rob.* You are quite in the right.

*O'Flam.* Upon my soul, they have got the old gentleman into such puzzlement, that I don't believe he knows what he wishes himself. Stand by and let me clear up this matter a little. Hearkee, Mr. Sir Robert, if I understand your meaning at all, it is, that provided people could be prevented from publishing, you are willing the press should be free.

*Sir Rob.* That was my meaning no doubt.

*O'Flam.* Upon my conscience, and nothing but reason. There, I believe, we are all of us agreed. How seldom would people differ, if once we could get them to be all of a mind? And now this difference is whole and compos'd, let me try if I can't make up the other. I understand here, old gentleman, you have had a daughter abused.

*Sir Rob.* Most foully.

*O'Flam.* And you want to know who was the author?

*Sir Rob.* That was my sole business here.

*O'Flam.* Then why could not you say so at first, without all this bothering and bawling? Well, master Margin, come give the old buck satisfaction.

*Marg.*

*Marg.* It was anonymous.

*O'Flam.* Upon my soul, and I thought so. That is the most damnedst, impudent son of a bitch, he had like to have brought me into three or four scrapes, by fathering his lies upon me.

*Sir James.* Will you give us leave to look at the hand?

*Marg.* Freely, this is the paper.

*Sir James.* Sir Robert, do you recollect to have seen this writing before?

*Sir Rob.* It is James's, I know it as well as my own: here are his B's, his G's, and his T's.

*Sir James.* So I guess'd. Will you trust the paper with us?

*Sir Rob.* Let him get it again, if he can.—  
Sir James, I shall expect you at home. [*Exit.*

*Marg.* I hope no bad use will be made of it.

*Sir James.* The worst use has already been made of it; but at parting, Mr. Margin, let me give you a piece of advice. Take care how you provoke the publick patience too far. You have set the laws at defiance, and long reign'd uncontroll'd, I confess; but don't wonder if the subjects of your slander forget there are laws in their turn, and, valuing an honest name more than their lives, should expose their lives to revenge it. [*Exit.*

*O'Flam.* Upon my soul, Mr. Margin, very wholesome advice, and will do you much good if you take it; but, above all, rid you hands of James Anonymous as soon as you can; you know it was he got you that beating.—That fellow has brought you into more scrapes than all your authors together.

*Enter*



*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Gentlemen, the milk porridge is ready.

*All.* Let us start fair I beseech you.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Lady Riscounter, Lucy, and Kitty.*

*Lady Risc.* Sir James Biddulph is gone?

*Kitty.* Yes, Madam, and with him my master.

*Lady Risc.* Sir Robert! to what place, can you guess?

*Kitty.* I should think, by what I overheard, to the printer's.

*Lady Risc.* To the printer's! of what use can that be?

*Kitty.* I can't say; but your ladyship, I hope, will excuse me.

*Lady Risc.* Excuse you, why child, what's the matter?

*Kitty.* I have heard some whispering among the clerks, as if things were not quite so well with my master.

*Lady Risc.* What, some little disappointments in trade?

*Kitty.* Much worse, I am afraid; I don't know what it means; but they say an extent is brought into the house.

*Lady Risc.* With all my heart; let what will happen, it can be of little importance to me.

*Lucy.* No, Madam!

*Lady Risc.* No, child, you can't suppose, but upon my marriage, I took care, at all events, to secure a proper provision.

*Lucy.* Indeed! can that be done?

*Lady*

*Lady Risc.* A common caution, my dear; don't you see Mrs. Paduasoy rides in her coach, whilst half her husband's creditors are in gaol?

*Lucy.* Is that the case?

*Lady Risc.* If wives were to have any thing to do with those kind of creatures, who d'ye think would marry with people in business? and now I think on't, it will be so much the better; for the father's failure must in some measure fall on the daughter.

*Lucy.* True; but your ladyship saw Sir James Biddulph.

*Lady Risc.* For a moment only, my dear.

*Lucy.* Well, Madam, and—

*Lady Risc.* I only just threw out a hint; to be more explicit now, would make him suspicious; we must give him time to digest his disappointment.

*Kitty.* As I live, Miss Lydia is coming.

*Lady Risc.* Lydia!

*Enter Lydia.*

*Lydia.* I beg your ladyship's pardon, for intruding without your permission; but, my unfortunate situation will, I hope, plead my excuse: I come, Madam, to beg your protection.

*Lady Risc.* Mine, child?

*Lydia.* Your assistance, in detecting the authors of this horrid design.

*Lady Risc.* That, child, is properly your father's concern.

*Lydia.* True, Madam; but the relation your ladyship bears to his family might, I hope, induce you to do me this justice.

*Lady*

*Lady Risc.* Justice, Lydia!—as it is my duty, I shall ever be ready to give my advice.

*Lydia.* That, Madam, is all that I want.

*Lady Risc.* As this affair has made such a noise, there remains but one step to be taken.

*Lydia.* Which is—

*Lady Risc.* A marriage with James.

*Lydia.* With James! and so sanctify the scandalous story.

*Lady Risc.* It may be alledged by the family, that the ceremony had pass'd before the detection.

*Lydia.* Detection! I hope your ladyship does not not suppose there is the smallest foundation?

*Lady Risc.* That I shall not pretend to determine. But, at all events, you are in the right to deny it.

*Lydia.* Your ladyship's indifference shocks me more than the—Your daughter, Lucy, will do me justice I am sure, she has been privy to every—

*Lucy.* Me, Miss? I beg pardon for that: how should I know your intrigues? I beg you will not involve me in your guilt.

*Lydia.* Nay, then it is in vain to struggle; I see, my ruin is resolv'd.

*Enter Sir Robert.*

*Sir Rob.* Where is Lady Riscounter? well, my dear, we have got to the bottom of this infernal business at last—here, here it is, in the rascal's own hand.

*Lady Risc.* Sir Robert!

*Sir Rob.* Why, the paragraph was sent to the printer's by James.

*Lady*

*Lady Risc.* Well?

*Sir Rob.* So that you see proves the forgery plain.

*Lady Risc.* Now I think it makes the fact more apparent.

*Sir Rob.* How?

*Lady Risc.* By the confession of one of the parties.

*Sir Rob.* That I confess, as it was voluntary—

*Lady Risc.* Makes it amount to a positive proof.

*Sir Rob.* It looks very suspicious indeed.

*Enter Sir James Biddulph.*

*Sir Rob.* Here my lady, Sir James thinks, that instead of clearing, this paper only serves to convince her.

*Sir James.* Is that your ladyship's judgment?

*Lady Risc.* Quite to a demonstration, Sir James.

*Sir James.* But his policy.

*Lady Risc.* Obvious enough; to force the family to solicit his marrying the girl, as a favour.

*Sir James.* That, indeed!

*Lady Risc.* With the hopes, perhaps, of obtaining some additional advantage.

*Sir Rob.* In return, no doubt, for his great condescension. An infamous—

*Sir James.* I should have thought the young lady's private fortune, and person, especially to one of his rank, a very sufficient inducement. But this Mr. James is an absolute Machiavel.

*Sir*

*Sir Rob.* As fly a dog as ever existed.

*Sir James.* But could not we see him, Sir Robert?

*Sir Rob.* The rascal is run off.

*Sir James.* Indeed!

*Sir Rob.* We have search'd for him all the town over.

*Sir James.* That is unlucky, as I should have been glad to have ask'd him a question. I believe it is unnecessary to apologize to the family, for any part I take in this business.

*Sir Rob.* We are all highly obliged.

*Sir James.* But I have received a letter, the contents of which astonish me much.

*Sir Rob.* About the matter in hand?

*Sir James.* Indeed the writer is but a dependant of mine, but his veracity is out of the question, the facts must speak for themselves. Mrs. Kitty, you will be kind enough to stay here for a moment.

*Kitty.* What can be the meaning of this?

*Sir James.* If the charge is false, I am sure, Lady Riscounter will pardon me for the sake of the motive. If true, she, in her turn, will stand in want of all our forgiveness.

*Lady Risc.* Me! who will dare to impeach my conduct, Sir James?

*Sir James.* Your ladyship's patience, a moment. This paper, Sir Robert, charges Lady Riscounter with being the sole contriver of this villainous project.

*Sir Rob.* How!

*Lady Risc.* Me!

*Sir James.* With a view of dissolving the contract between your fair daughter and me.

*Sir Rob.* To what purpose? what end?

*Sir*

*Sir James.* One that does me too much honour, I own, the bringing about a union between Miss Lucy and me.

*Lady Risc.* A most probable story, indeed: your informer's name, if you please.

*Sir James.* A servant who has oft attended me here.

*Lady Risc.* And he receiv'd it from——

*Sir James.* One of your Ladyship's women; there she stands, I believe.

*Lydia.* Is it possible that you, Kitty—

*Sir Rob.* Patience, Lydia, a moment.

*Lady Risc.* And you think this paltry plot, obviously fram'd by a couple of servants, (unless you condescend to be the contriver yourself) will justify you in bringing this charge against a person of my rank and condition.

*Sir Rob.* Fie, fie, Sir James, that is too presumptuous indeed.

*Sir James.* Why, I should not have ventur'd, I believe, if I had not to produce a more unexceptionable witness than these.

*Lady Risc.* Name the person directly.

*Sir James.* Lady Riscounter herself.

*Sir Rob.* What?

*Sir James.* There is a little billet contain'd in this letter, where your ladyship promises a capital sum, when some certain services are fully perform'd.

*Sir Rob.* By your leave, Sir James, let me look. Oh, clear, clear, it is her hand, there is no denying of this.

*Sir James.* I fancy Mrs. Kitty will own it. Otherwise my servant is below to confront her.

*Sir*

*Sir Rob.* Well, what reply do you make to all this?

*Kitty.* I beg pardon, Sir, of my Mistress, and you.

*Sir Rob.* Pardon!

*Kitty.* I own the accusation is just, though I little thought Mr. Robin would betray me.

*Sir Rob.* Do you? and what an ungrateful wretch must you be? you have been but a poor instrument only. But is it possible you, Lady Riscouter, could so entirely forget what you owe to me, and your——

*Lady Risc.* I see, Sir Robert, you are so far prepossess'd, that all I can say——

*Sir Rob.* Say, Madam? what can be said for such——

*Lady Risc.* Nay, Sir, I am not going to make a formal defence, it is not worth my while, nor would you have leisure to hear it: if you will walk down, you will find another sort of business, that demands your attention.

*Sir Rob.* Madam!

*Lady Risc.* The House fill'd with a new kind of customers.

*Lydia, Sir Robert, Sir James.* How!

*Lady Risc.* Only an extent, to seize on all his effects.

*Lydia, Sir Robert, Sir James.* Is it possible!

*Lady Risc.* The world will therefore see how ill I am treated—but don't imagine, Sir Robert, that the provision I derive from her father, shall be lavished to lessen your debts, or be employ'd in support of their author.

*Lucy.* Your Ladyship will have more prudence, no doubt.

*Lady*



*Lady Risc.* No, child, we will quit this mansion directly, and leave him for consolation to the care of his daughter.

*Lydia.* A more precious trust, I could never receive. Your treachery to me, Madam, I could both despise and forgive: but your insolent triumph, at the distress of an unfortunate husband, gives you a pre-eminence above the worst of your sex. If, Sir, what you are pleased to call mine, can either reinstate, or assist you, I beg it may be all employ'd in the service.

*Sir Rob.* Nay, pr'ythee, Lydia—

*Lydia.* You see, Sir James Biddulph, there are new obstacles oppos'd to your purpose.

*Sir James.* If you mean those her ladyship has been pleased to produce, they add only an additional strength to my wishes. The piety with which this great, this first duty is discharg'd, must accompany every other relation in life. I applaud, and shall be happy to join in your purpose.

*Lady Risc.* Come, Lucy, let us leave these romantick creatures together, they are only fit for each other; when your effects are convey'd to proper trustees, I shall take care to put in my claim.

[*Exeunt Lady Riscounter and Lucy.*]

*Sir Rob.* Unfeeling, insolent woman! but thy goodness, Lydia, supplies every loss, nor will my creditors, when they find I never deceiv'd them, take advantage of thy filial affection.

*Enter a Clerk.*

What now?

*Clerk.*

*Clerk.* The Dutch mail is arrived.

*Sir Rob.* Any private letters from Holland?

*Clerk.* Your Correspondents, Sir, have honour'd your bills.

*Sir Rob.* And discharg'd them?

*Clerk.* Every one.

*Sir Rob.* And the report of their failing—

*Clerk.* Was without the smallest foundation.

*Sir Rob.* Heaven be prais'd; now, Lydia, thy father can look again with confidence in the face of his friends.

*Lydia.* A more real transport could never have reach'd me!

*Sir Rob.* I know it, Lydia, I know it. This gentleman will both thank and reward you.

*Clerk.* Sir, I would beg just to——

*Sir Rob.* I guess what you mean; some inquisitive persons below; they shall be satisfied soon. I will attend them directly.

[Exit Clerk.]

*Sir James.* Give me leave to join in the general joy. But what, Sir Robert, shall we do with this paper? I fancy my man is in waiting; Robin.

*Enter Robin*

Sir.

*Sir James.* You have been of singular service to-day, which I shall take good care to acknowledge. The worth of this note, as the conditions have fail'd——

*Robin.* Like many more of its kindred,  
is

is reduc'd to waste paper, your honour! but as this happy turn has been chiefly owing to Kitty, I hope she will be restor'd to favour again.

*Sir James.* But consider, Robin, that was not her intention.

*Robin.* But recollect, Sir, the temptation—

*Sir Rob.* But the treachery—

*Robin.* Five hundred pounds.

*Sir Rob.* That is true—as many, her superiors, tho' perhaps not her betters, are daily detected, in doing things more criminal for less consideration, it is some excuse, I confess. But what says my Lydia?

*Lydia.* I shall be directed by you.

*Sir Rob.* And now, my children, nothing remains but the last act, to establish your union, and if (as I am resolved to disengage myself from that bad woman, and the other cares of this world) you will suffer me to be a partaker of your domestic felicity——

*Sir James, Lydia.* You cannot in any thing oblige us so much.

*Sir Rob.* That is all I have to ask of you, or the world. [*Exeunt.*]



THE  
C O Z E N E R S ;

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS ;

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE HAYMARKET :

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

*SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.*

AND PUBLISHED BY

Mr. C O L M A N.

---

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, AND S. BLADON,  
1795.

---

*Price One Shilling and Sixpence.*



# PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

IN trifling works of Fancy, wits agree,  
That nothing tickles like a simile:  
And so, by way of tuning you to laughter,  
With which, I hope, you'll tickle us hereafter,  
From our poetic storehouse, we produce  
A couple, spick and span for present use.  
Dramatick writers were, like watchmen, meant  
To knock down Vice—few answer the intent;  
Both should be quick to see and seize their game;  
But both are sometimes blind, and sometimes lame:  
Can those cry *stand*, while they themselves are reeling?  
Can those catch thieves, while they themselves are stealing?  
When wanted most, the watch a nap will take—  
Are all our comick authors quite awake?  
Or, what is worse, by which they still come near 'em,  
Are not you more than half asleep who hear 'em?  
I, your old watchman, here have fix'd my stand,  
On many a vice and folly laid my hand: }  
'Twas you cried *watch!* I limp'd at your command.  
Let me, like other watchmen, bless the times,  
And take the privilege to nod betimes;  
Nor let your frowns now force me on a fright  
To cry—" *Past seven o'clock, and a cloudy night.*"  
But, with your patience not to be too free,  
We'll change the subject and the simile.  
To chase a smuggling crew, who law deride,  
We launch a cutter of three guns this tide:  
With your assistance, we will make the foe  
Sink, or submit to CAPTAIN TIMBERTOE.  
Ye pirate criticks, fall not foul on me!  
If once I sink, I founder in the sea.  
In this condition, can I swim to shore?  
I'm cork'd, 'tis true; but then I want an oar.  
You oft have sav'd my little bark from sinking;  
I am no fish, save me from water-drinking!

DRA-



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. AIRCASTLE,  
TOBY,  
Mr. O'FLANNAGAN,  
COLONEL GORGET,  
FLAW,  
TOM,  
MOSES MANASSES,  
ROGER,  
HELLEBORE,  
PRIG,  
Servant,

*Mr. Foote.*  
*Mr. Weston.*  
*Mr. Bannister.*  
*Mr. Aickin.*  
*Mr. Wilson.*  
*Mr. Fearon.*  
*Mr. Burton.*  
*Mr. Griffith.*  
*Mr. Baddeley.*  
*Mr. Parsons.*

Mrs. FLEECE'EM,  
Mrs. SIMONY,  
Mrs. AIRCASTLE,  
BETSY BLOSSOM,  
MARIANNE,  
Maid,

*Miss Sherry.*  
*Mrs. Gardner.*  
*Miss Platt.*  
*Mrs. Jewell.*  
*Mrs. Smith.*

THE

---

# THE COZENERS.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Mrs. Fleece'em and Flaw.*

*Mrs. Fleece'em.*

**N**OT a word more! you put me out of all patience.

*Flaw.* Well, but, madam Fleece'em; listen, I beg, to a little reason.

*Mrs. Fl.* Reason! had you the least atom about you, you would rest contented with our present agreement.

*Flaw.* But surely, madam, a change of circumstances——

*Mrs. Fl.* Change! And pray, master Flaw, how are mine changed for the better? Answer me a few short questions, and deny what I say, if you can. When I was compelled, by the cruel laws of this country, to go into exile for taking by mistake a small parcel of lace out of a shop in the Strand, did not I choose Boston for my place of retirement?

*Flaw.* Granted.

*Mrs. Fl.* Did not I pass there, by means of letters from mynheer Van Smuggie of Rotterdam, for a person most honourably and nobly allied?

*Flaw.*

*Flaw.* For aught I know.

*Mrs. Fl.* Did not I receive a handsome present from that merchant, for promoting the running Dutch teas, and rejecting those imported from England?

*Flaw.* Like enough.

*Mrs. Fl.* Did not my burning the first pound of Souchong, and my speeches at Faneuil-Hall, and the Liberty-Tree, against the colonies contributing to discharge a debt to which they owe their existence, procure me the love and esteem of the people?

*Flaw.* May be so.

*Mrs. Fl.* And what, but your letters, could induce me to return to a country where I had been treated so ill? But sure, you must have forgot your proposals; here they are, and signed by yourself. Let me see!—[*Reads.*] “Articles of Agreement between Philip Flaw, of Thavies-Inn, in the city of London, on one part, and Felicia Fleece’em, late of Boston, but now of Pall-Mall.”

*Flaw.* But what occasion——

*Mrs. Fl.* “*Imprimis*, That the said Felicia do take a handsome house, at the west end of the town, with suitable servants; for the furnishing of which the said Flaw engages to procure her credit.”

*Flaw.* And have not I?

*Mrs. Fl.* “Secondly, that the said Flaw shall circulate, privately and publicly, in taverns, coffee-houses, Journals, Chronicles, Morning and Evening Posts, and Courants, that the said Felicia is a person of great address and abilities; and that, by means of many powerful connections, she is able to procure posts,  
“ places,

“ places, preferments of all conditions and sizes ;  
 “ to raise cash for the indigent, and procure  
 “ good securities for such as are wealthy ; suitable  
 “ matches for people who want husbands and  
 “ wives, and divorces for those who wish to get  
 “ rid of them.”

*Flaw.* And have not I performed every tittle ?  
 have not my expences in attending plays, operas,  
 masquerades, and Pantheons, not to mention  
 subscription-money to most of the clubs, and  
 coteries, amounted to a most enormous——

*Mrs. Fl.* I am near at an end.—[*Reads.*] “ That  
 “ the said Flaw shall at all times advise the said  
 “ Felicia how far she may go without incurring  
 “ the law ; for all which he is to receive out of  
 “ the neat profits thirty *per cent.*” —You see, Sir !

*Flaw.* I do.

*Mrs. Fl.* And don't you think *that* a very ample  
 provision ?

*Flaw.* But consider, madam, I have sacrificed  
 my whole time to your business, and I don't be-  
 lieve the law has procured me——

*Mrs. Fl.* The law ! What, a little private  
 agency at the Old Bailey ? a wonderful sacrifice !  
 fy, fy, Mr. Flaw !

*Flaw.* You are the last person, Mrs. Fleece'em,  
 that should cast such a reflection as that : Unless  
 I mistake, my attendance there was pretty useful  
 to you ?

*Mrs. Fl.* To me !

*Flaw.* Without my skill and address, your last  
 voyage to America would have been changed to  
 a much shorter trip.

*Mrs. Fl.* Sir !

*Flaw.* A tour to Tyburn, in a tim-whisky and  
 two, would have concluded your travels.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Fl.*—Why, you impertinent, infamous, petty-fogging puppy, it was through your ignorance that I was obliged to travel at all.

*Flaw.* Mine?

*Mrs. Fl.* Did not Alick Alibi, before your face, at Blackwall, in the Transport, declare, that he never saw such a bungling business; that if he had been employed——

*Flaw.* Alibi?

*Mrs. Fl.* You know him, I fancy.

*Flaw.* Perfectly: As, madam, you think him so wonderfully clever, you had better employ him; I am ready to resign in his favour.

*Mrs. Fl.* That is ungenerous in you, Mr. Flaw, to insult a gentleman under misfortunes: You know the clipping and filing affair compels him to keep a little private at present.

*Flaw.* Oh, then, that's the reason I am consulted? sweet madam, your servant! But, madam, I must desire you to find out some other agent: I declare off! you sha'n't make a stop-gap of me!

*Mrs. Fl.* Sir!

*Flaw.* Our accounts are easily settled: Let me see! Seven pounds seven shillings, from the brewer's clerk, who is gone with your recommendatory letters to India.

*Mrs. Fl.* Nine pounds, if you please.

*Flaw.* Seven. The rest paid out of my pocket to Kitt Copywell, for manufacturing the letters from the directors.

*Mrs. Fl.* Very well! Have you got the fellow aboard?

*Flaw.* Sailed the latter end of the week.

*Mrs. Fl.* Then there is the crimp's money, for procuring the company an able recruit.

*Flaw.*

*Flaw.* Already deducted, for promising to get Bob Blueskin a reprieve at the——

*Mrs. Fl.* These, Mr. Flaw, are but trifling affairs ; they may be settled at some other time.

*Flaw.* I am ready, whenever you please : And so, madam Fleece'em, I am your most humble, and very—— Oh ! I had like to have forgot ; if any thing should happen, that I may not be blamed, *in futuro*, I would advise you to take care of yourself : I overheard Luke Lockup, the turnkey, say, as you passed by in a coach, that he had some notion of having seen you before, and wanted much to know where you lodged.

*Mrs. Fl.* Luke Lockup ! why, how is it possible he could——

*Flaw.* I know nothing of that : Foreseeing, indeed, that such a thing might possibly happen, I had provided a couple of people to prove that you were shipwreck'd on the Western coast ; so that, though you were returned before your time from your travels, it was none of your fault ; but that is all over now ; Mr. Alibi will, no doubt, take proper care.

*Mrs. Fl.* Nay, as to that, Mr. Flaw, there is no man living to whose care I would sooner trust myself than your own ; but sure, in this affair we have been both of us rather too quick. Let us coolly consider : I am sure, I am the furthest in the world from—— But come ; let us know what are your further demands.

*Flaw.* I scorn, madam, to take any advantage : As our risques and labour are equal, an equal partition ; that's all.

*Mrs. Fl.* I consent to the agreement.

*Flaw.* Very well. I will prepare a draft to lay  
before

before council ; which, when approved, you will sign ?

*Mrs. Fl.* Without scruple ; that being settled, let us come a little to business. What new game have you sprung ?

*Flaw.* Plenty, plenty ; the family I expected out of the country is come.

*Mrs. Fl.* Father, mother, and son ! have you seen them ?

*Flaw.* I received their note but this instant : They have made a little mistake, I believe, as to their lodgings.

*Mrs. Fl.* How so ?

*Flaw.* I advised them, at their coming to town, to stay at one of the Hotels for a week or ten days ; instead of that, they are got to a Bagnio.

*Mrs. Fl.* A Bagnio ?

*Flaw.* At the sign of the Lamb, in Long-Acre.

*Mrs. Fl.* Nay, for aught I know, that place will best answer our purpose.

*Flaw.* I must step directly to the Salopian Coffee-house ; Ensign Gaters is to send you a hundred for obtaining him a step in his corps. Here ; I have brought you the complimentary cards to put over the chimney.

[*Gives her the cards.*]

*Mrs. Fl.* That's right. Let me see :—*The Duke of—best respects—Earl of—Viscount—*Ah, ah ; very well ! Have you prevailed on the coachman you mentioned ?

*Flaw.* He has promised to parade before your house for an hour, after his master is set down at the Cockpit. A couple of servants to wait at the door, as if the great man was above, will be right.

*Enter*



*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* A note, Sir, from a person below.

*Flaw.* Let us see it.—[*Reads.*] “Mr. O’Flannagan’s compliments to Mr. Flaw, and as he perhaps may not choose to be at home to him, being at another body’s house, begs to know where he may see him this evening.”—A bagatelle; some trifling affair.

*Mrs. Fl.* You had therefore better dispatch him at once. Shew him up.

*Flaw.* He brought me a recommendatory letter this morning; but I was in a hurry, and desired him to meet me here about this time. Here he is.

*Enter Mr. O’Flannagan.*

*O’Flan.* Mr. Flaw, I am your most humble servant. Madam, I am yours unknown.

*Flaw.* Well, Mr. O’Flannagan, what are your commands with me?

*O’Flan.* Oh, Mr. Flaw, we will postpone that, if you please; I hope I am a little better bred than to mention any thing of my private affairs before ladies; their little ears, sweet cratures, should be tickled with nothing but love.

*Flaw.* True, true; but here you may suspend your politeness a little; for, unless I am mistaken, it is to this lady’s good offices you must be obliged in your present pursuit.

*O’Flan.* Oh! that indeed alters the case. Why then, madam, this is my business at once: You must understand I came over lately from Lime-rick; and there, upon my soul, all the world are gone mad about running beyond sea, in search after—I think it is *emigrations* they call them.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Fl.* I have heard, indeed, that there has been a prodigious desertion.

*O'Flan.* Prodigious! upon my soul, madam, in a hundred miles riding, I did not meet with a human cratur, except sheep and oxen, to tell me the road; and I should have lost myself again and again, but for the mile-stones, that are so kind to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them: And so, being desirous to follow my neighbours' example, I have, madam, made bold to come over before them.

*Flaw.* Right; one would not like to be last in the chase.

*O'Flan.* True. Now, madam, as some emigrations must be better than other some, I should be glad to be recommended to one of the best.

*Flaw.* Why, that will be no very difficult matter. Let me see! is the collector of the window-lights in Falkland's Island disposed of?

*Mrs. Fl.* I have not heard that it has been given away; but, however, if it should, the surveyorship of the woods there is vacant, I am sure.

*Flaw.* Indeed!

*O'Flan.* And pray, madam, is that a lucrative place, as to the profit?

*Mrs. Fl.* Besides the salary, for perquisites you are to have all the loppings and toppings.

*Flaw.* Ay! upon my word, if that can be got, you will be a happy man, Mr. O'Flannagan.

*O'Flan.* Without doubt, I shall be in very good luck. But pray, madam, what was the name of the Falklands?

*Mrs. Fl.* Falkland's Island.

*O'Flan.*

*O'Flan.* Island? true, true. But, Mr. Flaw, is it a place one can go to by land? becaase, why, I am not over-fond of the sea; coming over t'other day from Donechedy, it tumbled and jumbled, and rumbled me to such a degree!

*Mrs. Fl.* Mr. Flaw—

*Flaw.* I am afraid it will be difficult.

*O'Flan.* Why then, if it is equally the same, I should be glad to have an emigration in some other parts.

*Mrs. Fl.* There was a thing that I got yesterday for a relation of mine, that would have suited this gentleman.

*O'Flan.* Pray, what might that be?

*Mrs. Fl.* A tidewaiter's place in the inland part of America.

*O'Flan.* Inland! that would just do to a T.

*Flaw.* Why, you may easily provide in some other way for your cousin.

*Mrs. Fl.* That's true; but then, you know, he has put himself to some expence, in fitting himself out for the——

*Flaw.* Oh! I dare say Mr. O'Flannagan will be glad to reimburse him.

*O'Flan.* That I will; and give him a good spill for his resignation into the bargain.

*Mrs. Fl.* Well, Sir, if you will call here to-morrow, we will try to bring matters to bear; and——

[*O'Flan. going.*]

*Flaw.* This will be a damn'd fine thing, if you can get it.—Hark'ee! a word in your ear! if you discharge well your duty, you will be found in tar and feathers for nothing.

*O'Flan.* Tar and feathers! and what the devil will I do wid them, my dear?

*Flaw.* When properly mixed, they make a genteel

genteel kind of dress, which is sometimes wore in that climate.

*O'Flan.* Oh! what, I suppose, a kind of linen, like that at Belfast, that the natives malefactor themselves.

*Flaw.* True. And they will shew you the best manner to wear it; it is very light, keeps out the rain, and sticks extremely close to the skin.

*O'Flan.* Indeed! That is very convenient. Why, as this place seems to suit me so well, before I get the nomination, by way of binding the bargain, had not I better give some earnest beforehand?

*Flaw.* That will be making things sure.

*O'Flan.* Here is a fifty pound note of La-touche's, payable at sight in a fortnight.

*Mrs. Fl.* Vastly well! I shall take proper care on't.

*O'Flan.* I don't doubt it at all. Feathers that keep out the rain! they must be ducks', to be sure, because they are used to the water: I can't help thinking, Mr. Flaw, when I have got on the dress, how like a goose I shall look. [*Exit.*

*Flaw.* Here is the note.

*Mrs. Fl.* This was lucky beyond expectation! If this goes on, in a little time we shall grow as rich as a keeper of one of the capital clubs.

[*A rap at the door.*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* A gentleman below wishes to see Mr. Flaw.

*Flaw.* What sort of a person?

*Serv.* Vast finely dress'd, please your——

*Flaw.* Oh! I know. Shew him up!—The Israelite I was telling you of.

*Mrs. Fl.*

*Mrs. Fl.* What, Mr. Moses Manaffes?

*Flaw.* The same.

*Enter Moses Manaffes.*

Walk in, Mr. Manaffes! this, Sir, is the lady.

*Moses.* I vas never see a more finer vomans since I was born. Madam, I vas take de liberty to beg-a your protection upon a littel affairs.

*Mr. Fl.* Sir, any friend of Mr. Flaw's——

*Moses.* I vas live in de sheety; but I have great ambition to reside at de court-end of de town.

*Mrs. Fl.* City! I could not have imagined that a gentleman of your drefs and addrefs would submit to live in the city.

*Moses.* Madam, you vas exceeding polite, indeed: I always finds de ladies very partial to me; I vas have de honour to be chose last veek maister of de ceremony to de Mile-End Assembly; and Mrs. Alderman herself make always choice of me for de cotilions.

*Mrs. Fl.* I make not the least doubt of your great success with the ladies.

*Moses.* Oh, Madam!

*Flaw.* Mr. Manaffes, madam, is modest. The city! his success has not been confined to the city; many a heart-ach has he given, to men of consequence too, let me tell you, on this side the Bar.

*Moses.* Oh, fy, fy, maister Flaw!

*Flaw.* What! don't I know? did not you occasion the separation between Mrs. Modish, of Marybone, and her husband?

*Moses.* Oh, fy, fy! a flam, indeed, Mr. Flaw.

*Flaw.*

*Flaw.* Pooh! besides, was not you seen during all the last summer, lounging on horseback, through all the lone lanes about Chelsea and Fulham, with young Lady Harrowheart?

*Moses.* All scandal, upon my honour.

*Flaw.* Zounds! why, have not I heard the young fellows at Betty's, when you have been passing by with Lady Kitty Carmine, in her new vis-a-vis, exclaim, "Look, look! there is Moses again! dammee, I can't conceive what the ladies can see in that pencil-selling mongrel Manasses! Gad, I fancy he catches women, as people do quails, with his pipe."

*Moses.* Dat is all spite, all malice, on my honour!

*Mrs. Fl.* Pipe! what, does he sing?

*Flaw.* He! the voice of Squallache, with the taste and manner of Millico.

*Moses sings*].

"Ven saw you my fader?

"Ven saw you my moder?

*Mrs. Fl.* I see, I see: Nay, then, I don't wonder.

*Flaw.* Besides all this, master Moses is an absolute Proteus; in every elegance, at the top of the tree.

*Mrs. Fl.* Indeed!

*Flaw.* From his present dress, you would think that all his days were spent in a drawing-room.

*Mrs. Fl.* Without doubt.

*Flaw.* But were you to see him on the turf, at Newmarket, in his Tyburn-topp'd wig, tight boots, and round hat, you would swear he had never handled any thing but a curry-comb

comb since he was born. Why, he has tid matches.

*Mrs. Fl.* Really!

*Flaw.* Many.

*Moses.* No, madam; but vone, on my vord; a match with Lord Billy Booty: I vas first, hard in hand on a canter; my Lord came side by side, give a little bit of chuck vid de elbow, and pop me plump into de ditch of de Devil; and de people all hollow!

*Mrs. Fl.* Brutes! very unlucky indeed. But pray, Mr. Manasses, how can I serve you? I should be happy to——

*Moses.* Why, madam, in vone vord—I should be glad to be as well wid de gentlemen as Mr. Flaw say I be wid de ladies; and if, by your assistance, I could get into de Boodles, de Almacks, or vone of de clubs——

*Mrs. Fl.* Bless me! is it possible that you are not a member?

*Moses.* I vas often put up; but dey always give me de black ball.

*Mrs. Fl.* Bless me! what can be the meaning of that?

*Moses.* I don't know; perhaps my religion was de objection.

*Mrs. Fl.* I should hardly think them so squeamish as that: The dice are indeed often called Doctors; but, by the large evacuation they cause, I should rather think them graduates of physic, than of divinity: No, no; that can't be the case. Let me see!—perhaps you have had dealings with some of the club.

*Moses.* Yes; I have de little annuity.

*Mrs. Fl.* Oh, ho!—so you have been admitted into the Jerusalem Chamber!

*Moses.*



*Moses.* Yes, yes, very often.

*Mrs. Fl.* Oh! then the business is out; there then is the reason at once.

*Moses.* How?

*Mrs. Fl.* Some of the parties, I suppose, flow in their payments.

*Flaw.* And there is nothing those gentlemen dread so much as meeting a dun there.

*Mrs. Fl.* But I dare say, Mr. Manasses, at such a place, would be above dropping a hint.

*Moses.* Oh, fy! madam, upon no account.

*Mrs. Fl.* Very well! why then, I may venture to assure them as much!

*Moses.* Sure, without doubt.

*Flaw.* But however, madam, tho' some of the old dons should be crusty——

*Mrs. Fl.* To be sure, means might be used to get over that bar.

*Flaw.* Easy enough, I should think.

*Mrs. Fl.* Let us see! stuffing the negative side of the box, that the black balls cannot descend.

*Flaw.* Or advancing or retarding the clock.

*Mrs. Fl.* True; but then the waiters should be properly spoke to.

*Flaw.* Oh, I dare say Mr. Manasses does not mind, upon such an occasion.

*Moses.* Oh, not at all; I am ready to part with de money.

*Flaw.* I dare say. Why, do you consider that a feat there, as Mr. Manasses can manage——

*Mrs. Fl.* May turn out better for him, perhaps, than a borough.

*Moses.* Den I may rely upon you, madam?

*Mrs. Fl.* Give yourself no further trouble about it.

*Moses.* I have de honor, ma'am——

[going.

*Mrs. Fl.*

*Mrs. Fl.* But should not Manasses make a deposit? [ *Apart to Flaw.*

*Flaw.* To be sure.—Mr. Manasses! well, Sir, I wish you joy, Sir: What, we are to have a lottery, I find?

*Moses.* Dat is all fixed; dere is no danger of dat. I think, madam, dere is no finer sight can be, dan to see de lottery-lanthorns hang up in de streets, vid large red letters, write on all sides; it is so noble!

*Mrs. Fl.* An elegant ornament, it must be confessed, to a capital city: Besides, if the passion for play cannot be suppressed, all that human wisdom can do, is to turn private vices to the use of the public.

*Moses.* True, true.

*Flaw.* I suppose you are an adventurer.

*Moses.* Ay, ay; I have my share, to be sure.

*Flaw.* Mrs. Fleece'em was saying, that she had some thoughts of trying her fortune.

*Moses.* By all means; I wish her much luck!

*Flaw.* If you should have any tickets about you——

*Moses.* Perhaps de lady may have de fancy to de particular number.

*Flaw.* No, no; we are not superstitious as to the number; it is the numbers we wish to get at.

*Moses.* Dere is, madam, a couple de sheets: would you give de draft on de banker? dey are at present mush above par. Let me see!

*Flaw.* Oh, as to the price, we don't trouble our heads about that; we will settle that some other time; make a deduction, you know, for what madam bestows upon the waiters.

*Moses.* True, true! Well, madam your most  
humble!

humble! you may tell de club dat I shall make de very good member; for now and den I love to play a little myself.

*Mrs. Fl.* You do?

*Moses.* Yes; to set de caster at hazard, and hold de Pharaoh-bank wid de cards.

*Flaw.* Be cautious, or you may meet with your match.

*Moses.* Never fear! ven I vas play, I always do keep myself up for de purpose, like de fighting cock, or de horse.

*Mrs. Fl.* Very right; for intemperance upon such an occasion——

*Moses.* It would be de devil, as I eats so little, and drinks nothing at all.

*Flaw.* No!

*Moses.* No, never at cards; de claret would turn all topsy-turvey: no, no, I must take care not to drown Pharaoh again in de Red Sea.

[*Exit Manasses.*]

*Flaw and Fl.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Mrs. Fl.* Oh! have you advertised an honourable feat to be sold!

*Flaw.* I never neglect business, you know; but the perpetuating this damn'd bribery-act has thrown such a rub in our way——

*Mrs. Fl.* New acts, like new brooms, make a little bustle at first; but the dirt will return, never fear. What, have no offers been made?

*Flaw.* A short note from a broker, who hopped out of the Alley into a good estate in the North. By the first ships I expect some good subjects from the siege of Tanjore.

*Mrs. Fl.* A sure importation of candidates; they come in good time, for in such a country as this, what signifies cash without consequence?

*Flaw.*

*Flaw.* True; which in order to get, what they acquire by conquest they expend in corruption.

*Mrs. Fl.* Whilst perhaps a borough, pretty warmly contested, compels the unhappy hero to make a second trip to the East.—[*Knocking.*] Who can that be?

*Flaw.* Had not I better withdraw?

*Mrs. Fl.* First, see who it is.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mrs. Simony, madam, below in a chair.

*Flaw.* Shew her up, by all means.

*Mrs. Fl.* Simony?

*Flaw.* The Doctor's lady, about the living, you know.

*Mrs. Fl.* I remember; but I thought the Doctor himself a——

*Flaw.* A late mistake has made him a little cautious at present.

*Mrs. Fl.* A burnt child dreads the——But, pray, what kind of a woman is——

*Flaw.* An absolute gossip: your share in the scene will be short: let her run on; she neither expects nor desires a reply. Here she is.

*Enter Mrs. Simony.*

*Mrs. Sim.* Madam, I am your obedient, and very devoted! Mr. Flaw, I am entirely yours! ten thousand pardons for waiting upon you in this dishabille! but I stayed so late last night at Lady Lurch'em's assembly, that I have had but just time to huddle on my things; and now I have not five minutes to spare, as I promised precisely at twelve to call on Lady Frolic, to take a turn in Kensington Gardens, to see both  
the

the exhibitions, the stained glafs, dwarf, giant, and Cox's Museum. Mr. Flaw, I presume, has mentioned our little affair. The Doctor would have waited on you himself; but men *hum*, and *ha*, and are so roundabout, awkward, and shy! now I am always for coming plump to the point: besides, women best understand one another, you know. But, as I was saying, the patron of the business in question is, as we understand, a near friend and relation of your's.

*Mrs. Fl.* Madam, I shall be happy to——

*Mrs. Sim.* Your patience, madam! for I have not a moment to spare. Now, as it cannot be supposed that some people should do favours for other people, with which people those people are not acquainted, I am ready to advance—for the Doctor knows nothing about it.

*Mrs. Fl.* How, madam! I understood——

*Mrs. Sim.* The Doctor! not he, I assure you, madam; entirely ignorant, in every respect. Now, if such a favour can be obtained, I am ready to deposit, as Mr. Flaw has doubtless informed you——

*Mrs. Fl.* Why, I can't say, madam, but it is very handsome.

*Mrs. Sim.* Nay, madam, the party will lose no credit by doing what is desired: the Doctor's powers are pretty well known about town; not a more populous preacher within the sound of Bow bell; I don't mean for the mobility only; *those* every canting fellow can catch; the best people of fashion ar'n't ashamed to follow my Doctor. Not one, madam, of the hum-drum, drawling, long-winded tribe; he never crams congregations, gives them more than they can  
carry

carry away; not above ten or twelve minutes at most.

*Mrs. Fl.* Indeed!

*Mrs. Sim.* Even the dowager-duchess of Drowsy was never known to nod at my Doctor; and then he doesn't pore, with his eyes close to the book, like a clerk that reads the first lesson; not he! but all extemporary, madam; with a cambrick handkerchief in one hand, and a diamond ring on the other: and then he waves this way, and that way; and he curtsies, and he bows, and he bounces, that all the people are ready to—— But then his wig, madam! I am sure you must admire his dear wig; not with the bushy, brown buckles, dangling and dropping like a Newfoundland spaniel; but short, rounded off at the ear, to shew his plump cherry cheeks; white as a curd, feather-topped, and the curls as close as a cauliflower.

*Mrs. Fl.* Why, really, madam——

*Mrs. Sim.* Then, my Doctor is none of your schismatics, madam; believes in the whole thirty-nine; and so he would, if there were nine times as many.

*Mrs. Fl.* Very obedient.

*Mrs. Sim.* Obedient! As humble and meek as a curate; does duly his duties; never scruples to bury, though it be but a tradesman—unless, indeed, he happens to be better engaged.

*Mrs. Fl.* Why, with all these good qualities, I should think our success must be certain.

*Mrs. Sim.* With your assistance, madam, I have not the least doubt in the world: so, madam, begging your pardon for having intruded so long, I leave Mr. Flaw and you to confer on the subject.—Not a step, I beseech you.—Lord bless me!

me! I had like to have forgot: my memory, as the Doctor says, is so very tenacious, that it is not one time in twenty I can remember the text. Besides all I have said, my Doctor, madam, possesses a pretty little poetical vein: I have brought you here a little hymn in my pocket.

*Mrs. Fl.* Madam, you are very——

*Mrs. Sim.* Of which the Doctor desires your opinion.

*Mrs. Fl.* Hymn! then the Doctor sings, I presume.

*Mrs. Sim.* Not a better pipe at the playhouse; he has been long notorious for that. Then he is as chearful, and has such a choice collection of songs! Why, he is constantly asked at the great city feasts; and does, I verily believe, more indoor christenings than any three of the cloth. But this composition, madam, is of a different kind: It is but short; but if the party, your worthy friend and relation, should happen to like the manner of writing, he has a much longer one for his immediate perusal.—Madam, I am your obsequious, and very devoted——Not a step, my good Mr Flaw! my chairmen are, you know, in waiting. [Exit.

*Mrs. Fl.* A hymn! what the deuce can the woman mean by a hymn? Let me see!—"Pro-mise to pay to the bearer one hundred pounds, "for the governor and company"—Ay, marry, this is coming *pump to the business*: No man can deny, Mr. Flaw, but these lines are sterling. If the Doctor's prose is as good as his poetry, I don't wonder he has so many admirers. But when shall I see you?

*Flaw.* Immediately after I have paid my provincials a visit.

*Mrs. Fl.*



*Mrs. Fl.* Oh, then I may have time to execute a little scheme of my own.

*Flaw.* Of what kind?

*Mrs. Fl.* One that will turn out both pleasant and profitable: You know the prim mercer, not far from St. Paul's?

*Flaw.* What, young Prig, that presents you an eternal attitude to all hacks of the city, and stands in stiff buckle before his own shop, like a sign?

*Mrs. Fl.* Even he.

*Flaw.* The fellow is a fop, to be sure; but you will not find it an easy matter to gull him; the coxcomb is suspicious and guarded.

*Mrs. Fl.* Against a common contrivance, perhaps; otherwise he would be no object for one of my original genius. Besides, there is a necessity for some new silks to grace my niece's nuptials, you know.

*Flaw.* True, true; well, success attend you!

[*Exit.*

*Mrs. Fl.* Be in no pain about me. Who's there?

*Enter a Servant.*

Order the carriage to the door; and do you and the coachman put on your best liveries.

*Serv.* Yes, madam.

*Mrs. Fl.* And, do you hear, John? if they should be inquisitive, where I stop, as to my place of abode, give 'em no information: I should be sorry to have it known, that one of my rank and fortune was pent up in a paltry lodging.

*Serv.* Your Ladyship need be under no fears.

*Mrs. Fl.*

*Mrs. Fl.* If, at coming from the mercer's, where I shall go first, the master of the shop should get into the coach, drive to Doctor Hellebore's, who, you know, is famous for curing of mad folks; the third door to the left in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

*Serv.* I shall give the coachman directions.

*Mrs. Fl.* And, John! if any body should call in my absence, let them know that I am gone, with the Countess of Carnarby, to see the preparations for the great trial in Westminster Hall.

*Serv.* Mighty well, madam. [Exit.

*Mrs. Fl.* That fellow has uncommon talents, for one of his station: What a matchless porter would he make to a great minister! for he lies like an attorney, and his muscles are as steady as those of his master. [Exit.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Bagnio. Enter Flaw, followed by Tom.*

*Flaw.*

**H**AVE not you a family here, that came lately out of the country?

*Tom.* I suppose you mean, Sir, Mr. Aircastle.

*Flaw.* I do; is the gentleman within?

*Tom.* In the back dining-room, up one pair of stairs.

*Flaw.* Will you let him know there is a person who wishes to see him? If he wants to know my name——

*Tom.* I can tell him.

*Flaw.*

*Flaw.* Ay! why, have we been ever acquainted?

*Tom.* What! have you forgot Tom, master Flaw, at the Crown and Rolls in Chancery-lane?

*Flaw.* I recollect. But I thought by this time you had set up for yourself: you seemed in a very good way.

*Tom.* Pretty well, master, for that part of the town: but, Lord, Sir, the penurious pence of the lawyers won't do for us, who are the superior knights of the napkin; after poring an hour over a six and eight-penny bill, "Here, Tom, give us 'change! and mind, there is a groat for yourself:" How was it possible to support a girl and a gelding upon such a two-penny tax? it could not be.

*Flaw.* That is true, indeed.

*Tom.* No, no. So, dipping pretty deeply in debt, I got a friendly commission of bankruptcy to discharge my old scores, and removed to this end of the town.

*Flaw.* Where you thrive, without doubt.

*Tom.* To give you a sample—it was but last night, Sir Ralph Riot moved, that every man in the club should give the waiter two guineas a-piece by way of *surprising* the rascal.

*Flaw.* And it was carried?

*Tom.* Oh, *nem. con.*—the members never flinch at a frolic.

*Flaw.* I wish you joy of your station!—But, pray, by what accident came the family above to your house? There must have been some mistake in the matter, for they are people of very good reputation.

*Tom.* I can't guess. Only that the town is thin, and business begins to grow dead, we should hardly have given them admittance; they are a strange unaccountable tribe: Pray who the deuce are they?

*Flaw.*

*Flaw.* A respectable family from the county of Wilts, with a very good landed estate, I assure you.

*Tom.* On which, I suppose, the 'squire condescends to kill his own meat; and madam, his lady, to dress it. Then it is one eternal wrangle between them, conducted in a language pretty near as coarse as their carter's.

*Flaw.* They have been bred in a state of Nature, Tom.

*Tom.* The husband, for once or twice, is entertaining enough: He sets out to inform you in a most material point, as he thinks, which he forsakes in an instant to follow some other circumstance, not material at all; this he soon quits for another, and soon for another, if you will give him attention. He puts me in mind of a pack of hounds in a hare-warren; by eternally shifting the game, the pursuit never ends.

*Flaw.* You have him, Tom: Mr. Aircastle is, I own, very prolix and digressive.

*Tom.* Unless I am mistaken, the son has an old acquaintance here in the house.

*Flaw.* Ay!

*Tom.* Miss Betsy Blossom, one of our ladies, who comes, I fancy, from their part of the world: she wishes to avoid the father and mother, but hints that she has good reason to remember the son.

*Flaw.* Perhaps so.

*Tom.* Madam the mother too, who is still a jolly brisk dame, seems determined to make the most of her time.

*Flaw.* How so?

*Tom.* She has dispatched, this morning, a billet to Col. Gorget, an old master of mine.

*Flaw.* If they are at present alone, you will be so kind to announce me.

*Tom.*

*Tom.* Those stairs lead to their door ; there is no occasion for a master of the ceremonies.

*Exit Flaw.*

Mifs ! Mifs Betfy !

*Enter Betfy.*

Well ; have you encountered your Corydon ?

*Betfy.* No ; I have carefully kept myself out of his way.

*Tom.* Then now throw yourself into it as soon as you can ; for, unless you prevent it, I can foresee a design to dispose of him in a very different manner.

*Betfy.* In the interim, I could wish to have him all to myself ; no danger of an interruption from the father and mother.

*Tom.* Watch then when they are out of the way. But remember you run no risque in over-acting your part ; treat him with a large dish of daggers, death, and despair.

*Betfy.* Never fear ; I know how to proportion my dose.

*Tom.* Are you prepared with the two verses I gave you.

*Betfy.* Yes, yes ; and I warrant will thunder them with good effect in his ears.

*Tom.* Success attend you, my girl !     [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to another room.*

*Mr. and Mrs. Aircastle discovered.*

*Air.* Well, well, mark the end on't ! this will turn out like all the rest of your projects.

*Mrs. Air.* Bless me, Mr. Aircastle, will you never give over your grumblings ? I thought I had

had convinced you, before you left home, that London was the only spot for people to thrive in.

*Air.* Convinced me ! Did not I tell you what parson Prunello said—I remember Mrs. Lightfoot was by—she had been brought to bed, that day was a month, of a very fine boy—a bad birth ; for doctor Seeton, who served his time with Luke Lancet of Guise's—there was a talk about him and Nancy the daughter—she afterwards married Will Whitlow, another apprentice, who had great expectations from an old uncle in the Grenades ; but he left all to a distant relation, Kit Cable, a midshipman aboard the *Torbay*—she was lost, coming home, in the Channel—the captain was taken up by a coaster from Rye, loaded with cheese——

*Mrs. Air.* Mercy upon me, Mr. Aircastle, at what a rate you run on ! What has all this to do with our coming to London ?

*Air.* Why, I was going to tell you ; but you will never have patience !

*Mrs. Air.* More than ever woman possessed. Would you, I say, be contented to spring, grow, and decay, in the same country spot, like a cabbage ?

*Air.* Yes ; provided I left behind me some promising sprouts.

*Mrs. Air.* What ! have you no ambition ? no soul ? could you be easy to stand stock-still, whilst your neighbours are advancing all round you ? Cottagers are become farmers ; farmers are made justices ; and folks that travelled barefoot to London, roll down again in their coaches and chariots ; but still we stick !

*Air.* What then ? For, as counsellor Crab said at the assizes—he came down to plead for Ned Nick'em,

Nick'em, who won at Bath a large sum of Lord Luckless—the principal witness was Christopher Cogg'em—who was condemned to the pillory; but saved by Phil Fang the attorney—who——

*Mrs. Air.* What matters what any body said? but you are always flying from the——

*Air.* Why, what a pox would the woman be at?—Ha'n't I lopped off a handsome limb of my land to put your hopeful project in practice?

*Mrs. Air.* Well; and must not every body who ventures in the lottery of life first pay for his ticket?

*Air.* I believe Toby will hardly thank me for going into the wheel.

*Mrs. Air.* No; I suppose he would rather stay at home, and marry Bet Blossom: A pretty alliance he had like to have given us!

*Air.* But you know I drove the girl out of the parish.

*Mrs. Air.* Are there none of the same stamp left behind?

*Air.* Well, well, here we are, and what's to be done?

*Mrs. Air.* Our first business is to get Toby disposed of; upon your head, we will consult Mr. Flaw; as to my affairs, leave me to myself.

*Air.* And as for Toby, the best method, you think, will be——

*Mrs. Air.* To advertise the boy, to be sure.

*Air.* Do you think so? Advertise Toby! I was once told by Tom Type, a printer of one of the papers—he was tried for a libel before Sir Philip Flogg'em, at the Old Bailey—two of the jury died that sessions of the distemper—doctor Drybones recommended vinegar by way of prevention



tion—the doctor wore the strangest black wigs!—they were made by Ben Block'em, of Bow-street—I dined with him once, when he was churchwarden, upon two bastard children—we had a haunch of venison—the venison was over-roasted, and stunk—but doctor Dewlap twisted down such gobs of fat——

*Mrs. Air.* But what is all this to the purpose?

*Air.* I was going to tell you, if you would but listen a bit!

*Mrs. Air.* What did Type say?

*Air.* That he never knew any good come of that kind of——

*Mrs. Air.* Then Type was a fool! don't we see by the news, that there is no other way of making matches in London?

*Air.* Well, well—you know best, to be sure.

*Mrs. Air.* Here the advertisement is; I have penned it myself.

*Air.* You penned it? Damn me, if she can spell a single syllable of the language!

*Mrs. Air.* Call the boy in; and observe, Mr. Aircastle, if he corresponds with the marks.

*Air.* Toby! [Calling.

*Enter Toby.*

Lord, Mrs. Aircastle, how you have altered the boy! why, his face is as long as a fiddle-stick! and then he has a bundle at his back, as big as a child!

*Mrs. Air.* Pray, Mr. Aircastle, mind your own business, I beg! would you have him dressed like yourself, in a suit of cloaths made thirty years ago, when you were sheriff for the county?—Toby, stand forth! “Wanted for a  
“young

“young gentleman of an ancient family, and  
“agreeable person”—Toby, hold up your head!

*Toby.* I does, mother, I does.

*Air.* It is impossible, my dear, the boy should ever walk in that manner; why he will run against every body he meets. Toby, do you think you can step without stumbling?

*Toby.* Not in the streets; but cross a room pretty well, I believe.

*Mrs. Air.* Mr. Aircraftle, have you no idea of grace? Shoulders back, Toby; and chest a little more out!

*Air.* Now, child, look at his elbows! you have pinioned him down like a pickpocket.

*Mrs. Air.* Grace, Mr. Aircraftle, grace.

*Air.* Grace! he has neither grace, nor grease: his breast-bone sticks out like a turkey's.

*Mrs. Air.* Nothing but grace! I wish you would read some late Posthumous Letters; you would then know the true value of grace: Do you know, that the only way for a young man to thrive in the world, is to get a large dish of hypocrisy, well garnished with grace, an agreeable person, and a clear patrimonial estate?—“A wife with a very large portion: If the fortune answers, proper allowance will be made for person and mind. The party, and his rent-roll, may be seen at the Lamb in Long-Acre, every hour of the day.”

*Air.* Why, this will bring the whole town to the house.

*Mrs. Air.* That is just what I intend; the more bidders, the better.

*Enter Tom and Flaw.*

*Tom.* Mr. Flaw.

[*Exit.*  
*Flaw.*

*Flaw.* Good folks, you are welcome to London!

*Air.* Ay, here we are, Mr. Flaw: here's Toby too.

*Toby.* Yes, here I am, Mr. Flaw.

*Flaw.* Bless me! what a change! I should scarce have known him.

*Toby.* Yes, I suppose I am pretty much altered, being garnished with grace.

*Air.* Ay; a grace, I believe, that will tempt nobody to taste of the dish.

*Mrs. Air.* Never mind him, Mr. Flaw; he is a desponding creature, you know. But, as a proof that we have not been idle, here is the first fruits of my labour.

*Flaw.* What is it?

*Mrs. Air.* An advertisement to procure a partner for Toby.

*Flaw.* A partner!

*Mrs. Air.* Ay, a wife, with a suitable fortune.

*Flaw.* I hope it is not sent to the papers.

*Toby.* What, the notice where I am to be seen? here it is in my hand.

*Mrs. Air.* Give it me; and go you out, and wait till you are wanted: And don't listen! d'ye hear? And, Toby, be mindful of grace! and, d'ye hear? don't laugh! you may grin, indeed, to shew your teeth, and your manners.

*Toby.* Will that do?

*Mrs. Air.* Pretty well, for the first time.

[Exit Toby.]

*Flaw.* Bless me, madam! how could such a thought——

*Mrs. Air.* Don't we every day see such things in the news?

*Flaw.* Ay, from an old maid in despair, a broken milliner, or a tottering tobacconist:

*Air.*

*Air.* I told her so, Mr. Flaw: Zounds, says I, you treat the boy as if he was a white bear, or an ostrich—though it is quite a mistake, Mr. Flaw, that those creatures eat iron: I saw one once at the Checquer at Salisbury—the keeper's name was Evan Thomas, a Welshman—he had but one hand—he lost the other, endeavouring to steal a piece of cheese out of a rat-trap—the trap went down, and——

*Mrs. Air.* Did ever mortal see such a man?

*Air.* And, zounds, why must not I speak? she likes to listen to no sounds but her own; but I will be heard, and——

*Mrs. Air.* And so you shall, when you talk to the purpose.

*Air.* Purpose, madam! Damn it, I would have you to know——

*Flaw.* Oh, fy, fy, good people! curb your cholers a little: Consider you are not now in the country.

*Air.* Well, well, I am calm.

*Flaw.* Then, to return to our business: Besides, my good madam, I had provided a match that would have completed all our matters at once.

*Mrs. Air.* How?

*Flaw.* A lady, an acquaintance of mine, lately arrived with her niece from the Indies——

*Mrs. Air.* And rich?

*Flaw.* Enough to purchase the sceptre of Poland.

*Air.* How!

*Flaw.* Ay, even before his very good neighbours had brought that monarchy down to a manor.

*Air.* And pray, as to the party?

*Flaw.*

*Flaw.* Fleece'em is the name of the aunt ; not much indebted to fortune ; but whoever is happy enough to marry the niece, won't scruple, I dare say, to procure her a proper provision.

*Mrs. Air.* The most reasonable thing in the world.

*Flaw.* I ventured to promise as much.

*Mrs. Air.* Then you have hinted the business ?

*Flaw.* As good as concluded. As marriage-bonds are illegal, it will be right to make a deposit before the solemnization.

*Mrs. Air.* To be sure. Now, Mr. Aircraftle, I hope I was right ; for seeing a little cash might promote our designs, I got him to sell Sycamore-farm, and we have brought the money to town.

*Flaw.* How much might the——

*Mrs. Air.* Five thousand.

*Flaw.* But, with a few diamonds, for which I will get you credit——

*Mrs. Air.* By all means.—When should we wait on the young lady ?

*Flaw.* This very morning ; we cannot be too quick ; some of the young blades about town begin to have an inkling, I fear ; I observe them throw their eyes up to the windows.

*Mrs. Air.* Without doubt. Mr. Aircraftle, you will go out to the shops, and provide Toby with a new Beckford-hat, and a couteau du chasseur ?

*Flaw.* And purchase at the same time some presents for the young lady.

*Mrs. Air.* The first time ?

*Flaw.* Always the rule in the East ; you never approach a superior without a suitable present.

*Mrs. Air.* No !

*Air.* No ! why, fool, that is the way the Nabobs have got all their wealth—I knew one of them

them once ; and, if he had not been so rich, really a good sort of a—he was inoculated for the small-pox, by one of the Suttons, at the great house by Hyde-park—the builder of it got into the Bench, and was afterwards cleared by an act of insolvency—though Tom Jenkins, one of his creditors——

*Mrs. Air.* You see !—Lord blefs me, now, Mr. Aircraftle, how can you, when we have not a moment to lose—Go, go out with the boy, I beseech you !

*Air.* Well, well, well ! [*Going.*

*Flaw.* I'll run before, and prepare Mrs. Fleece'em.

*Mrs. Air.* By all manner of means.

*Air.* Pray, is not the toy-shop at the end of the street, kept by the son of—I remember I met the father once at Newarket—he was in a one-horse chaise, made by Varnish here in Long-Acre—who built a state-coach for the Empreſs of Ruffia—he was recommended by Lord—I can't think of his name—who was chosen one of the sixteen for the kingdom of——

*Mrs. Air.* Take him with you, dear Mr. Flaw !

*Flaw.* Come, Sir, I will shew you the shop.

[*Exeunt Aircraftle and Flaw.*

*Mrs. Air.* So ! having provided for Toby, I am at leisure to attend to my own private concerns. Who's there ?

*Enter Maid-Servant.*

Bid the Waiter come up ! [*Exit Maid.*

If Colonel Gorget answers my letter in the way I expect, it will prove a pretty good beginning : The colonel, I make no doubt, knows the ways of the world, and will soon take the hint : He  
was

was vastly struck with me during the races ; and I don't see why I have not as good a right to profit by my person, as I am told some ladies do, who live in this—

*Enter Waiter.*

Well, Sir, what return to my letter ?

*Waiter.* The colonel, madam, will obey your commands.

*Mrs. Air.* Very well ! when he comes, shew him into the next room. [*Exeunt.*

*Another Room in the Bagnio.*

*Enter Colonel Gorget, reading a letter.*

*Gorget.* Bravo, bravo, my sweet country acquaintance ! this is a rendezvous with a witness. Let me see ! *Um, um, um !* “ Unexpectedly brought by business to town—no time to make “ a proper provision—accommodate me with “ Five Hundred Guineas”—accommodate ! an apt phrase, and a pretty sum too ; but how the deuce could the woman suppose that I was able to advance such a sum ? *Um, um !*—“ Not prove ungrateful—Elizabeth”—Oh, ho ! now I begin to conceive.—Stay ! who have we here ? Zooks ! the husband himself.

*Enter Aircastle.*

*Air.* What, Colonel Gorget !

*Gorget.* Mr. Aircastle, I am happy to see you ! But what important business can have brought you to London ?

*Air.* Some family affairs, and to lay out a pretty



ty large sum, which I lately got for a parcel of land.—But is this visit intended to me ?

*Gorget.* No ; I was quite a stranger to your being in town. A lady in the house, that I lately knew in the country——

*Air.* What, from our part of the world ?

*Gorget.* No, no ; but a devilish fine woman : Last summer some little gallantries past between us below.

*Air.* Ay, ay ; you officers play the very deuce when you come down into the country. I remember ensign Sash, about ten years ago—his father came from Barbadoes—I met him at Treacle's, the great sugar-baker's, who had a house in St. Mary-Axe—he took the lease from alderman Gingham, who served sheriff with deputy—there was tight work on the hustings——

*Gorget.* Oh, the devil ! he runs on at the old rate.—But we forget the lady.

*Air.* Oh, ay ; “ Gallantry with her below ; ” which I suppose you have finished above.

*Gorget.* No, faith, not entirely, my friend ; but I think we are in a fair way.

*Air.* Ay !

*Gorget.* The garrison has offered to surrender.

*Air.* Then what prevented you from taking possession ?

*Gorget.* The governor, as usual, insists on a bribe, which it was not immediately in my power to pay——

*Air.* Damn those governors !—why, there was the governor of Bergen-op-zoom, in the last war——

*Gorget.* But hear me !—I was just stepping home to provide the credentials ; but, however, this

this lucky meeting will, I flatter myself, put an end to my journey.

*Air.* As how ?

*Gorget.* If you will supply me with the sum till evening, I shall close the bargain without quitting the house.

*Air.* How much ?

*Gorget.* Five hundred guineas.

*Air.* Five hundred guineas ! what a cormorant the woman must be !

*Gorget.* Not at all, when her husband is rich, and she is above accepting a trifle.

*Air.* Now, I should have thought that would have made her more reasonable.

*Gorget.* Quite the reverse ; why, did you ever know a wealthy courtier accept of a moderate pension ?

*Air.* That, indeed—But are you really serious ?

*Gorget.* So serious, that if you will lend me the money——

*Air.* Nay, but, colonel, that is——

*Gorget.* Nay, but if you hesitate——

*Air.* No, it is not that ; the money is quite at your service ; but you will repent, and then reproach me—What ! five hundred ? there can be no woman worth it.

*Gorget.* You would alter your tone, if you saw her.

*Air.* Should I ? Prithee tell me her name ; perhaps I may know her.

*Gorget.* I durst not ; you know my honour is concerned.

*Air.* Honour with such a woman as that ?

*Gorget.* She is very well known.

*Air.* And ought to be better.

*Gorget.*

*Gorget.* But I waste time, and may lose the critical minute : Will you supply me, or must I——

*Air.* With the greatest pleasure in life : Here is in this bag the very sum, which I have just received for a draft in the city.

*Gorget.* Ten thousand thanks, my dear Mr.—

*Air.* I can't say tho', but I am sorry——

*Gorget.* Oh, it is not impossible but I may come off at an easier rate : With such a capital in hand, one may haggle, you know.

*Air.* True, true ; I'd endeavour to get her for nothing : Choose her, choose her ! do, colonel. If indeed she had asked for a ring with a poesy, or any such trifle as that—but such a monstrous demand ! I would give something to see her.

*Gorget.* Why, it is my opinion you know who she is.

*Air.* Really ?

*Gorget.* Now, if it should turn out that you had been happy with the lady yourself, would not that greatly surprise you ?

*Air.* Me ? ha, ha, ha ! the deuce a bit : Tho', when I came first to the Temple, there was a lawyer's wife that lived in Quality-court, that I was exceedingly fond of—her husband came home one night, and I crept under the bed, where I should have remained concealed, but for a little dog of Charles's breed ; he went *bow, wow, wow*——

*Gorget.* Oh, the devil !—But consider, time presses ; I must away to the lady.

*Air.* True, true ; and I to the shops with my boy. And I happy with the—ha, ha, ha—However, if that be the case, colonel, it is a stronger reason for closing your purse-strings ; for the devil take me if I ever knew a woman who was deserving

serving a tythe of that sum in my life!—Yes; I lie! I did; a Greek girl, they called Circassian—I saw her at Tunbridge—where, by the bye, they have the oddest pantile-walk—with the musick on a shelf—and as the company walk to and fro, the fiddlers go *tal, la, la*——

*Gorget.* Nay, but—[*pushing him out*]. This is lucky beyond expectation; what a civilized husband, to supply me with the very money I wanted!

*Enter Tom.*

Is the lady at leisure?

*Tom.* She knows her husband is gone out, and will be with you this instant.

*Gorget.* Very well! take care, and watch his return.

*Tom.* Here she is.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Mrs. Aircastle.*

*Mrs. Air.* What, you are come, my dear colonel! I have waited for you with the utmost impatience.

*Gorget.* And I, madam, have flown to obey your commands.

*Mrs. Air.* No more of that, colonel, I beg: I blush to consider——

*Gorget.* Blush! and why so, madam?

*Mrs. Air.* At what you must think of my letter: But the high sense I entertain of your friendship, induced me, in such an exigence, to make the trial.

*Gorget.* and the wisest step you could take.

*Mrs. Air.* Pardon me, Sir! I am not to learn how dangerous it is to have an obligation to you.

*Gorget.*

*Gorget.* And why so? Can there be any thing more natural than to desire the assistance of the person who loves us? Of my attachment I hope you have no reason to doubt.

*Mrs. Air.* That, Sir, is the very source of my sorrow, and has determined me to support every evil; nay, to apply even to Mr. Aircraftle himself, rather than——

*Gorget.* How, madam! then it is plain I have lost your esteem. Fool that I was, to be lulled by the bewitching lines of your letter! I thought that I had detected Love, that sly lurcher, lurking under the mask of confidential—But now I unfortunately find how far I am from your favour.

*Mrs. Air.* Cruel, unjust colonel Gorget!

*Gorget.* Ha! am I unjust? you revive me! you restore me to—But banish every thought of an obligation to any but me; I should be jealous of——

*Mrs. Air.* But really, colonel, the sum is——

*Gorget.* Of no importance at all; a mere trifle; just nothing: I shall not feel it, believe me.

*Mrs. Air.* How can I be too grateful for such a generous proof of your friendship? Sure you were born to——

*Enter Toby.*

What the deuce has brought that booby back!

[*Aside.*

*Toby.* Father desires you would call in your way, and take him up at the sword-cutler's.

*Gorget.* How! the young cub? This is lucky beyond expectation!—Here, madam, are the five hundred guineas, which you will be kind enough to pay, with my thanks, to Mr. Aircraftle, your husband.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Air.* Finely taken and turned ; what infinite wit and contrivance ! [*aside.*]—But would it not be right, colonel, just to sign a receipt ?

*Gorget.* Unnecessary, madam ; but just as you please.

*Mrs. Air.* There is pen and ink in the room over head.

*Gorget.* Give me leave to conduct you.

[*Exeunt Gorget and Mrs. Air.*]

*Toby.* I don't understand what father and mother's about. Here am I dizen'd, and skewer'd, and graced, just like a young colt that is a-breaking : Nay, they were going to advertise me too, as if I was really a horse ; but lawyer Flaw has made them alter their minds, and I am to be disposed of by private contract, I think. I can't say that I am over-fond of their ways. Oh, poor Betsey Blossom ! let them match me to whoever they will, I shall never love any like thee : I believe I should have put an end to their project, if I could but have found—Hey ! who is this ? Mercy on me ! sure it must be her ghost ! and yet that can't be ; because ghosts, they say, never comes but at night. Betsey !

*Enter Betsey Blossom.*

*Betsey.* Master Toby !

*Toby.* But is it possible ! can it be you ?

*Betsey.* As you see.

*Toby.* Well, and how ? Lord, I have ten thousand questions to ask you. Where hast been ? how dost do ? how comest here ? Why, you are vast fine, Betsey, all of a sudden ; you be not married ?

*Betsey.* Married ! no, no ; you have put that out of my power, you know.

*Toby.*

*Toby.* Me? how so, Mrs. Betty?

*Betsy.* Is that a question now to be asked? have you so soon forgot what has happened between us?

*Toby.* No, no; I remember some part pretty well, I believe: But you cannot come for to go for to say, that we ever went to church together, in that there way you mean.

*Betsy.* That ceremony, Mr. Toby, you know well, was all that was wanting——

*Toby.* Besides, it could not be, Mrs. Betsy; because why, as father says, since the parliament-house interfered, it is against the law to marry for love.

*Betsy.* How! what, are all your vows, oaths, promises, forgot? does not this sixpence, broken between us, when we last met in the grove, stare you full in the face?

*Toby.* Yes; I have t'other half in my pocket.

*Betsy.* Does not your conscience, Mr. Toby, upbraid you? But men are all traitors alike! their whole study is to delude poor innocent maids. Oh! why did I trust that fair face and flattering tongue, and not suspect the wily serpent that was lurking beneath?

*Toby.* Nay, Betsy——

*Betsy.* But my prayers are granted, however; my only wish was to see you once more——

*Toby.* My sweet, dear, little Betsy——

*Betsy.* Once more to survey that sweet form; the business of life is now over! Eyes, take your last look! open, thou cold earth, to receive me——

*Toby.* Lord have mercy! if you don't frighten me out of my wits.

*Betsy.* To thy dreary mansion I come! there  
my



my sorrows will cease, and my shame, and name be forgot by the unpitying—Oh! [*Faints.*]

*Toby.* Stop, stop, dearest Betfy, and take me along with you! Murder, fire, water! Waiter! what, will nobody come to assist her?

*Enter Tom.*

*Tom.* Bless me, Sir! what can be the matter?

*Toby.* Why, here is a poor young creature at her last gasp: Clap her hand, and bend her forward a bit!

*Tom.* Miss Betfy? mercy on us! how came this about? It is only a fit; she revives, her eyes begin to open a little.

*Betfy.* Where am I?

*Toby.* In the fore-room, up one pair of stairs.

*Tom.* Bless me, Sir, what can be the occasion of this?

*Toby.* Why, it is a young woman that is breaking her heart.

*Tom.* Her heart? and for what?

*Toby.* Why, for love of me, to be sure.

*Tom.* And can you be such a barbarian? why, you must have the heart of a tiger, to stand unhocked at such a horrible scene,

*Toby.* Nay, I have been shocked enough, if that is all.

*Tom.* Then why don't you remove her distress?

*Toby.* Why, she wants me to marry her.

*Tom.* And is that all she asks; and can you hesitate for such a trifle as that?

*Toby.* Why, how can I, when father and mother have promised me to an Indian woman, as rich as a Jew, from beyond sea?

*Betfy.* How! and have I a rival? perjured monster! But think not my death shall finally close

close our account; my shade, like Margaret's grimly ghost, shall pursue thee, haunt thee in dreams at midnight, shake thy curtains round thy guilty head, and holloa in thine ear!

*Bethink thee, Toby, of thy fault,  
Thy pledge and broken oath;  
And give me back my maiden vow,  
And give me back my troth.*

*Toby* Take it with you, Mrs. Betty, whenever you please.

*Betsy* [*Sings*].

*For this I'll haunt thy midnight dreams,  
And hover round thy bed;  
Thy ears I'll fill with horrid screams,  
Nor leave thee till thou'rt dead.*

*Toby*. Why, you won't go to be so cruel, I hope! what, is there no amends to be made?

*Tom*. So, Sir, you see, dead or alive, she is determined to plague you.

*Toby*. Yes, yes; I see it well enough. Lord, who could have thought it? she is mightily changed since her coming to London.

*Tom*. This town is apt to open the mind.

*Toby*. Is it? I hope it will shut again, though, when she gets into the country. But pray, Mr. What-d'ye-call-em, by what chance did Betsy come here?

*Tom*. My Mistress took her in, out of compassion: It is wonderful how charitable a lady she is! why, we have five or six more young women here in the same situation.

*Toby*. Indeed? she must be the most goodest woman on earth: Well, if she don't go to heaven, what chance has such a poor creature as I?

*Tom*,

*Tom.* None at all, unless you repair the wrongs she has suffered.

*Toby.* But if I was minded to comply with her wish, I don't see how I can bring it about.

*Tom.* You are one-and-twenty, no doubt.

*Toby.* These three years and above.

*Tom.* And Miss?

*Toby.* Within a twelvemonth of me.

*Tom.* Oh, then I will manage matters, I warrant. Where are you going?

*Toby.* To call on father, at a shop near the old black man a-horseback; the wind has blown his hat from his head.

*Tom.* Very well! Give them the slip as soon as you can; run back here; you will find us——

*Betsy.* What, is he a-going? oh!

*Toby.* Nay, Betsy, be quiet! ben't I ready to do all that you want? If you faint any more, I wish I may die if I'll have you.

*Betsy.* Won't you?

*Toby.* No.

*Tom.* Courage, Miss! keep up your——

*Toby.* Right, Mr. ——, or, if she must faint, can't she wait a little, till I get out of the house?

*Exit.*

*Tom.* He is off: Finely managed! Do not stir from hence; I will run to the Commons, and be back again in a—One kiss as a reward for the part I have——

*Enter Toby.*

*Toby.* I forgot to ask, Sir, where I should——

*Tom.* Run! here, Sir! she is fainting again!

*Toby.* Is she? then call somebody else, for I will make the best of my way—— *[Exit.*

*Tom and Betsy.* Ha, ha, ha! *[Exeunt.*

A C T

## A C T III.      S C E N E I.

*Enter Mrs. Fleece'em and Prig.*

*Mrs. Fleece'em.*

IT is lucky the Doctor is at home [*aside*]  
John, you may take the filks of Mr. Prig,  
and put them into the coach.—How could I be  
so giddy to forget my purse, and leave it on the  
table? All my servants are honest, I hope.

*Prig.* No doubt; it would be the greatestest of  
crimes, to injure a lady of your affability and  
aimiability.

*Mrs. Fl.* Quite polite, I protest, Mr. Prig! I  
am sorry, however, Sir, to have given you all  
this trouble.

*Prig.* I confides it, madam, as one of the most  
greatestest pieces of happiness that could have  
befallen Paul Prig. Your la'ship is a perfect  
pattern of humility: To suffer a simple tradesman  
like me to occupy part of your la'ship's coach,  
is such an honour that——

*Mrs. Fl.* Honour! by no means, Mr. Prig:  
I don't know a station more useful, or indeed  
more reputable, than that of a citizen like you,  
who condescends to employ his genius in adorn-  
ing his fellow creatures. The ladies, indeed,  
are most obliged to your labours.

*Prig.* Were all the ladies like you, madam, my  
condition would be celestial indeed; for, as  
Master Shaksfur says,

“The labour we delight in physicks pain.”

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Fl.* Mr. Prig, I protest you surprize me ! who could have expected so much gallantry from the Ward of Farringdon-Within ?

*Prig.* Your charms, madam, would animate even a native of Hockley in the Hole !

*Mrs. Fl.* Fy, Mr.——

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My master begs you would step into his study. [*Exit.*

*Mrs. Fl.* Mr. Prig, you will excuse me a moment : It is lucky my lawyer is at home ; I shall take the money, and not give you the trouble to go so far as my house. I shall soon call again at your shop. [*Exit.*

*Prig.* The greatest pleasure, madam, that I could ever have.—Ha, ha ! left her purse on the table ? a likely story, indeed ! No, no ; I understand her ogles and leers ; her eyes spoke more truth than her tongue. I don't recollect to have seen her before ; but she has seen me, that is clear, from the strength of her passion. “ Soon call at “ your shop ? ” and how soft the tone of her voice ! Yes, yes ; I believe you will. Well, well, you sha'n't be disapointed, my dear ; his worst enemies can't accuse Paul Prig of being cruel.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* You had better step into this room ; there is a fire.

*Prig.* By all means. “ A station more useful, “ or more reputable, than that of a”—poor creter ! she must be very far gone indeed.

[*Exeunt.*

*Another*

*Another Room.*

*Doctor Hellebore and Mrs. Fleece'm discovered.*

*Helle.* To whose recommendation, madam, do I owe the honour——

*Mrs. Fl.* The world's, doctor; your great reputation.

*Helle.* Oh, madam!

*Mrs. Fl.* But, as I was observing to you, Sir, if it was not for these unaccountable whims in my uncle, no man in England has a finer understanding, or a clearer conception: Nothing irregular in his conduct; discharges all the social duties with the utmost exactness; reasons with the most perfect precision upon every subject.

*Helle.* And the state of his bodily health?

*Mrs. Fl.* He does not complain.

*Helle.* And these distractions are frequent?

*Mrs. Fl.* I think more so, of late.

*Helle.* Ay, the great tension of the Pia-mater must enfeeble the system; and the paroxysms, of course, oftener repeated, and of longer continuance. And his whims, you say——

*Mrs. Fl.* To the last degree extravagant: Last week he supposed himself a young nestling crow, and constantly opened his mouth, like a bill, and cawed for food, when he found himself hungry.

*Helle.* A manifest mark of distraction!

*Mrs. Fl.* His whim of to-day is peculiar enough.

*Helle.* Of what kind?

*Mrs. Fl.* He supposes himself a mercer upon Ludgate-Hill.

*Helle.* A mercer!

*Mrs. Fl.* And that he has sold me a parcel of filks, for the payment of which I have conducted him hither.

*Helle.*

*Helle.* Why, madam, we do now and then meet with extraordinary instances: But could not I see your uncle?

*Mrs. Fl.* I brought him hither on purpose.

*Helle.* [*calling*] Desire the gentleman below to walk up. Why, madam, the goodness of his health we look upon as a bad symptom, in these kind of of cases; when they arise from a fever, why——

*Mrs. Fl.* I hope there will be no occasion for violent remedies, such as correction, or straight waistcoats?

*Helle.* Not if he is tractable.

*Mrs. Fl.* But if that should not be the case, Sir?

*Helle.* The best way, ma'am, is to leave him to my care a little: I have a convenient house not far from town, where mad people are managed with greater advantage.

*Mrs. Fl.* I shall submit his treatment entirely to you.—But I suppose, Sir, it will be right for me to withdraw, as you may have some questions to ask him, improper for the ear of a lady. I will pay a short visit, now I am in this part of the town.

*Helle.* As you please, madam.—A discreet person! this does not seem to be a family complaint.

[*Aside.*

*Mrs. Fl.* Here he is. I must humour him a little.

*Enter Prig.*

This gentleman, Sir, will settle our little affair. Depend upon it, I shall be with you soon. [*Exit.*

*Prig.* I shall wait for that honour with the greatest impatience.—She is a fine creter!

*Helle.* Come, Sir, take a chair.

*Prig.* Sir, there is no occasion.

*Helle.*



*Helle.* You had better, as I shall have a good many questions to ask you.—(*They sit*) Well, Sir, and how do you find yourself?

*Prig.* Sir, you are very obliging! I am, I thank you, in very good health.

*Helle.* Don't you feel yourself at times inclined to be feverish?

*Prig.* Feverish! not I, Sir.

*Helle.* And have you had no material complaints, for any time back?

*Prig.* Not that I recollect; a slight touch of the *influenza*, indeed: but fared full as well as my neighbours.

*Helle.* And your appetite?

*Prig.* As usual: but I am at no time an over-great eater.

*Helle.* So much the better. Favour me with your hand, if you please.

*Prig.* Sir! [*Rises, and offers his hand.*]

*Helle.* Keep your seat, if you please.—[*Feels his pulse.*] Rather a little too lively! And as to your sleep now, is it continued or broken?

*Prig.* Sir!

*Helle.* Are your slumbers without interruption? have you no starts?

*Prig.* Not that I know of; indeed, I never was over-fond of my bed.

*Helle.* Ay, restless; I thought so.

*Prig.* Indeed, my business requires that I should be an early riser; when an apprentice, I was always the first in the shop.

*Helle.* An apprentice? poor man! but, however, I see no violent symptoms at present; a preparatory medicine, till we can put him into a regimen. Be seated! I will fetch you a draught that will immediately settle the business. [*Exit.*]

*Prig.* A draft!—A draft on his banker, I reckon:

reckon: Why could not he have given it me at first? An odd man! what the deuce has my health to do with my bill? Let us see; what is the tote? A hundred and ninety-two pounds, six, and—oh! here he is, I suppose, with the check.

*Enter Hellebore, with a bottle and phial.*

*Helle.* You will take this draught, three times a-day, at two hours' distance, first shaking it well.

*Prig.* Sir?

*Helle.* And nine drops of this, in a glass of water, first going to bed; it will serve to compose——

*Prig.* Compose? here must be some mistake in this matter! I fancy, Sir, you take me for somebody else—my name, Sir, is Prig; I keep the great mercer's shop, as you go up Ludgate——

*Helle.* Hum! very well, Sir.

*Prig.* And am come with the lady below, to be paid this here bill in my hand.

*Helle.* Oh, Sir, I am no stranger to the whole of that story: But how could you now—for, as you are cool at present, I will reason the matter a little—how could a man of your rank and fortune, indulge such an improbable whim? I say a mercer indeed!

*Prig.* And pray, good Sir, who d'ye take me to be?

*Helle.* Oh, Sir, I know very well; your niece has fully informed me.

*Prig.* My niece? I have no niece; at least not in London, I am sure.

*Helle.* No? what d'ye think of the lady who conducted you hither?

*Prig.* She my niece? Damn me, Sir, till this morning, if ever I set eyes on her! Sure——

*Helle.*

*Helle.* Oh, oh! what you are beginning to be violent: You had better be quiet, or I shall find a method to tame you.

*Prig.* Tame me, Sir? I don't understand what you would be at! Will you pay me my bill here, or not?

*Helle.* Your bill? poor creature!

*Prig.* Poor creter, Sir? none of your *poor creters* to me! follow your client's directions, and discharge me at once.

*Helle.* My client?

*Prig.* Ay, Sir. When money is in the case, a man may as well have to do with Old Nick, as a lawyer: there is no getting it out of their hands.

*Helle.* Oh, he takes me for a lawyer. The paroxysm is exceeding strong. Who is there? Order a coach, and let the three keepers convey him to Chelsea.

*Enter three Keepers.*

*Prig.* Me to Chelsea? let any body touch me that dare!

*Helle.* Ay, ay, we will see that.

*Prig.* This is some conspiracy, I suppose, to bam, to chouse me out of my money.

*Helle.* You will take him to Chelsea.

*Prig.* Hands off!

*Helle.* And as you see he is violent, let him have the back room, with the barred windows, up two pair of stairs.

*Prig.* Me to Chelsea? me barred windows, and back room two pair of stairs?

*Helle.* If the fit should increase, put on the straight waistcoat. I shall call myself in the evening.

*Prig.*

*Prig.* Let me go, gentlemen! This is a damned contrivance, to rob me! Unhand me, or you shall be all swung and foused! imprison a citizen, that only comes for his money? Damn me, Jack Wilkes's affair will be but a flea-bite to this!

[*Keepers hurry him off.*]

*Helle.* If this is the case, on with the waistcoat.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Fleece'em and Flaw.*

*Flaw.* Ha, ha, ha! poor *Prig*! in what a piteous plight have you left him!—But the Air-castles will all be here immediately, so take care we are not interrupted.

*Mrs. Fl.* As they are so exceedingly credulous, the business will soon be dispatched.

*Flaw.* In a trice. I have stipulated that your provision shall be secured before the solemnization.

*Mrs. Fl.* Right, right; perfectly right.

*Flaw.* But have you properly prepared the girl for the purpose?

*Mrs. Fl.* Her part will be easy.

*Flaw.* True; but she should be adroit; as events may arise, that will require some little skill: Who the deuce have you got?

*Mrs. Fl.* Why, I considered that as a very ticklish point; it would be dangerous to trust, and difficult to find in this town a suitable subject: Don't you think that the black girl I brought with me from Boston——

*Flaw.* The negro? zounds, her complexion will betray her at once!

*Mrs. Fl.*

*Mrs. Fl.* I have thought of an expedient to secure us from that.

*Flaw.* It is true, these people have no great penetration; but what we do——

*Mrs. Fl.* Must quickly be done: I will just speak to the girl. [*Calls*] Marianne!

*Enter Marianne.*

*Mar.* What you want, Miffy?

*Mrs. Fl.* Go in and throw yourself on the bed; and, do you hear? let the window be shut, and the curtains drawn exceeding close.

*Mar.* Yes, Miffy.

*Mrs. Fl.* And whoever speaks to you, don't you chatter and talk, but sigh now and then, as if you were sick: You will be only asked a question or two; as, *if you are ill?* or *are better?* to which you need say nothing but *yes*.

*Mar.* Nothing but *ifs*. I take care, Miffy, never you fear.

*Mrs. Fl.* And, Marianne, no candle!

*Mar.* No, no, Miffy. [*Exit.*

*Mrs. Fl.* Oh, she will answer our purpose, I warrant: Besides, unless they are very pressing to see her, there will be no occasion to produce her at all.

*Flaw.* But, I beg your pardon, there will; by my directions, the son is provided with presents, with a view to propitiate his Venus.

*Mrs. Fl.* [*rap at the door.*] 'There they are! Mr. Flaw, you will receive them? It will be right for me to retire, to see if all things within are in order. [*Exit.*

*Enter Aircastle, Mrs. Aircastle, and Toby.*

*Air.* I tell you the boy is an absolute sight,  
and

and I should not wonder if the young lady was to——

*Mrs. Air.* You wonder? and pray who made you a judge of the proper——

*Flaw.* Hush, hush! for Heaven's sake, hush! consider where you are!

*Air.* She is at her old tricks, Mr. Flaw; there is no——

*Flaw.* A key lower, good Sir, if you please! You will frighten the family.

*Air.* By her good will, I should never open my mouth, but to eat.

*Mrs. Air.* I know but little else that it's good for:

*Flaw.* Nay, madam, now you are as faulty as he. Only think what a strange impression this will make on the ladies within! I beg you will suspend your warfare a while.

*Mrs. Air.* Well, well!

*Flaw.* And no contradiction, I beg; but be attentive and polite to each other, as people of fashion should be; you may renew hostilities, and make up for lost time, as soon as you are out of the house.

*Mrs. Air.* Why, how is it my fault, Mr. Flaw?

*Air.* Nor shall it be mine: For man and wife to quarrel before folks is rather rudish, I own; by ourselves, indeed, it is a pretty innocent amusement enough—Tom Testy, of our town, used to say—his wife was a Devonshire girl; if I am not mistaken, from Plymouth—where, by the bye, they have the best John Dories in England—Old Quin, one summer, went thither on purpose——

*Flaw.* And if, Mr. Aircastle, you would contract your conversation a little—To be sure, your manner is pleasing, and your matter full of instructions; but as we meet upon business——

*Air.*

*Air.* I believe you are right, Mr. Flaw. Come, my love, let us shew him how polite we can be, if we please.—Dear Mrs. Aircraftle, how I admire your taste! these here skirts of the boy's are so light and genteel, and so airy—

*Mrs. Air.* True; I am happy, my dear, that I have your approbation: Those we got made in the country, trapes and dangle like a parcel of petticoats.

*Air.* Right, my love.—For all the world, like a Hounslow post-boy! His whole figure is just like a spider, nothing but legs; a mere couple of stilts!—And then that top to his wig, my dear child——

*Mrs. Air.* Gives a fashionable turn to his face; and then adds to the height.

*Air.* It has indeed, my soul, a prodigious happy effect.—A block, popping out of a hair-cutter's window, up two pair of stairs in the Strand.—And then that bunch at his back——

*Flaw.* Hush! here comes the lady.

*Enter Mrs. Fleece'em.*

This, madam, is the family for whom I told you I had so warm an affection; and this the young gentleman whose alliance I recommend for Miss.

*Mrs. Air.* Grace, Toby!

*Mrs. Fl.* I make no doubt, madam, but my niece will think herself happy in an union with so accomplished a person.

*Air.* Why, as to that, Toby, Mrs.— what is the gentlewoman's name?

*Flaw.* Mrs. Fleece'em.

*Air.* I recollect, madam, going some years ago with one of that name in the stage-coach  
to



to York—we were overturned about a mile beyond Newark—the parson of the parish—he became afterwards a prebend of Worcester, in the room of old Walter Wench'em, who was cast in a suit of *crim. con.* by Sir Timothy Tally-hoe, remarkable for the best pack of hounds in the country——

*Mrs. Air.* For Heaven's sake, Mr. Aircraftle!

*Flaw.* Have a care! you have forgot.

*Air.* I am dumb.

*Mrs. Fl.* Pray, madam, has the young gentleman travelled?

*Mrs. Air.* Who? Toby?

*Air.* Why, madam, I did once intend—but Sir Roger Ramble—who I am told will be strongly opposed next election, for the borough of Barnstaple, by Sir Walter Win'em—who during the whole time of Sir Robert Walpole's admin——

*Mrs. Air.* Mr. Aircraftle, I beg pardon, but the lady directed the question to me.

*Air.* True, my angel; and I am sure nobody can give a better answer than dear Mrs. Aircraftle——

*Mrs. Air.* You are very polite.

*Air.* But I was willing to save you the trouble, my soul.

*Mrs. Air.* I shall think it no trouble to satisfy the lady's enquiries.

*Mrs. Fl.* Nay, it was a matter of curiosity only: There is, besides, an elegance, a *je ne sçai quoi*, in your son's air, that is rarely acquired in this country.

*Mrs. Air.* Did not I tell you the prodigious power of grace?

*Air.* Yes; but I could never have believed it.

*Mrs. Air.*

*Mrs. Air.* Pray, madam, is the young lady at home?

*Mrs. Fl.* Just lain down for a little: The change of climate has given her a slight indisposition; but a few days, I dare say, will restore her.

*Mrs. Air.* Miss, I presume, has a physician!

*Air.* A what? a physician, my life, for a little sea-sickness? Why, doctor Diet, at Margate, who, by the bye, intends to settle in London—his aunt, major Mortar's widow—who was killed by a bomb at the taking of Goree—Tom Truant, an old schoolfellow of mine, was close by his side—Tom Tru——

*Mrs. Air.* Dear Mr. Aircraftle, what has all this to do with the young lady's illness?

*Air.* I was coming to that, my soul, if you will let me. I don't know how it happens; in general, nobody is better bred than Mrs. Aircraftle; but to-day she won't let me bring out a word.—So, madam, Tom Truant, as I was—

*Mrs. Air.* Mr. Aircraftle, I must interrupt you!

*Air.* You must!

*Mrs. Air.* I can't suffer it, upon this lady's account.

*Air.* It was for her sake, my soul, I was speaking.—So, madam, Tom Truant——

*Mrs. Air.* If you persist, I shall quit the house, I assure you!

*Air.* Quit the house!

*Mrs. Air.* This very instant!

*Air.* Zounds, madam, if you come to that, you may go to the——

*Mrs. Air.* Any where to get rid of your absurd——

*Air.*

*Air.* For that matter, you can't be more willing than I.

*Mrs. Air.* Then, madam, I take my leave.

*Air.* When you will: This lady and I can easily settle matters without you.—So, madam, as I was saying, Tom Tru——

*Flaw.* For Heaven's sake, Sir!—Mrs. Air-castle, be calm!—when things are just bringing to bear——

*Air.* All I meant was for the service of Miss.

*Mrs. Fl.* Very obliging, indeed. I should be sorry if any difference should arise on my niece's account: Besides, her illness is so trifling, that the young gentleman may, if he pleases, step into her room to enquire after her health.

*Mrs. Air.* Toby will be very happy, I am sure. You see, madam, what the lad is.

*Mrs. Fl.* A most agreeable youth, I must own; and then his silence is a modest mark of his merit.

*Air.* Do you hear that, Mrs. Air——

*Mrs. Air.* Yes; and I hope it will make a proper impression on you.—You, doubtless, madam, know the taste of your niece; may we hope that Toby has any chance of succeeding?

*Mrs. Fl.* She was prodigiously pleased with Mr. Flaw's account of his parents; which, indeed, I now find to be true in every respect.

*Air. and Mrs. Air.* Oh, madam!

*Mrs. Fl.* And as to fortune, she is totally careless in that, her own being much more than sufficient.

*Air.* How manly that is in a woman!—I remember Miss Patty Plumb of Jamaica did the very same—they say her grandfather was transported for robbing a hen-roost——

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Air.* But as to his figure, madam ; do you apprehend it will strike her ? Toby, hold up your head !

*Mrs. Fl.* I can see no reason against it : Indeed, the young gentleman has rather a fairer complexion than what she has been commonly used to ; the natives of India, from their climate, have rather a fallower hue.

*Mrs. Air.* True, madam.

*Mrs. Fl.* But, if necessary, that may be easily altered by art ; some saffron, or snuff, just skimmed over his face——

*Mrs. Air.* Quickly !

*Air.* I have a box of Scotch in my pocket : it may be done in an instant.

*Mrs. Fl.* Their hair, too, is most commonly dark ; but a little German blacking here on each of the eyebrows——

*Toby.* If a burnt cork will do, I have one in my pocket.

*Air.* Mr. Flaw, will you ring for a candle ?

*Mrs. Fl.* There is no necessity now : We have been obliged to shut out the light, as her eyes are rather tender and weak, with looking so long on nothing but water.

*Mrs. Air.* True, madam. Well, madam, we will detain you no longer : I am sure it is impossible to say how much we are obliged——you may rely upon it, we shall ever be grateful.

*Mrs. Fl.* I don't in the least doubt it : Mr. Flaw has, I presume, hinted my situation.

*Mrs. Air.* Most minutely ; Mr. Aircraftle has prepared the deposit. You have the needful ?

*Air.* All but five hundred pounds, which you may have in the evening : I lent it just now to a—the story will make you laugh, I am sure :

As

As I was going out, colonel—who commanded last war——

*Mrs. Air.* Is this a time for a story?

*Flaw.* Fy, fy! dispatch, Mr. Aircraftle!

*Mrs. Air.* Here all the bills are.

*Flaw.* Nay, hold a little, I beg! This you know, is a kind of compact; there are conditions to be performed on both sides: Therefore the money should, I think, be lodged in neutral hands, till the material point is complied with.

*Mrs. Air.* There is no occasion.

*Mrs. Fl.* I can have no objection, I am sure: where then shall we place it?

*Mrs. Air.* Mr. Flaw is a friend to both parties——

*Air.* True; the properest man in the world.

*Mrs. Fl.* I am not quite so certain of that. [*Aside.*

*Air.* There, there the bills are, Mr. Flaw.

*Mrs. Air.* Now we will leave Toby and the lady together.

*Air.* Toby, don't forget to deliver the presents.

*Toby.* I have them here in a box.

*Air.* Mind your behaviour, my good lad!—I wish we had time though to doctor his face: Against their next meeting, I will do it myself; I will manage the matter, I warrant: I learnt the art last autumn of a parcel of strollers—they had been playing, during the Dog-days, with one Foote in this town—a fellow, they say, takes people off, and——

*Mrs. Air.* Nay, Mr. Aircraftle, come along, I beseech you!

*Air.* Well, well! you are always in such a damnable hurry!

*Mrs. Fl.* Mr. Flaw, you are not going I hope? because I wanted just to speak a few words——

*Flaw.*

*Flaw.* I shall be back in a minute.

[*Exeunt Flaw, Mr. and Mrs. Aircastle.*

*Mrs. Fl.* This, Sir, this is the door; tread softly.

*Toby.* Had not I better pull off my shoes?

*Mrs. Fl.* No occasion for that. [*Exeunt.*

*Another room. Marianne in bed.*

*Enter Mrs. Fleece'em and Toby.*

*Mrs. Fl.* This way! your hand!—Letty, my dear, the young gentleman I mentioned to you this morning, begs just to enquire after your health. There; I will leave you together: She is in the bed at the upper end of the room. I make no doubt, Sir, but you will behave with proper decorum. [*Exit.*

*Toby.* If you are afraid, you need not go out of the room.—The place is as dark as a dungeon! Upper end of the room! and how the deuce should I know which that is? in the night, I can tell you, I should be a good deal frightened to be so much in the dark, but it is well enough in the day, when one is about to make love; because why, one is not so bashful and shy; one can see to speak one's mind with more boldness and courage, than in the light.—Me--Mifs! I thought she had spoke; may be not. If I could but get hold of the curtains—the best way will be to creep close by the wall, then I shall be sure to—Mifs! Mifs!

*Mar.* Who be dat dere?

*Toby.* I.—*Dat dere?* one may find out by her tongue she is a foreigner: I am pretty right now, I believe. What, Mifs, are you sick?

*Mar.* Ifs.

*Toby.* But you are better, I hope?

*Mar.*

*Mar.* Ifs.

*Toby.* I am glad on't: Then I suppose, Miss, if you please, I may begin to make love?

*Mar.* Ifs.

*Toby.* Ifs? gad, I think it is ready made to my hands.—Did the gentlewoman, Mrs. Madam your aunt, say any thing about and concerning of me?

*Mar.* Ifs.

*Toby.* Is it a secret?

*Mar.* Ifs.

*Toby.* Oh, then it would not be manners to ax: Well, Miss, I hope you ben't averse to the match?

*Mar.* Ifs.

*Toby.* Adzooks, then we are all off in an instant! What, Miss, I suppose you ben't willing to have me?

*Mar.* Ifs.

*Toby.* Oh, then we are on again, as before: Then I may produce, I believe. I have brought you, Miss, some curiosities, by way of presentation, here in my pocket: Will you please to accept——

*Mar.* Ifs.

*Toby.* Here, then, I offer them up to the shrine of thy beauty. May I crave leave to kiss your lily-white hand?

*Mar.* Ifs.

*Toby.* On my knees let me thank you, fairest creature!—Her skin is vast soft. They be wonderful pretty things I have brought you; a'n't you mighty curious to see them?

*Mar.* Ifs.

*Toby.* May I draw up the curtain a bit, only just to give you a glimpse?

*Mar.*



*Mar.* Ifs.

*Toby.* So I will.—I should be glad to have a peep at her too; she is a mighty agreeable body; does not talk much, indeed; but is vast sensible, whatever she says. This, I believe, is the string. I wonder if she is as handsome as Betfy Blossom: Gad, if she is, Miss Blossom must look out for somebody else, I can tell her. That's high enough, I believe.—That there thing in the leather-case is a watch; if you touch the nob that juts out, it strikes all the world like a clock; mother has one, but then him is as big as a warming-pan. Perhaps, Miss, you mayn't find the trick out: I'll shew you.—Hey! what is this? Lord have mercy on me! she is turned all of a sudden as black as a crow! sure as can be, a judgment for forsaking poor Betfy.

*Mar.* Massa, won't you come here?

*Toby.* Not I.

*Mar.* I come to you den.

*Toby.* The devil you will! you must run pretty fast then.—Keep off me! holloa! house! stop the black thing that is hard at my—— [*Exit.*

*Enter Mrs. Fleece'em.*

*Mrs. Fl.* The rude puppy had like to have run over me: What is the meaning—Ha! the curtain drawn up? nay then—Marianne, who opened the window?

*Mar.* Little Massa, to shew me de tick-tick—

*Mrs. Fl.* Fool, did not I tell you—But it was my own fault, to trust such an idiot! Go, get out of my sight! [*Exit Mar.*

*Enter Flaw.*

*Flaw.* What the deuce is the matter? Toby

is scampered down the street as if he had a legion of——

*Mrs. Fl.* Matter? why he has discovered the wench.

*Flaw.* 'Sdeath! I told you the folly of trusting these—we shall all be blown up in an instant: I saw the mother stop her chariot at the sight of the whelp; so I suppose we shall have her back in a——

*Mrs. Fl.* Ay? then something must be suddenly done.

*Flaw.* Done! but what?—I'll run after the boy, and hear his account of the matter.

*Mrs. Fl.* Stay! had not you better, Mr. Flaw, just leave with me Mr. Aircraftle's deposit?

*Flaw.* Pho! time enough; is this a season to fettle accounts? [Exit.

*Mrs. Fl.* So! I suppose he will march off with the money at last: I would have done as much, if I could but have touched it.

*Enter Mrs. Aircraftle.*

*Mrs. Air.* Dear madam, I am in the utmost confusion! I am afraid that wild boy has misbehaved himself in some manner or other.

*Mrs. Fl.* A little mistake, madam; but I protest my niece is so terrified, that she is unable to give me any account——

*Mrs. Air.* Some rude prank of his, I dare say; I never could get his father——

*Enter Colonel Gorget.*

*Gorget.* The house is in such confusion, that I can't get any body to give me an answer.—  
*Mrs. Aircraftle!*

*Mrs. Air.*

*Mrs. Air.* Bless me, Colonel Gorget! who thought of meeting you here?

*Gorget.* An odd affair; but this lady, I suppose, Mrs. Fleece'em, will be so kind to explain it. A pretty young lad, an ensign of mine, has, I am afraid, been tricked out of a large sum of money by one Flaw, a fellow of very bad fame.

*Mrs. Air.* How! Flaw?

*Gorget.* Under pretence of gaining promotion by this lady's assistance.

*Mrs. Fl.* Mine, Sir? I promise you this is the first mention I ever heard of the matter.

*Gorget.* Just, madam, as I suspected: But pray, Mrs. Aircastle, have you long had the honour of this lady's acquaintance?

*Mrs. Air.* Acquaintance? Lord, Colonel, I am terrified out of my wits. Your ear for a moment.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* A note, madam, which you are desired directly to read.

*Mrs. Fl.* Flaw's hand. [*Reads*]. "The game 'is up—we are blown—make off as fast as 'you can.'" As matters stand, the best advice I can take. [*Going off*].

*Mrs. Air.* Madam, you are not going to leave us?

*Mrs. Fl.* Only just to enquire how my niece does after her fright: I shall be back immediately. [*Exit*].

*Gorget.* How! is it possible? a capital sum? Good Heavens, madam, and how could you trust it without consulting some friend?

*Mrs. Air.* Why, we both thought Mr. Flaw—

*Gorget.* Flaw; an infamous—

*Enter*

*Enter Mr. Aircastle.*

*Air.* Why, what the deuce has been the matter amongst you? They tell me Toby has been at home frightened out of his wits; and then run out directly with the waiter and some wench or other: I have sent your Roger in search of the whelp.—Ah, colonel, are you there?

*Gorget.* Came the minute before you.

*Air.* Well, colonel, hey, how? What, I suppose, by being here so soon, your affair has miscarried.

*Gorget.* You are mistaken indeed, my good friend.

*Mrs. Air.* What affair?

*Air.* I forgot to tell it you, child: Of a fine lass in this town, that sets up her person for sale——

*Mrs. Air.* How?

*Air.* And had the modesty to fix the price to the colonel at five hundred guineas.

*Mrs. Air.* Abominable! Can there be such creatures?

*Air.* Ask the colonel; that is all: An infamous harpy!

*Gorget.* Dear Mr. Aircastle, you are here in an error.

*Air.* Error! why, did not you tell me of a line she sent you?

*Gorget.* Very true.

*Air.* And did not I advance the cash?

*Gorget.* Do I pretend to deny it?

*Air.* well then?

*Gorget.* Your patience a moment, my dear friend! I gave her the money, it is true——

*Air.* There, Mrs. Aircastle! did not I tell you——

*Gorget.* But, then, like a woman of honour——

*Air.* Well?

*Gorget.*

*Gorget.* She told me that she did it but to try the strength of my passion——

*Air.* Pho, pho !

*Gorget.* And so immediately returned it again.

*Air.* Pshaw ! a bam, Mrs. Aircraftle ; don't believe it, my dear !

*Gorget.* To put the matter out of dispute, I returned to your lodging directly ; when, not finding you, I delivered the cash to your lady.

*Air.* Indeed !

*Gorget.* In the very individual bag that you gave me ; and before Master Toby, your son.

*Air.* Ay ? and have you got the money, my dear ?

*Mrs Air.* Yes, yes ; I received it.—Was ever woman so duped ! but this town is full of Cozeners.

[*Aside.*

*Gorget.* I am afraid, Mr. Aircraftle, that it was pretty lucky for you I happened to have the cash in my hand.

*Air.* Lucky ! I don't understand——

*Gorget.* Otherwise, it might have flown away with the rest.

*Air.* Flown away ?

*Gorget.* By what Mrs. Aircraftle has told me, I shrewdly suspect you are got into the hands of some villainous sharpers.

*Air.* How !

*Gorget.* Mr. Flaw, and his coadjutrix.—Within ! who's there ?—But we shall soon get the business explained.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Gorget.* Do you live with the person who inhabits this house ?

*Serv.* But a very short time,

*Gorget.*

*Gorget.* We wish to see her directly.

*Serv.* She is gone out.

*Gorget.* I thought so; And her niece too, I suppose!

*Serv.* Her niece, Sir?

*Gorget.* Ay.

*Serv.* I know no niece she has,

*Air. and Mrs. Air.* How!

*Gorget.* Just as I suspected: Now, Sir, do you begin to find what a situation you are in?

*Air.* Then I am totally ruined! I told you, Mrs Aircastle, what would come of your—I remember Martin Moneytrap, of the Minories, was once in the very same way—he was taken-in by a Portuguese Jew——

*Gorget.* A truce to recrimination, I beg! we have more material business in hand: Let this woman be directly pursued; and endeavour to recover at least a part of——

*O'Flan.* [*without.*] Pray step in a bit, if you please, and refund freely the bill; or, upon my soul, I'll make you do me the favour by force!

*Enter O'Flannagan with Mrs. Fleece'em.*

*All.* Mrs. Fleece'em!

*O'Flan.* Yes, yes; it is, sure enough; she overtook me, as I met her hard by.

*Gorget.* We are obliged to you then for the lady's return!

*O'Flan.* You may say that: I stopped her just in the nick, as she was sily walking off in a coach. Arrah, put off your hood, my dear honey; don't be shame-faced amongst your friends and acquaintance.

*Mrs. Fl.* Stand off, you rude brute!

*O'Flan.* Better words, if you please! you wanted

ed to send me to be feathered abroad ; so, in return, I shall beg leave, madam, to pluck you at home.

*Gorget.* No violence to the lady, I beg, Sir ! she now finds she is detected, and, I dare say, will do every body all the justice she can. And, first, madam, as to the capital sum which you had the address to obtain from this——

*Mrs. Fl.* What concern have I in the business ? the gentleman himself gave it into the possession of Flaw.

*Gorget.* Mr. Aircastle !

*Air.* That's true, I confess.

*Gorget.* But, since that, has not the property suffered a transfer ?

*Mrs. Fl.* Not to me : But if you doubt it, you may search the house when you please.

*Gorget.* Then it has got into worse hands, I'm afraid.

*Enter Mrs. Simony.*

*Mrs. Sim.* I see by their confusion my information was right.—Not to interrupt you, madam, I should take it as a particular favour if you would immediately return the little note I left in your hand—for I have not a moment to spare.

*Mrs. Fl.* Note, madam ! what note ? I recollect, indeed, a hymn that you——

*Mrs. Sim.* Well, madam, that hymn, if you please.

*Mrs. Fl.* I gave it directly to Flaw, to get a friend of his to set it to music.

*Mrs. Sim.* Music ? Ladies and gentlemen, a bank-note, I protest !

*Air.*



*Air.* What ! set a bank-note to musick ! I never heard of such a thing.

*Gorget.* And pray, madam, what could induce you to trust that woman with a bank-note ?

*Mrs. Fl.* That she will not so readily own ; a little earnest of a much larger bribe, to procure her husband a living.

*Gorget.* How, madam ! I hope your husband was not apprised of this application ?

*Mrs. Sim.* The doctor was totally ignorant ; knew nothing about it.

*Gorget.* I am very happy to hear it : I should be sorry to find that a gentleman, whose peculiar duty it is to sustain the purity of his profession, should himself be the very person to soil it ; or that an office of so sacred a nature, should be solicited by such unsanctified means.

*Mrs. Sim.* I believe my doctor, Sir, will be hardly suspected : But I have not time to say more for the present ; I shall be stayed for, and have not a moment to spare. [Exit.

*Gorget.* Lether go ! that plunder, however, is fair.

*Air.* Well, well ! but, colonel, notwithstanding all that you say, I have heard there was a bet once made between the patron of a living and one Parson Plurality—Plurality had been a Presbyterian—his father keeps a pastry-cook's shop in Spring-gardens—just where Cox's Museum—by the bye, they tell me, Cox will get devilish rich by his lottery.

*Gorget.* But if we don't use some dispatch, I am afraid you will get devilish poor.

*Enter Prig, in a waistcoat and cap,*

*Prig.* Where is this damn'd infernal—she is burrow'd here, but I'll make her——

*Air.*

*Air.* Who the deuce can this be?

*Mrs. Fl.* Some madman escaped from his keepers, I reckon.

*Prig.* Yes, yes, I am escaped! but not mad: and if there is law to be had, I'll make you to know—keepers!—if I had not luckily met with some friends at the turnpike, I should have been kept pretty close, I believe. I recollected your footman that stood at the door, and guessed you were not far off.

*Air.* What is this? a madman? I went to see one once in Bedlam—he—  
[Exit *Prig.*

*Enter Roger.*

Oh, here is Roger. Well, did you find where Toby is?

*Roger.* Yes, yes, I found un out; and in sweet company too.

*Mrs. Air.* Company?

*Roger.* A clergyman, Betsey Blossom, and our waiter at home.

*Air.* Zounds! I hope the boy is not married.

*Roger.* No; but they would have been, if I had not come just in the nick to fetch un away.

*Air.* Where is he?

*Roger.* In a shop at the corner. I wanted un to step over; but he would not, because why, he says as how the house is haunted.

*Air.* And why not? There was the manor-house in the parish of Paddington—Mrs. Air-castle, you may remember it formerly belonged to the Jessops; but, by the marriage of the heiress with one of the Haslewoods—

*Gorget.* Come, come, it is a lucky prevention; and, to give you a little consolation, I believe I shall be able to recover your money from Flaw.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Air. and Air.* How, colonel?

*Gorget.* I took the liberty, by way of prevention, to get him secured for the money received of my ensign.

*Air.* Indeed!

*Gorget.* And, as this affair is rather of a criminal nature, he will think himself happy to escape by restoring the plunder.

*Air.* My kind colonel!

*Gorget.* I hope, madam, this will make you amends for your disappointment in the five hundred pounds. [*Aside.*

*O'Flan.* But what the devil is all this to my bill?

*Gorget.* Did this woman receive it?

*Mrs. Fl.* Flaw had it; but it wants some days of being due.

*Gorget.* Then we shall be able to stop the payment, at least; it is safe, never fear.

*O'Flan.* That's lucky, however: And, by all I can hear, my best way, Mr. Colonel, will be to make an emigration back to Ireland again.

*Gorget.* By all means; and, by this time, many more of your countrymen would, I believe, be glad to follow your steps.

*O'Flan.* Like enough.

*Air.* And if, Mrs. Aircraftle, we were to return back again——

*Gorget.* It would be the wisest thing you could do.

*Mrs. Air.* What, to vegetate like a parcel of plants!

*Gorget.* Ay, madam; for there are trees that won't bear transplanting; they thrive best in their natural soil.

*Air.*

*Air.* That's true, I can answer. Last summer,  
I transplanted some elm-trees——

*Gorget.* Lord ! Mr. Aircraftle, how can you——

*Air.* Zounds ! I must n't speak—Sir, let me  
tell you the story of the elm. [To O'Flan.

*Gorget.* You, madam, till you have made 'all  
the satisfaction you can, must be contented to  
suffer a little confinement ; after which, unless  
your country should have some other call upon  
you, you may dispose of yourself as you please.

*Mrs. Fl.* I am detected, distressed, and must  
therefore submit ! But, gentlemen, if all who  
have offended like us, were like us produced to  
the public, much higher names would adorn the  
the Old Bailey Chronicle than those of poor  
Fleece'em and Flaw !

END OF THE THIRD ACT.



THE  
MAID OF BATH;

A  
COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE HAYMARKET:

WRITTEN BY THE LATE  
*SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.*

AND PUBLISHED BY  
Mr. COLMAN.

---

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, AND S. BLADON.

1795.





# P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

WHO but has read, if you have read at all,  
Of one, they *Jack the giant-killer* call?  
He was a bold, stout, able-bodied man,  
To clear the world of *fee, saw, fum*, his plan :  
Whene'er a *monster* had within his power  
A young and tender *virgin* to devour,  
To cool his blood, *Jack*, like a skilful surgeon,  
Bled well the *monster*, and releas'd the *virgin*;  
Like the best doctors, did a method learn,  
Of curing fevers never to return.

Mayn't I this *giant-killing* trade renew ?  
I have my *vi-gin* and my *monstier* too.  
Tho' I can't boast, like *Jack*, a list of slain,  
I wield a lancet and can breathe a vein ;  
To his Herculean arm my nerves are weak,  
He cleft his foes, I only make mine squeak :  
As Indians wound their slaves to please the court,  
I'll tickle mine, *Great Sirs*, to make you sport.

To prove myself an humble imitator,  
*Giants* are *vices*, and *Jack* stands for *satire* ;  
By tropes and figures, as it fancy suits,  
Passions rise *monsters*, men sink down to brutes ;  
All talk and write in allegoric diction,  
Court, city, town, and country run to fiction !  
Each daily paper allegory teaches——  
*Placemen* are *locusts*, and *contractors* *leeches* ;  
Nay, even *Change-alley*, where no bard repairs,  
Deals much in fiction to pass off their wares ;  
For whence the roaring there ?—from *bulls* and *bears* !  
The gaming fools are *doves*, the *knaves* are *rooks*,  
*Change-alley* bankrupts waddle out *lame ducks* !  
But, ladies, blame not you your gaming spouses,  
For you, as well as they, have *pigeon-houses*.

To change the figure—formerly I've been,  
To straggling follies only *whipper-in* ;

By

By royal bounty raised, I mount the back  
 Of my own *hunter*, and I keep the *pack*;  
 'Tallyho!—a rank old *fox* we now pursue,  
 So strong the scent, you'll run him full in view;  
 If we can't kill such *brutes* in human shape,  
 Let's fright 'em, that your *chickens* may escape;  
 Rouse 'em, when o'er their tender prey they're grumbling,  
 And rub their gums at least, to mar their mumbling.

---

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir CHRISTOPHER CRIPPLE,	<i>Mr. Woodward.</i>
Mr. FLINT,	<i>Mr. Foote.</i>
Major RACKETT,	<i>Mr. Aickin.</i>
BILLY BUTTON,	<i>Mr. Weston.</i>
PETER POULTICE,	<i>Mr. Fearon.</i>
FILLUP,	<i>Mr. Davis.</i>
Mynheer SOUR-CROUT,	<i>Mr. Castle.</i>
MONS. DE JARSEY,	<i>Mr. Loyd.</i>
JOHN,	<i>Mr. Jacobs.</i>

Lady CATHARINE COLDSTREAM,	<i>Mrs. Fearon.</i>
Mrs. LINNET,	<i>Miss Platt.</i>
Miss LINNET,	<i>Mrs. Jewell.</i>
MAID,	<i>Mrs. Weston.</i>

Waiters, &c.

THE

---

# THE MAID OF BATH.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Bear Inn at Bath.*

*Enter Fillup:*

*Fillup.*

**W**HY, John, Roger, Ralphy, Harry Buckle!  
what a-dickens are become of the lads?  
Can't you hire?—Zure, zure, these whelps are  
enow to make a man mazed!

*Enter several Waiters.*

*All.* Coming, Sir!

*Fillup.* Coming! ay, zo be Christmas, I think.  
Where be'tt thee gwain, boy? what, I reckon  
thee ca'ft not zee for thy eyes—Here, take the  
candle, and light the gentlefolk in.

*Enter John.*

*John.* Carry a couple of candles into the  
Daphne. [*Exeunt Waiters.*]

*Fillup.* John, who is it be a come?

*John.*

*John.* Major Rackett, in a chay and four, from the Devizes.

*Fillup.* What, the young youth that last zeafon carried away wi' un Mrs. Muzlenefes 'prentice?

*John.* Miss Patty Primi, from the Grove?

*Fillup.* Ay, zure: Thee doft know her well enow.

*John.* The fame.

*Fillup.* Zure and zure, then we fhall have old doing and by; he is a deadly wild fpark, thee doft know.

*John.* But as good a customer as comes to the Bear.

*Fillup.* That's zure enough: Then why doft not run and light un in? Stay! gee I the candle; I woole go and light un in myzelf. [*Exit.*]

*Rack.* [*without.*] Give the poft-boys half a guinea between 'em.

*John.* Ay, there is fome life in this chap! Thefe are your guefts that give fpirit to Bath: Your paralytical people, that come down to be parboiled and pumped, do no good, that I know, to the town, unlefs indeed to the physical tribe; How I hate to fee an old fellow hobble into the houfe, with his feet wrapt in flannel, pushing forth his fingers like a crofs in the hands to point out the different roads on a common!—Hufh!

*Enter Rackett and Fillup.*

*Fillup.* I hope, mefter, you do zee your way: There be two fteps; that you do know. Well, zure, I be heartily glad to zee your honour at Bath.

*Rack.*

*Rack.* I thank you, my honest friend Fillup.—What, have you many peop<sup>l</sup> in the town?

*Fillup.* There ben't a power, please your honour, at present. Some zick folk that do no zort of zarvis, and a few layers that be comed off a the zircuit, that's all.

*Rack.* Birds of passage, ha, Fillup?

*John.* True, Sir; for at the beginning of term, when the woodcocks come in, the others fly off.

*Rack.* Are you there, honest Jack?

*John.* And happy to see your honour in town.

*Rack.* Well, master Fillup, and how go you on? any clubs fixed as yet?

*Fillup.* No, Zir, not to zay fixed; there be parson Pulruddock from the Land's-End, master Evan Thomas, a Welch attorney, two Bristol men, and a few port-drinking people, that dine every day in the Lion; the claret-club ben't expected down till the end of next week.

*Rack.* Any body in the house that I know?

*Fillup.* Yes, zure: Behind the bar there be Sir Christopher Cripple, fresh out of a fit of the gout, drinking a drop of punch along wy Mester Peter Poultrice, the potter-carrier on the Parade.

*Rack.* The Gazettes of the Bath; the very men I want. Give my compliments to the gentlemen, and tell them I should be glad of their company. But, perhaps it may be troublesome for Sir Christopher——

*Fillup.* No, no, not at all; at present he's a little tender for zure; but I warrant un he'll make a shift to hobble into the room. [*Exit*

*Rack.* Well, Jack, and how fares it with you? You have throve, I hope, since I saw you?

*John.* Throve? no, no, Sir: Your honour knows

knows that during the summer, taverns and turnspits have but little to do at Bath.

*Rack.* True. But what is become of your colleague, honest Ned? I hope he has not quitted his place.

*John.* The share he had in your honour's intrigue with Miss Prim, soon made this city too hot for poor Ned.

*Rack.* Then why did not the fool go to London with me? The fellow has humour, spirit, and sings a good song. I intended to have recommended him to one of the theatres.

*John.* Why, Sir, Ned himself had a bias that way; but his uncle, Alderman Surcingle the sadler, a piece of a Puritan, would not give his consent.

*Rack.* Why not?

*John.* He was afraid that kind of life might corrupt or endanger Ned's morals; so has set him up in a bagnio at the end of Long-Acre.

*Rack.* Nay, if the fellow falls after such a security——

*Sir Chr. (without.)* At what a rate the rascal is running! Zounds, I believe the fellow thinks I can foot it as fast as Eclipse! Slower, and be——

*Enter Sir Christopher Cripple and Fillup, followed by Peter Poullice.*

Where is this rakehell, rantipole?—Jack, set me a chair.—So, Sir! you must possess a good share of assurance to return to this town, after the tricks you have played.—Fillup, fetch in the punch?—Well, you ungracious young dog, and what is become of the poor wench? Ah, poor Patty! and here too my reputation is ruined as well as the girl's.

*Rack.* Your reputation? that's a good jest.

*Sir Chr.*

*Sir Chr.* Yes, firrah, it is; and all owing to my acquaintance with you: I, forsooth, am called your adviser; as if your own contriving head and profligate heart stood in need of any assistance from me.

*Rack.* Well, but, dear Sir Kit, how can this idle stuff affect you?

*Sir Chr.* How? easy enough: I will be judged now by Poultrice.—Peter, speak truth! before this here blot in my escutcheon, have not you observed, when I went to either a ball or a breakfasting, how eagerly all the girls gathered round me, gibing, and joking, and giggling? gad take me, as facetious and free as if I were their father!

*Poul.* Nothing but truth..

*Fillup.* That's truth, to my zertain knowledge; for I have zeen the women-folk tittering, 'till they were ready to break their zides, when your honour was throwing your double tenders about.

*Sir Chr.* True, honest Fillup.—Before your cursed affair, neither maid, widow, or wife was ashamed of conversing with me; but now, when I am wheeled into the room, not a soul under seventy will venture within ten yards of my chair: I am shunned worse than a leper in the days of King Lud; an absolute hermit in the midst of a croud! Speak, Fillup, is not this a melancholy truth?

*Fillup.* Very molycolly, zure!

*Sir Chr.* But this is not all; the crop-eared curs of the city have taken it into their empty heads to neglect me: Formerly, Mr. Mayor could not devour a custard, but I received a civil card to partake; but now, the rude rascals, in their bushy bobs, brush by me without deigning to bow! in short, I do not believe I have  
had



had a corporation cruft in my mouth for thefe fix months: You might as well expect a minifter of ftate at the Manfion-Houfe, as fee me at one of their feafts——

*Fillup.* His honour tells nothing but truth.

*Sir Chr.* So that I am almoft famifhed, as well as forfaken.

*Fillup.* Quite famifhed, as a body may zay, mefter.

*Sir Chr.* Oh, Tom, Tom, you have been a curfed acquaintance to me! what a number of fine turtles and fat haunches of venifon has your wickednefs loft me!

*Rack.* My dear Sir Kit, for this I merit your thanks: How often Dr. Carawitchet has told you, rich food and *champaigne* would produce you nothing but poor health and *real* pain?

*Sir Chr.* What fignifies the prattle of fuch a punning puppy as he? what, I fuppofe, you would ftarve me, you fcountrel! When I am got out of one fit, how the devil am I to gather ftrength to encounter the next? Do you think it is to be done by fipping and flopping? [*drinks*] But no matter! Look you, major Rackett, all between us is now at an end; and, Sir, I fhould confider it as a particular favour if you would take no further notice of me: I fincerely defire to drop your acquaintance; and, as to myfelf, I am fixed, pofitively fixed, to reform.

*Rack.* Reform? Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Chr.* Reform! and why not? Well! you fhall fee! the whole city fhall fee! As foon as ever I get to my lodgings, I will fend for Luke Lattitat and Codicil, and make a handsome bequeft to the hofpital.

*Rack.* Stuff!

*Sir Chr.* Then I am refolved to be carried every

every day to the twelve o'clock prayers, at the Abby, and regularly twice on a Sunday.

*Rack.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Chr.* Ha, ha, ha! you may laugh; but I'll be damn'd if I don't! and if all this don't recover my credit, I am determined, besides, to hire a house in Harlequin-Row, and be a constant hearer at the countess's chapel——

*Rack.* And so, perhaps, turn out a field-preacher in time.

*Sir Chr.* I don't know but I may.

*Rack.* Well then, my dear Sir Christopher, adieu! But, if we must part, let us part as friends should; not with dry lips, and in anger. Fillup, take care of the knight. [*Fillup fills the glasses.*] Well, faith, my old crony, I can't say but I am heartily sorry to lose you; many a brave batch have we broached in our time.

*Sir Chr.* True, Tom, true.

*Rack.* Don't you remember the bout we had at the Tuns, in the days of Plump Jack? I shall never forget! After you had felled poor Falstaff with a pint bumper of burgundy, how you bestrode the prostrate hero, and in his own manner cried, "Crown me, ye spirits that de-light in gen'rous wine!"

*Sir Chr.* Vanity, mere vanity, Tom, nothing but vanity!

*Rack.* And then another day at the—But replenish, Fillup! the bowl is not empty?

*Sir Chr.* Enough, enough!

*Rack.* What, don't flinch, man! it is but to finish the bowl.—Come, Sir Christopher, one tender squeeze!

*Sir Chr.* Take care of my hand! none of your old tricks, you young dog.

*Rack.*

*Rack.* Gentle as the lick of a lap-dog; there!—What o'clock is it, Fillup?

*Fillup.* I'll tell you, mester [*looks at his watch*]. Just turned a fix.

*Rack.* So soon? Hang it, Sir Kit, it is too early to part. Come, what say you to one supper more? but one, by way of sacrifice to the sacred feelings of friendship? Honest Fillup knows your taste; he will toss you up a——

*Sir Chr.* Not a morsel, Tom, if you would give me the universe!

*Rack.* Pho, man! only a Sandwich or so,——Fillup, what hast got in the house?

*Fillup.* A vamous John Dorey, two pair of foals, and there be a joint of Landsdown mutton; and then, you do know, my Molly be vamous in making marrow-puddens.

*Rack.* A fine bill of fare.—Come, knight, what do you choose?

*Sir Chr.* Me! why you seem to have forgot what I told you just now.

*Rack.* Your design to reform? not at all; and I think you quite right; perfectly so, as I hope to be saved: But what needs all this hurry? to-morrow is a new day; it will then be early enough. Fillup, send us in just what you will.

*Sir Chr.* You are a coaxing, cajoling young dog.—Well, if it must be so, Fillup, it must. Fillup, get me an anchovy-toast; and, do you hear? a red herring or two, for my stomach is damnably weak.

*Fillup.* I shall be zure, zur.

[*Exit.*

*Rack.* So! that's settled.—Now, Poultrice! Come forward.—Well, my blades, and what news have you got stirring amongst you?

*Poul.* Except a little run of fore throats about the

the beginning of autumn, and a few feeble fellows that dropt off with the leaves in October, the town is in tolerable——

*Rack.* Pox of the dead and the dying! but what amusements have you got for the living?

*Poul.* There is the new playhouse, you know.

*Rack.* True: But as to the musical world; what hopes have we there? any of the opera people among you? Apropos—what is become of my little flame, *La petite Rosignole*, the lively little Linnet? is she still——

*Sir Chr.* Lost, totally lost!

*Rack.* Lost! what, left you? I am sorry for that.

*Sir Chr.* Worse, worse!

*Rack.* I hope she an't dead.

*Sir Chr.* Ten thousand times worse than all that!

*Rack.* How the deuce can that be?

*Sir Chr.* Just going to be buried alive—to be married.

*Rack.* Pho! is that all? The ceremony was, indeed, formerly looked upon as a kind of metaphorical grave; but the system is changed, and marriage is now considered as an entrance to a new and better kind of life.

*Sir Chr.* Indeed!

*Rack.* Pshaw! who talks now of the drudgery of domestic duties, of nuptial chains, and of bonds? mere obsolete words! they did well enough in the dull days of queen Bess; but a modern lass puts on fetters to enjoy the more freedom, and pledges her faith to one, that she may be at liberty to bestow her favours on all.

*Sir Chr.* What vast improvements are daily made in our morals! what an unfortunate dog am I, to come into the world at least half a century

tury too soon! what would I give to be born twenty years hence! there will be damned fine doings then! hey, Tom? But I'm afraid our poor little girl won't have it in her power to profit by these prodigious improvements.

*Rack.* Why not?

*Sir Chr.* Oh, when you once hear the name of her partner——

*Rack.* Who is it?

*Sir Chr.* An acquaintance of yours: Only that old fusty, shabby, shuffling, money-loving, water-drinking, mirth-marring, amorous old hunks, master Solomon Flint.

*Rack.* He that enjoys—owns, I mean—half the farms in the country?

*Sir Chr.* He, even he.

*Rack.* Why, he is sixty at least: What a filthy old goat! But then, how does this design suit with his avarice? the girl has no fortune.

*Sir Chr.* No more than what her talents will give her.

*Rack.* Why, the poltroon does not mean to profit by them?

*Sir Chr.* Perhaps, if his family should chance to encrease: But I believe his main motive is the hopes of an heir.

*Rack.* For which he must be indebted to some of his neighbours: In that point of light, the matter is not so much amiss. It is impossible he can be fond of the fellow; and it is very hard, with the opportunities this place will afford, if, in less than a month, I don't——

*Sir Chr.* This place! why, you don't suppose he'll trust her here for an hour?

*Rack.* How!

*Sir Chr.* Not a moment: The scheme is all settled;

settled; the rumbling 'old family-coach carries her immediately from the church-door to his moated, haunted, old house in the country.

*Rack.* Indeed!

*Sir Chr.* Where, besides the Argus himself, she will be watched by no less than two brace of his sisters; four as malicious, musty old maids as ever were soured by solitude, and the neglect of the world.

*Rack.* A guard not to be corrupted or cozened. Why, Sir Christopher, in a Christian country this must not be suffered. What! a miserable tattered old fellow like him, to monopolize such a tempting creature as her?

*Sir Chr.* A diabolical plan!

*Rack.* Besides, the secluding and immuring a girl possessed of her elegant talents, is little better than robbing the world.

*Sir Chr.* Infamous! worse than a rape! But, where are the means to prevent it?

*Rack.* Much might be done, if you would lend us your aid.

*Sir Chr.* Me! of what use can I—And so, you rascal, you want to employ me again as your pimp?

*Rack.* You take the thing wrong: I only wish you to stand forth, my dear knight; and, like myself, be the protector of innocence, and a true friend to the publick.

*Sir Chr.* A true friend to the publick! a fine stalking-horse that! But, I fear, like other pretenders, Tom, when your own private purpose is served, the poor publick will be left in the lurch. But, however, the poor girl does deserve to be saved; and if I can do any thing, not inconsistent with my plan of reforming—

*Rack.*



*Rack.* That was spoke like yourself. Upon what terms are you and Flint at present?

*Sir Chr.* Oil and vinegar are scarce so opposite.

*Rack.* Poultice, you smoke a pipe with him sometimes: Pray, who are your party?

*Poul.* Mynheer Sour-Craut, Monsieur de Jarfey the port manufacturer, Billy Button the taylor, Master Flint and I, most evenings take a whiff here.

*Rack.* Are you all in his confidence on this great occasion?

*Poul.* Upon this case we have had consultations; but Billy button is first in his favour; he likes his prescription the best.

*Rack.* From this quarter we must begin the attack: Could not we contrive to convene this illustrious senate to-night?

*Poul.* I should think easily enough.

*Rack.* But before you meet here?

*Poul.* Without doubt.

*Rack.* My dear Poultice, will you undertake the commission?

*Poul.* I will feel their pulses, to oblige Sir Christopher Cripple.

*Sir Chr.* But, Peter, dost really think this rash fool is determined?

*Poul.* I believe, Sir Christopher, he is firmly persuaded, that nothing will allay this uncommon heat in his blood, but swallowing the pill matrimonial.

*Rack.* We must contrive at least to take off the gilding, and see what effect that will have on his courage. [Exit Poul.]

*Sir Chr.* Well, Major, unfold! what can you mean by this meeting?

*Rack.*



*Rack.* Is it possible you can be at a loss? you who have so long studied mankind?

*Sir Chr.* Explain.

*Rack.* Can't you conceive what infinite struggles must have been felt by this fellow, before he could muster up courage to engage in this dreadful perilous state. How often have you heard the proverbial puppy affirm, that marriage was fishing for a single eel among a barrel of snakes! what infinite odds, that you laid hold of the eel! and then a million to one but he slipped through your fingers!

*Sir Chr.* True, true.

*Rack.* Can't you, then, guess what will be his feelings and fears when it comes to the push? Do you think publick opinion, his various doubts of himself, and of her, the pride of his family, and the loud claims of avarice (his ruling passion 'till now), won't prove near an equipoise to his love?

*Sir Chr.* Without doubt.

*Rack.* At this critical period, won't the concurring advice of all his associates, think you, destroy the balance at once?

*Sir Chr.* Very probably, Tom, I confess.

*Rack.* As to our engines, there is no fear of them: Billy Button you have under your thumb; I'll purchase a pipe of port of de Jarsey; and we are sure of old Sour-Crout for a hamper of hock.

*Sir Chr.* Right, right!—But, after all, what is to become of the girl? Come, Tom, I'll have no foul play shewn to her.

*Rack.* Her real happiness is part of my project.

*Enter Fillup.*

*Fillup.* Here be Mynheer Sour-Crout and Mounseer de Jarsey a come.

*Sir Chr.*

*Sir Chr.* We will attend them.—Only think, Tom, what a villain you will be to make me the secret instrument of any more mischief.

*Rack.* Never fear.

*Sir Chr.* Particularly, too, now I am fixed to reform.

*Rack.* It would be criminal in the highest degree.

*Sir Chr.* Ah, rot your hypocritical face!—I am half afraid, Tom, to trust you; I'll be hanged if you ha'n't some wicked design yourself on the girl! but however, I wash my hands of the guilt.

*Rack.* My dear knight, don't be so squeamish! But—the gentlemen within!—Stay! who have we here? Ah, my old friend master Button!

*Enter Button.*

*Button.* Your worship is welcome to town!—But where is Sir—Oh! I understood as how your honour had sent for me all in a hurry: I should have brought the patterns before, if I had them: the worst of my enemies can't say but Billy Button is punctual. Here they be: I received them to-night by Wiltshire's waggon, that flies in eight days.

*Sir Chr.* Tomorrow, Billy, will do; take a seat.

*Button.* I had rather stand.

*Sir Chr.* I wanted to talk to you upon another affair. What, I suppose, you are very busy at present?

*Button.* Vast busy, your honour.

*Sir Chr.* This marriage, I reckon, takes up most of your time.

*Button.* Your honour?

*Rack.* Miss Linnet, and your old master Flint, you know.

*Button.*

*Button.* Oh, ay! But the squire does not intend to cut a dash till the spring.

*Sir Chr.* No! nothing has happened, I hope? affairs are all fixed?

*Button.* As a rock: I am sure, now, it can't fail; because why, I have preemptory orders to scour and new-line the coachman and footman's old frocks; and am, besides, to turn the lace, and fresh-button the suit his honour made up twenty years ago comes next Lent, when he was shreif for the county.

*Rack.* Nay, then it is determined.

*Button.* Or he would never have gone to such an expence.

*Sir Chr.* Well, Billy, and what is your private opinion, after all, of this match?

*Button.* It is not becoming, your honour knows, for a tradesman like me to give his——

*Rack.* Why not? Don't you think now, Billy, it is a bold undertaking for a man at his time of life?

*Button.* Why, to be sure, his honour is a little stricken in years, as a body may say; and, take all the care that one can, time will wear the nap from even superfine cloth; stitches tear, and elbows will out, as they say——

*Sir Chr.* And besides, Bill, the bride's a mere baby.

*Button.* Little better, your honour: But she is a tight bit of stuff, and I am confident will turn out well in the wearing. I once had some thoughts myself of taking measure of Miss.

*Rack.* Indeed!

*Button.* Yes; and, to my thinking, had made a pretty good progress; because why, at church of a Sunday she suffered me to look for the lessons;  
and

and moreover, many a time and oft have we sung psalms out of the very same book.

*Rack.* That was going a great way.

*Button.* Nay, besides, and more than all that, she has at this precious minute of time a pincushion by her side of my own presentation.

*Rack.* Ay! and how came the treaty broke off?

*Button.* Why, who should step in in the nick, but the very squire himself?

*Sir Chr.* I am afraid, Bill, your beauty is a little bit of the jilt.

*Button.* No, your worship; it is all along with her mother: 'Cause her great aunt, by her father's side, was a clergyman's daughter, she is as pragmatic and proud as the Pope; so, forsooth, nothing will please her for Miss, but a bit of quality binding.

*Rack.* I knew the refusal could not come from the girl; for, without a compliment, Billy, there is no comparison between you and the—why, you are a pretty, slight, tight, light, nimble—

*Button.* Yes; very nimble and slight, and we are both of a height: Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Chr.* Why, love has made Billy a poet.

*Button.* No, no; quite accident, as I hope to be kissed.

*Rack.* And your rival is a fusty, foggy, lumbering log!

*Button.* For all the world like my goose; plaguy hot and damned heavy, your honour.

*Sir Chr.* Why, Billy blazes to-day.

*Button.* And though my purse, mayhap, ben't so heavy as his'n, yet I contrives to pay every body their own.

*Rack.* I dare say.

*Button.* Ay; and I have, besides, two houses in Avon-

Avon-Street; and, perhaps, a bit or two of land in a corner.

*Sir Chr.* Oh, the curmudgeonly rogue!

*Button.* And, moreover, if madam Linnet talks of families, I would have her to know that I have powerful relations as well as herself: There's Tommy Button, my uncle's own son, that has an employment under the government.

*Sir Chr.* Ay, Billy! what is it?

*Button.* At this very time he is an exciseman at Wapping. And, besides, there is my cousin Paul Puff, that kept the great pastrycook's shop in the Strand, now lives at Brentford, and is made a justice of the peace.

*Rack.* As this is the case, I don't think it will be difficult yet to bring matters to bear.

*Sir Chr.* If Bill will but follow directions.

*Button.* I hope your honour never found me deficient.

*Sir Chr.* We will instruct you further within.—Major Racket, your hand!

*Button.* Let me help you. Folks may go further and fare worse, as they say: Why, I have some thoughts, if I can call in my debts, to retire into the country, and set up for a gentleman.

*Rack.* Why not? one meets with a great number of them who were never bred to the business.

*Button.* I a'n't much of a mechanic at present; I does but just measure and cut.

*Rack.* No?

*Button.* I don't think that I have fat cross-legg'd for these six years.

*Rack.* Indeed?

*Button.* And who can tell, your honour, in a few years, if I behaves well, but, like cousin Puff, I may get myself put in the commission?

*Sir Chr.*

*Sir Chr.* The worshipful William Button, esquire— it sounds well. I can tell you, Billy, there have been magistrates made of full as bad materials as you. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Mrs. Linnet and Miss Linnet.*

*Mrs. Linnet.*

—YES, Kitty, it is in vain to deny it! I am convinced there is some little, low, paltry passion, that lurks in your heart.

*Miss Lin.* Indeed, my dear mother, you wrong me.

*Mrs. Lin.* Indeed, my dear Miss, but I don't! what else could induce you to reject the addresses of a lover like this? Ten thousand pounds a year! Gads my life, there is not a lady in town would refuse him, let her rank be ever so——

*Miss Lin.* Not his fortune, I firmly believe.

*Mrs. Lin.* Well! and who now-a-days marries any thing else? Would you refuse an estate, because it happened to be a little encumbered? you must consider the man in this case as a kind of a mortgage.

*Miss Lin.* But, the disproportion of years——

*Mrs. Lin.* In your favour, child; the incumbrance will be the sooner removed.

*Miss Lin.* Then, my dear mother, our minds; how very widely they differ! my nature is liberal and frank, though I am but a little removed from mediocrity; his heart, in the very bosom of wealth, is shut to every social sensation.

*Mrs. Lin.*

*Mrs. Lin.* And yet, Miss, this heart you have had the good luck to unlock. I hope you don't urge his offers to you as a proof of his passion for money? why, you forget yourself, Kate; who, in the name of wonder, do you think that you are? What, because that you have a baby face, and can bawl a few ballads——

*Miss Lin.* Nay, madam, you know I was never vain of my talents; if they can procure me a decent support, and in some measure repay my father and you for their kind cultivation——

*Mrs. Lin.* And how long are you sure your talents, as you call 'em, will serve you? Are a set of features secure against time? wont a single fore throat destroy the boasted power of your pipe? But suppose that should not fail, who can insure you against the whim of the publick? will they always continue their favour?

*Miss Lin.* Perhaps not.

*Mrs. Lin.* What must become of you then? Now by this means you are safe, above the reach of ill-fortune. Besides, child, to put your own interest out of the question, have you no tender feelings for us? Consider, my love (you don't want for good nature), your consent to this match will, in the worst of times, secure a firm and able friend to the family.

*Miss Lin.* You deceive yourself, indeed, my dear mother: He a friend! I dare believe the first proof you will find of his friendship, will be his positive commands to break off all correspondence with every relation I have.

*Mrs. Lin.* That's a likely story indeed! Well, child, I must set your father to work; I find what little weight my arguments have.

*L. Cath.* [*without.*] Is Mestrefs Linnet within?

*Mrs. Lin.*



*Mrs. Lin.* Oh, here comes a protectress of yours, Lady Catharine Coldstream; submit the matter to her: She can have no views, is well read in the ways of the world, and has your interest sincerely at heart.

*Enter Lady Catharine Coldstream.*

*L. Cath.* How is aw wi you, Mestress Linnet and Mefs? what a dykens is the matter wi Mefs? she seems got quite i'the dumps: I thought you were aw ready to jump oot o' your skens at the bonny prospec afore you.

*Mrs. Lin.* Indeed, I wish your ladyship would take Kitty to task; for what I say signifies nothing.

*L. Cath.* Ah! that's aw wrang! What has been the mater, Mefs Kitty? you ken weel enow that children owe an implecit concession to their parents; it is na for bairns to litigate the wull of their friends.

*Mrs. Lin.* Especially, my lady, in a case where their own happiness is so nearly concerned: There is no persuading her to accept Mr. Flint's offers.

*L. Cath.* Gad's mercy, Mefs, how comes aw this about? do na you think you ha drawn a braw ticket in the lottery o' life? do na you ken that the mon is laird of aw the lond in the country?

*Miss Lin.* Your ladyship knows, madam, that real happiness does not depend upon wealth.

*L. Cath.* Ah, Mefs, but it is a bonny engredient. Don't you think, Mestress Linnet, the las has got some other lad in her heed?

*Mrs. Lin.* Your ladyship joins in judgment  
with

with me: I have charged her; but she stoutly denies it.

*L. Cath.* Mefs, you munna be bashful: An you solecit a cure, your phyfician muft ken the caufe o' your malady.

*Miss Lin.* Your ladyfhip may believe me, madam, I have no complaint of that kind.

*L. Cath.* The lafs is obftinate. Mefstrefs Linnet, cannot yourfel gi a guefs?

*Mrs. Lin.* I can't fay that I have obferved—Indeed, fome time ago, I was inclined to believe Mr. Button——

*L. Cath.* What! yon taylor in Stall-Street? Ah, Mrs. Linnet, you are aw oot in your guefs: The lafs is twa weel bred, and twa faunzy to gi her heart to fik a burgis as he: Wully Button? nae, he is nae the lad awaw.

*Mrs. Lin.* Major Racket, I once thought—but your ladyfhip knows his affairs took a different turn.

*L. Cath.* Ah! Racket! that's another man's mater: Laffes are apt enow to fet their hearts upon fcarlet; a cockade has muckle charms wi our fex; yes. Well, Mefs, comes the wind fra that corner?

*Miss Lin.* Does your ladyfhip think, to diflike Mr. Flint, it is abfolutely neceffary to have a preposfeffion for fomebody elfe?

*L. Cath.* Mrs. Linnet, an you wull withdraw for a while, perhaps Mefs may throw aff her referve, when there's nobody by but ourfelves; a mother, you ken weel, may prove ane too many fome times.

*Mrs. Lin.* Your ladyfhip is moft exceedingly kind.—D'ye hear, Kitty? mind what her lady-  
fhip

ship says; do, my dear; and be ruled by your friends; they are older and wiser than you. [*Exit.*]

*L. Cath.* Well, Mefs, what's the cause of aw this? what makes you so averse to the wull of your friends?

*Miss Lin.* Your ladyship knows Mr. Flint.

*L. Cath.* Ay, unco weel.

*Miss Lin.* Can your ladyship then be at a loss for a cause?

*L. Cath.* I canna say Mr. Flint is quite an Adonis; but wha is it that in matrimony gets aw they wish? When I entermarried with Sir Launcelot Coldstream, I was e'en sik a sprak las as yousel, and the baronet bordering upon his grand climacteric. You mun ken, Mefs, my father was so unsaunzy as to gang out wi' Charley in the forty-five; after which, his fidelity was rewarded in France by a commission that did na bring him in a bawbee, and a pension that he never was paid.

*Miss Lin.* Infamous ingratitude!

*L. Cath.* Ay; but I dinna think they will find ony mair sik fools i' the North.

*Miss Lin.* I hope not.

*L. Cath.* After this, you canna think, Mefs, there was mickle filler for we poor bairns that were left; so that, in troth, I was glad to get an establishment; and ne'er heeded the disparity between my guid mon and mysel.

*Miss Lin.* Your ladyship gave great proofs of your prudence; but my affairs are not altogether so desperate.

*L. Cath.* Gad's mercy, Mefs! I hope you dinna make any comparison between Lady Catharine Coldstream, wha has the best blood in Scotland that runs in her veins——

*Miss*

*Miss Lin.* I hope your ladyship does not suppose——

*L. Cath.* A lady lineally descended fra the great Ossian himself, and allied to aw the illustrious houses abroad and at home——

*Miss Lin.* I beg, madam, your ladyship——

*L. Cath.* And Kitty Linnet, a little play-actor, wha gets applauded or hissed just e'en as the mobility wulls.

*Miss Lin.* I am extremely concern'd, that——

*L. Cath.* Look'ye, Mefs, I will cut maters short : You ken weel enow, the first notice that e'er I took of you was on your acting in Allan Ramsay's play of Patie and Roger ; ere sin I hae been your fast friend ; but an you continue obstinate, and will na succumb, I shall straightway withdraw my protection.

*Miss Lin.* I shall be extremely unhappy in losing your ladyship's favour.

*L. Cath.* Mefs, that depends entirely on yourself.

*Miss Lin.* Well, madam, as a proof how highly I rate it, and how desirous I am of obeying the commands of my parents, it sha'n't be my fault if their wishes are not accomplished.

*L. Cath.* That's aw wright now, Kitty : Gi me a kifs ! you are the prudent lass that I thought you. Love, Mefs, is a pastime for boys and green girls ; aw stuff, fit for nothing but novels and romances ; there is nathing solid, na stability.

*Miss Lin.* Madam——

*L. Cath.* But to fix your fortune at once, to get above the power o' the world, that, child, is a serious concern.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Lin.* [*without.*] With your ladyship's leave——

*L. Cath.* You may come in, Mrs. Linnet;

*Enter Mrs. Linnet.*

your daughter is brought to a proper sense of her duty, and is ready to coincide with your wish.

*Mrs. Lin.* We are infinitely bound to your ladyship! This is lucky, indeed! Mr. Flint is now below, madam, and begs to be admitted.

*L. Cath.* Ah! the mon comes in the nick: Shew him in, the instant. [*Exit Mrs. Lin.*]  
Now, Kitty, is your time! do na be shy, lafs; but throw out aw your attractions, and fix him that he canna gang back:

*Miss Lin.* Madam, I hope to behave——

*L. Cath.* Gad's mercy, how the girl trembles and quakes! Come, pluck up a heart, and consider your aw is at stake.

*Miss Lin.* I am afraid I shall be hardly able to say a fingle——

*L. Cath.* Suppose then you sing; gi him a song; there is nothing moves a love-sick loon mair than a song—[*Noise without.*] I hear the lad on the stairs.—But let the words be aw melting and soft: The Scotch tunes, you ken, are unco pathetic; sing him the Birks of Endermay, or the Braes of Balendine, or the——

*Enter Flint and Mrs. Linnet.*

Maister Flint, your servant! There, Sir, you ken the lafs of your heart: I have laid for you a pretty solid foundation; but as to the edifice, you must e'en erect it yoursel.

[*Exit.*  
*Flint.*]

*Flint.* Please your ladyship, I will do my endeavour.—Madam Linnet, I have made bold to bring you a present, a small paper of tea, in my pocket : You will order the tea-kettle on.

*Mrs. Lin.* Oh, Sir, you need not have——

*Flint.* I won't put you to any expence.

*Exit Mrs. Lin.*

Well, Miss ; I understand here by my lady, that she—that is, that you—with respect and regard to the—ah ! ah ! won't you please to be seated ?

[*Reaches two chairs.*

*Miss Lin.* Sir ?—My lover seems as confused as myself.

[*Aside.*

*Flint.* I say, Miss, that as I was a-saying, your friends have spoke to you all how and about it.

*Miss Lin.* About it ! about what ?

*Flint.* About this here business that I come about. Pray, Miss, are you fond of the country ?

*Miss Lin.* Of the country !

*Flint.* Ay : Because why, I think it is the most prettiest place for your true lovers to live in ; something so rural ! For my part, I can't see what pleasure pretty Misses can take in galloping to plays, and to balls, and such expensive vagaries ; there is ten times more pastime in fetching walks in the fields, in plucking of daisies——

*Miss Lin.* Haymaking, feeding the poultry, and milking the cows.

*Flint.* Right, Miss.

*Miss Lin.* It must be owned they are pretty employments for ladies.

*Flint.* Yes ; for my mother used to say, who, between ourselves, was a notable housewife,

Fools that are idle,  
May live to bite the bridle.

*Miss Lin.* What a happiness to have been bred under so prudent a parent !

*Flint.* Ay, Miss, you will have reason to say so ; her maxims have put many a pound into my pocket.

*Miss Lin.* How does that concern me ?

*Flint.* Because why, as the saying is,

Tho' I was the maker,  
You may be the partaker.

*Miss Lin.* Sir, you are very-obliging.

*Flint.* I can tell you, such offers are not every day to be met with : Only think, Miss, to have victuals and drink constantly found you, without cost or care on your side ! especially, now meat is so dear.

*Miss Lin.* Considerations by no means to be slighted.

*Flint.* Moreover, that you may live and appear like my wife, I fully intend to keep you a coach.

*Miss Lin.* Indeed !

*Flint.* Yes ; and you shall command the horses whenever you please, unless during the harvest, and when they are employed in plowing and carting ; because the main chance must be minded, you know.

*Miss Lin.* True, true.

*Flint.* Though I don't think you will be vastly fond of coaching about ; for why, we are off of the turnpike, and the floughs are deadly deep about we.

*Miss*



*Miss Lin.* What, you intend to reside in the country?

*Flint.* Without doubt; for then, you know, Miss, I shall be sure to have you all to myself.

*Miss Lin.* An affectionate motive!—But even in this happy state, where the most perfect union prevails, some solitary hours will intrude, and the time, now and then, hang heavy on our hands.

*Flint.* What, in the country, my dear Miss? not a minute: You will find all pastime and jollity there; for what with minding the dairy, dunning the tenants, preserving and pickling, nursing the children, scolding the servants, mending and making, roasting, boiling, and baking, you won't have a moment to spare; you will be merry and happy as the days they are long.

*Miss Lin.* I am afraid the days will be hardly long enough to execute so extensive a plan of enjoyment.

*Flint.* Never you fear! I am told, Miss, that you write an exceeding good hand.

*Miss Lin.* Pretty well, I believe.

*Flint.* Then, Miss, there is more pleasure in store; for you may employ any leisure time that you have in being my clerk, as a justice of peace: You shall share sixpence out of every warrant, to buy you any little thing that you want.

*Miss Lin.* That's finely imagined!—As your enjoyments are chiefly domestic, I presume you have contrived to make home as convenient as can be: You have, Sir, good gardens, no doubt?

*Flint.* Gardens? ay, ay: Why, before the great parlour window there grows a couple of yews,

yews, as tall as a mast, and as thick as a steeple; and the boughs cast so delightful a shade, that you can't see your hand in any part of the room.

*Miss Lin.* A most delicate gloom!

*Flint.* And then there constantly roosts in the trees a curious couple of owls; which I won't suffer our folks to disturb, as they make so rural a noise in the night——

*Miss Lin.* A most charming duet!

*Flint.* And besides, Miss, they pay for their lodgings, as they are counted very good mousers, you know.

*Miss Lin.* True; but within doors, your mansion is capacious, and——

*Flint.* Capacious? yes, yes; capacious enough: You may stretch your legs without crossing the threshold: Why, we go up and down stairs to every room of the house. To be sure, at present, it is a little out of repair; not that it rains in (where the casements are whole) at above five or six places, at present.

*Miss Lin.* Your prospects are pleasing!

*Flint.* From off the top of the leads; for why, I have boarded up most of the windows, in order to save paying the tax. But to my thinking, our bed-chamber, Miss, is the most pleasantest place in the house.

*Miss Lin.* Oh, Sir, you are very polite.

*Flint.* No, Miss, it is not for that; but you must know, Miss, that there is a large bow-window facing the East, that does finely for drying of herbs: It is hung round with hatchments of all the folks that have died in the family; and then the pigeon-house is over our heads.

*Miss Lin.* The pigeon-house?

*Flint.* Yes; and there, every morning, we shall  
be

be waked by day-break with their murmuring, cooing and courting, that will make it as fine as can be.

*Miss Lin.* Ravishing ! Well, Sir, it must be confessed, you have given me a most bewitching picture of pastoral life : your place is a perfect Arcadia ! But I am afraid half the charms are derived from the painter's flattering pencil.

*Flint.* Not heightened a bit, as yourself shall be judge. And then, as to company, Miss, you may have plenty of that when you will ; for we have as pretty a neighbourhood as a body can wish.

*Miss Lin.* Really !

*Flint.* There is the widow Kilderkin, that keeps the Adam and Eve at the end of the town, quite an agreeable body ! indeed, the death of her husband has drove the poor woman to tittle a bit ; farmer Dobbin's daughters, and Dr. Surplice, our curate, and wife, a vast conversible woman, if she was not altogether so deaf.

*Miss Lin.* A very sociable set ! Why, Sir, placed in this paradise, there is nothing left you to wish.

*Flint.* Yes, Miss, but there is.

*Miss Lin.* Ay ! what can that be ?

*Flint.* The very same that our grandfather had ; to have a beautiful Eve by my side. Could I lead the lovely Linnet nothing loath to that bower——

*Miss Lin.* Oh, excess of gallantry !

*Flint.* Would her sweet breath but deign to kindle, and blow up my hopes !

*Miss Lin.* Oh, Mr. Flint ! I must not suffer this, for your sake ; a person of your importance and rank——

*Flint.*

*Flint.* A young lady, Miss, of your great merit and beauty——

*Miss Lin.* A gentleman so accomplished and rich——

*Flint.* Whose perfections are not only the talk of the Bath, but of Bristol, and the whole country round——

*Miss Lin.* Oh, Mr. Flint, this is too much !

*Flint.* Her goodness, her grace, her duty, her decency, her wisdom and wit, her shape, slenderness and size, with her lovely black eyes, so elegant, engaging, so modest, so prudent, so pious, and, if I am rightly informed, possessed of a sweet pretty pipe.

*Miss Lin.* This is such a profusion——

*Flint.* Permit me, Miss, to solicit a specimen of your delicate talents.

*Miss Lin.* Why, Sir, as your extravagant compliments have left me nothing to say, I think the best thing I can do is to sing.

### S O N G.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
Invites the tuneful birds to sing ;  
And as they warble from each spray,  
Love melts the universal lay, &c.

*Flint.* Enchanting ! ravishing sounds ! not the Nine Muses themselves, nor Mrs. Baddeley, is equal to you.

*Miss Lin.* Oh, fy !

*Flint.* May I flatter myself that the words of that song were directed to me ?

*Miss Lin.* Should I make such a confession, I should ill deserve the character you have been pleased to bestow.

*Enter*

*Enter Lady Catharine Coldstream.*

*L. Cath.* Come, come, Maister Flint, I'll set your hert at rest in the instant: you ken weel enow, lassies are apt to be modest and shy; then take her answer fra me: Prepare the minister, and aw the rest of the tackle, and you will find us ready to gang to the kirk.

*Flint.* Mifs, may I rely on what her ladyship says?

*L. Cath.* Gad's mercy! I think the mon is bewitched! he wonna take a woman of quality's word for sik a trifling thing as a wife.

*Flint.* Your ladyship will impute it all to my fears. Then I will straight set about getting the needful.

*L. Cath.* Gang your gait as fast as you list.

*Flint.* Lord bless us! I had like to have forgot—I have, please your ladyship, put up here in a purse a few presents, that if Mifs would but deign to accept——

*L. Cath.* Ah! that's aw wright; quite in the order of things: As maters now stand, there is no harm in her accepting of presents fra you, Maister Flint; you may produce.

*Flint.* Here is a Porto-Bello pocket-piece of Admiral Varnon, with his image a one side, and six men of war only, all in full sail, on the other——

*L. Cath.* That's a curious medallion!

*Flint.* And here is a half-crown of Queen Anne's, as fresh as when it came out from the Mint: I have refused two and eight-pence for it a hundred times.

*L. Cath.* Yes, yes; it is in very fine preservation.

*Flint.*

*Flint.* In this here paper there are two mourning-rings ; that, which my aunt Bother'em left me, might serve very well, I should think, for the approaching happy occasion.

*L. Cath.* How ! a mourning——

*Flint.* Because why, the motto's so pat ;

True, till death  
Shall stop my breath.

*L. Cath.* Ay, ay, that contains mickle morality, Mefs.

*Flint.* And here is, fourthly, a silver coral and bells, with only a bit broke off the coral when I was cutting my grinders : This was given me by my godfather Slingby ; and I hope will be in use again before the year comes about.

*L. Cath.* Na doubt, na doubt ! Leave that matter to us ; I warrant we impede the Flint family from fawing into oblivion.

*Flint.* I hope so : I should be glad to have a son of my own, if so be, but to leave him my fortune ; because why, at present there is no mortal that I care a farthing about.

*L. Cath.* Quite a philosopher. Then dispatch, Maister Flint, dispatch ! for you ken, at your time of life, you hanna a moment to lose.

*Flint.* True, true. Your ladyship's entirely devoted—Miss, I am your most affectionate slave ! [Exit.

*L. Cath.* A faunzy lad, this Maister Flint : You see, Mefs, he has a meaning in aw he does.

*Miss Lin.* Might I be permitted to alter your ladyship's words, I should rather say, *meannefs*.

*L. Cath.* It is na mickle mater what the mon is at present ; wi a little management, you may mould him into any form that you list.

*Miss*

*Miss Lin.* I am afraid he is not made of such pliant materials : But, however, I have too far advanced to retire ; the die is cast ! I have no chance now, unless my Corydon should happen to alter his mind.

*L. Cath.* Na, Mefs : there is na danger in that : You may ken the treaty is concluded under my mediation ; an he should dare to draw back, Lady Catharine Coldstream would find means to punish his perfidy.—Come away, Mefs !  
[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Bear Inn.*

*Sir Christopher Cripple, Sour-Crout, de Jarsey, Major Rackett, and Poullice, discovered sitting at a table.*

*Sir Christopher Cripple.*

WE must take care that Flint does not surprise us ; for the scoundrel is very suspicious.

*Rack.* There is no danger of that ; I lodged him safely at Linnet's : Button stands centry at the end of the street ; so that we shall be instantly apprised of every motion he makes.

*Poul.* Well managed, my Major !

*Sir Chr.* Yes, yes ; the cunning young dog knows very well what he is about.

*Sour-Cr.* Upon my vord, Major Rackett has very fine disposition to make a figure at de head of de army ; five or six German campaigns will  
—Ah,



—Ah, dat is de best school in de vorld for make a de var.

*Sir Chr.* Five or six German campaigns !

*Sour-Cr.* Ay, Chevalier ; vat you say to dat ?

*Sir Chr.* O Mynheer ! nothing at all : A German war, for aught I know, may be a very good school ; but it is a damned expensive education for us.

*De Jar.* C'est vrai, Chevalier ; dat is all true ; ce pay la, dat place is de grave for de Frenchman and de fine English Guinea.

*Sir Chr.* True, Monsieur ; but our guineas are rather worse off than your men, for they stand no chance of rising again.

*De Jar.* Ha, ha, ha ! dat is very vell ! le Chevalier have beaucoup d'esprit, great deal of wit, ma foi.

*Rack.* I think the Knight is in luck. But don't let us lose sight of our subject ! You, Gentlemen, are all prepared, perfect in the several parts you are to play ?

*All.* Ay, ay.

*Rack.* You, Mynheer Sour-Crout ?

*Sour-Cr.* I understand : I will pique his honour ; de pride of his famille.

*Rack.* Right. Poultrice——

*Poul.* I will alarm him on the side of his health.

*Sir Chr.* Next to his money, the thing in the world he most minds.

*Rack.* You, de Jarsey, and Button, will employ all your eloquence on the prudential side of the—Oh, dear Jarsey ! here is a draft for the pipe of Port that I promised.

*De Jar.* Dat is right.

*Rack.* The only receipt to get bawds, boroughs,

roughs, or Frenchmen. [*Aside.*—Oh, here Billy comes.

*Enter Button.*

Well, Billy ! what news ?

*Button.* I am vast afraid all matters are concluded at last.

*Rack.* Ay ! prithee why so ?

*Button.* Because why, in ten minutes after you went, out bolted the Squire, and hurry-scurried away to layer Lattitat's, who, you know, arrests his tenants, and does all his concerns.

*Rack.* True : Well——

*Button.* I suppose, to gi' him orders about drawing up the writings.

*Sir Chr.* Not unlikely. But you think Flint will come to the club ?

*Button.* There is no manner of doubt of it ; because why, he holloo'd to me from over the way, “ What, Billy, I suppose you are bound “ to the Bear : Well, boy, I shall be hard at “ your heels ;” and he seemed in prodigious vast spirits.

*Rack.* I am mistaken if we don't lower them a little. Well, Gentlemen, the time of action draws near. Knight, we must decamp.

*Sir Chr.* When you will.

*Rack.* I think, Sir Christopher, you lodge in the same house with the Linnets ?

*Sir Chr.* Just over their heads.

*Rack.* Then thither we'll go. Ten to one, if our plot operates as I expect, the hero will return to their house.

*Sir Chr.* Most likely.

*Rack.* We are come to a crisis, and the catastrophe of our piece can't be very far off.

*Sir*

*Sir Chr.* I wish, like other plays, it don't end in a marriage.

*Rack.* Then shall I be most confoundedly bit. But come, Knight!

*Sir Chr.* Rot you! I do as fast as I can.—I can't think, Rackett, what the deuce makes thee so warm in this business; there is certainly something at the bottom that I don't comprehend. But do, Major, have pity on the poor girl: Upon my soul, she is a sweet little fyren! so innocent and——

*Rack.* Pho, pho! don't be absurd! I thought that matter had been fully explained. This, Knight, is no time to look back; but suppose now I should have a little mischief in hand——

*Sir Chr.* How! of what kind?

*Rack.* “Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Knight, till done, and then applaud the deed!”

*Sir Chr.* It is very extraordinary, Major Rackett, if you are determined to make the devil a visit, that you can't pay it alone; or, if you must have company, what a pox makes you think of fixing on me?

*Rack.* Hey-day! ha, ha, ha! What, in the vapours again? we must have some more punch.

*Sir Chr.* You are mistaken; that won't have power to change the state of my mind: My resolves are too firm——

*Rack.* And who wishes to break them? I only ask your assistance to-night; and your reformation, you recollect, don't begin till to-morrow.

*Sir Chr.* That's true, indeed: But no human power shall prevail on me to put it off any longer than to-morrow.

*Rack.*

*Rack.* Or the next day at furthest.

*Sir Chr.* May I be damn'd if I do !

[*Exeunt Rack. and Sir Chr.*]

*Poul.* Come, lads, light your pipes ! Which of us shall be first to attack ? Billy——

*Button.* Won't it be rather too bold for me to begin ?

*Poul.* Then let us leave it to chance.—Hush ! I hear him lumbering in ! compose your looks ; let his reception be solemn and grave.

*Button.* Leave that chair for him.

*Enter Flint.*

*Flint.* How fares it, my lads ?—Well, boys, matters are settled at last ; the little Kate has complied, and to-morrow is fixed for the day.

*Poul.* You have settled it then ?

*Flint.* As firm as a rock.

*Poul.* So you can't retreat, if you would ?

*Flint.* Retreat ! I have no such design.

*Poul.* You ha'n't ?

*Flint.* No, to be sure, you great fool ! What the deuce would Poultrice be at ?

*Poul.* Nay then, neighbours, what we have been saying will just signify nothing.

*Flint.* Saying ! why, you have not heard—that is, nobody——

*Poul.* No, nothing very material—only—but as the matter is carried so far——

*Flint.* So far ! why, I hope you have not found out any flaw ! Kitty has not——

*Poul.* No, no ; nothing of that ; no, upon my word ! I believe, a very modest, prudent, good girl, neighbours.

*All.* No manner of doubt.

*Flint.* Well then ? but what a plague is the meaning

meaning of this ? you all sit as silent and glum—why, can't you speak out, with a pox ?

*Poul.* Why, 'Squire, as we are all your fixed friends, we have been canvassing this matter amongst us.

*Flint.* You have ?

*Poul.* Marriage, you know very well, is no trifling affair ; too much caution and care can't be used.

*Flint.* That I firmly believe, which has made me defer it so long.

*Poul.* Pray lend me your hand ; how is the state of your health ? do you find yourself hearty and strong ?

*Flint.* I think so ; that is, I—you ha'n't observed any bad symptoms of late ?

*Poul.* No ; but you used to have pains flying about you.

*Flint.* Formerly ; but since I have fixed my gout to a fit, they are gone : that, indeed, lays me up for four or five months in a year.

*Poul.* A pretty long spell : And, in such a case, now, do you think that marriage——

*Flint.* The most best receipt in the world : Why, that, man, was one of my motives : Wives, you know, are allowed to make very good nurses.

*Poul.* That, indeed——

*Flint.* Ay ; and then they are always at hand ; and, besides, they don't cost one a farthing.

*Poul.* True, true. Why, you look very jolly, and fresh ; does not he ?

*All.* Exceedingly.

*Poul.* Yet he can't be less than—let me see ! Wasn't you under old Syntax at Wells ?

*Flint.* He died the year I left school.

*Poul.*

*Poul.* That must be a good forty years since.

*Flint.* Come sheep-shearing next.

*Poul.* Then, 'Squire, you are hard upon sixty.

*Flint.* Not far away, Master Poultrice.

*Poul.* And Miss Linnet—sixteen : You are a bold man ! Not but there are instances, where men have survived many years such disproportionate marriages as these.

*Flint.* Survived ! and why should they not ?

*Poul.* But then their stamina must be prodigiously strong.

*Flint.* Stamina !

*Poul.* Let us see, Button ! there was Dr. Dotage, that married the Devonshire girl ; he had a matter of——

*Button.* No, no ; he dropped off in six months.

*Poul.* True, true ; I had forgot.

*Flint.* Lord have mercy !

*Button.* Indeed, an old master of mine, Sir Harry O'Tuff, is alive, and walks about to this day.

*Flint.* Hey !

*Poul.* But you forget where Sir Harry was born, and how soon his lady eloped.

*Button.* In the honey-moon ; with Captain Pike, of the guards : I mind it full well.

*Poul.* That, indeed, alters the case.

*Flint.* Well, but, Billy, you are not serious in this ? you don't think there is any danger of death ?

*Button.* As to the matter of death, the Doctor knows better than I, because why, that lies in his way : But I shall never forget Colonel Crazy, one of the best customers that ever I had ;

had ; I never think of him without dropping a tear.

*Flint.* Why ? what was the matter with him ?

*Button.* Married Lady Barbary Bonnie, as it might be about midnight on Monday——

*Flint.* Well !

*Button.* But never more saw the sweet face of the fun.

*Flint.* What ! did he die ?

*Button.* Within an hour after throwing the stocking.

*Flint.* Good Lord ! that was dreadful indeed ! Of what age might he be ?

*Button.* About your time of life.

*Flint.* That is vastly alarming. Lord bless me, Bill, I am all of a tremble !

*Button.* Ay, truly, it behoves your honour to consider what you are about.

*Flint.* True.

*Button.* Then, what a world of money must go ! running forwards and backwards to town, and jaunting to see all the fine fights in the place——

*Flint.* I sha'n't take her to many of them : perhaps I may shew her the Parliament-house, the plays, and Boodles, and Bedlam, and my Lord Mayor, and the lions.

*Button.* And then the vast heap of fine cloaths you must make——

*Flint.* What occasion for that ?

*Button.* As you ar'n't known, there is no doing without ; because why, every body passes there for what they appears.

*Flint.* Right, Billy ; but I believe I have found out a way to do that pretty cheap.

*Button.* Which way may be that ?

*Flint.*



*Flint.* You have seen the minister that's come down to tack us together——

*Button.* I have: Is he a fine man in the pulpit?

*Flint.* He don't care much to meddle with that; but he is a prodigious patriot, and a great politician to boot.

*Button.* Indeed?

*Flint.* And he has left behind him, at Paris, a choice collection of curious rich cloaths, which he has promised to sell me a pennorth.

*Poul.* Pho! what Billy talks of are trifles to the evils you are to expect: To have a young girl break in upon all your old ways; your afternoon's nap interrupted, and perhaps not suffered to take your pipe of a night——

*Flint.* No?

*Poul.* All your former friends forbidden your house——

*Flint.* The fewer comes in, the less will go out: I sha'n't be very sorry for that.

*Poul.* To make room for her own numerous clan——

*Flint.* Not a soul of them shall enter the doors.

*Poul.* A brood of babes at your board, whose fathers she herself won't find it easy to name——

*Flint.* To prevent that, I'll lock her up in a room.

*Poul.* The King's-Bench will break open the door.

*Flint.* Then I'll turn her out of the house.

*Poul.* Then her debts will throw you into a gaol.

*Flint.* Who told you so?

*Poul.* A dozen of proctors.

*Flint.*

*Flint.* Then I will hang myself out of the way.

*Poul.* So she will become possessed of her jointure, and her creditors foreclose your estate.

*Flint.* What a miserable poor toad is a husband, whose misfortunes not even death can relieve !

*Button.* Think of that, 'Squire, before it be too late.

*Flint.* Well, but, friends, neighbours, what the deuce can I do ? Are you all of a mind ?

*De Jar.* All, all ; dere is no question at all. What, a garçon of your antient famille, to take up with a pauvre petite bourgeoise a ?

*Flint.* Does that never happen in France ?

*De Jar.* Never, but when Montieur de Baron is very great beggar, and de bourgeoise has damn'd deal de guinea.

*Poul.* That is none of our case.

*Flint.* No, no.—Mynheer, do your people never make up such matches ?

*Sour-Cr.* Never, never : What ! a German dishonour his stock ! Why, Mester Flint, should Mistress Linnet bring you de children for de ten generations to come, they could not be chose de Canons de Strasbourg.

*Flint.* No ?

*Poul.* So, 'Squire, take it which way you will, what dreadful danger you run !

*Flint.* I do.

*Poul.* Loss of friends——

*Button.* Pipe and afternoon's nap——

*Sour-Cr.* Your famille gone to de dogs——

*De Jar.* Your peace of mind to de devil——

*Poul.* Your health——

*Button.* Your wealth——

*Poul.*

*Poul.* Plate, money, and manors——

*All.* Your——

*Flint.* Enough, dear neighbours, enough! I feel it, I feel it too well! Lord have mercy, what a miserable scrape am I in! And here too, not an hour ago, it cost me the Lord knows what in making her presents.

*Poul.* Never mind that; you had better part with half you are worth in the world.

*Flint.* True, true,—Well, then, I'll go and break off all matters this minute.

*Poul.* The wisest thing you can do.

*Button.* The sooner the better.

*Flint.* No doubt, no doubt in the—And yet, Button, she is a vast pretty girl: I should be heartily sorry to lose her. Dost think one could not get her on easier terms than on marriage?

*Button.* It is but trying, however.

*Flint.* To tell truth, Billy, I have always had that in my head; and, at all events, I have thought of a project that will answer my purpose.

*Button.* Ay, Squire! what is it?

*Flint.* No matter.—And, do you hear, Billy? should I get her consent, if you will take her off my hands, and marry her when I begin to grow tired, I'll settle ten pounds a-year upon you, for both your lives.

*Button.* Without paying the taxes?

*Flint.* That matter we will talk of hereafter.

[*Exit.*

*Poul.* So, so! we have settled this business, however.

*Button.* No more thoughts of his taking a wife.

*Poul.*

*Poul.* He would sooner be tied to a gibbet. But, Billy, step after him (they will let you in at Sir Christopher Cripple's) and bring us, Bill, a faithful account.

*Button.* I will, I will. But where shall you be?

*Poul.* Above, in the Phoenix; we won't stir out of the house. But be very exact!

*Button.* Never fear. [*Exeunt.*]

*A Chamber.*

*Miss Linnet alone.*

*Miss Lin.* Heigh-ho! what a sacrifice am I going to make! but it is the will of those who have a right to all my obedience; and to that I will submit.—[*Loud knocking at the door.*] Bless me! who can that be at this time of night?—Our friends may err; and projects, the most prudentially pointed, may miss of their aim: But age and experience demand respect and attention, and the undoubted kindness of our parents' designs claims, on our part, at least a grateful and ready compliance.

*Enter Nancy.*

*Miss Lin.* Nancy, who was that at the door?

*Nancy.* Mr. Flint, Miss, begs the favour of speaking five words to you.

*Miss Lin.* I was in hopes to have had this night at least to myself.—Where is my mother?

*Nancy.* In the next room, with Lady Catharine, consulting about your cloaths for the morning.

*Miss Lin.* He is here.—Very well; you may go. [*Exit Nancy.*]

*Enter*

*Enter Flint.*

*Flint.* She is alone, as I wished.—Miss, I beg pardon for intruding at this time of night: But——

*Miss Lin.* Sir!

*Flint.* You can't wonder that I desire to enjoy your good company every minute I can.

*Miss Lin.* Those minutes a short space will place, Mr. Flint, in your power: If 'till then you had permitted me to——

*Flint.* Right. But to say truth, I wanted to have a little serious talk with you of how and about it. I think, Miss, you agree, if we marry, to go off to the country directly.

*Miss Lin.* If we marry? is it then a matter of doubt?

*Flint.* Why, I will tell you, Miss: With regard to myself, you know, I am one of the most antientest families in all the country round——

*Miss Lin.* Without doubt.

*Flint.* And as to money and lands, in these parts, I believe, few people can match me.

*Miss Lin.* Perhaps not.

*Flint.* And as to yourself, (I don't speak in a disparaging way) your friends are low folks, and your fortune just nothing at all.

*Miss Lin.* True, Sir: But this is no new discovery; you have known this——

*Flint.* Hear me out. Now as I bring all these good things on my side, and you have nothing to give me in return but your love, I ought to be pretty sure of the possession of that.

*Miss Lin.* I hope the properly discharging all  
the

the duties of that condition, which I am shortly to owe to your favour, will give you convincing proofs of my gratitude.

*Flint.* Your gratitude, Miss! but we talk of your love! and of that I must have plain and positive proofs.

*Miss Lin.* Proofs! of what kind?

*Flint.* To steal away directly with me to my lodgings——

*Miss Lin.* Your lodgings!

*Flint.* There pass the night; and in the morning, the very minute we rise, we will march away to the Abbey.

*Miss Lin.* Sir!

*Flint.* In short, Miss, I must have this token of your love, or not a syllable more of the marriage.

*Miss Lin.* Give me patience!

*Flint.* Come, Miss! we have not a moment to lose; the coast is clear: Should somebody come, you will put it out of my power to do what I design.

*Miss Lin.* Power? Hands off, Mr. Flint! Power? I promise you, Sir, you shall never have me in your power!

*Flint.* Hear, Miss!

*Miss Lin.* Despicable wretch! From what part of my character could your vanity derive a hope that I would submit to your infamous purpose?

*Flint.* Don't be in a——

*Miss Lin.* To put principle out of the question, not a creature that had the least tincture of pride could fall a victim to such a contemptible——

*Flint.* Why, but, Miss——

*Miss Lin.*

*Miss Lin.* It is true, in compliance with the earnest request of my friends, I had consented to sacrifice my peace to their pleasure: and, though reluctant, would have given you my hand.

*Flint.* Vastly well!

*Miss Lin.* What motive, but obedience to them, could I have had in forming an union with you? Did you presume I was struck with your personal merit, or think the sordidness of your mind and manners would tempt me?

*Flint.* Really, Miss, this is carrying——

*Miss Lin.* You have wealth, I confess; but where could have been the advantage to me? As a reward for becoming your drudge, I might perhaps have received a scanty subsistence; for I could hardly suppose you would grant the free use of that to your wife, which your meanness had denied to yourself.

*Flint.* So, so, so! By and bye she will alarm the whole house!

*Miss Lin.* The whole house? the whole town shall be told! Sure, the greatest misfortune that Poverty brings in its train, is the subjecting us to the insults of wretches like this, who have no other merit than what their riches bestow on them.

*Flint.* What a damnable vixen!

*Miss Lin.* Go, Sir! leave the house! I am ashamed you have had the power to move me; and never more let me be shocked with your sight!

*Enter Lady Catharine and Mrs. Linnet.*

*L. Cath.* How's aw wi you within?—Gad's mercy, what's the mater wi Mefs? I well hope,  
Maister



Maister Flint, it is nae you wha ha set her a wailing.

*Mrs Lin.* Kitty, my love!

*Miss Lin.* A modest proposal of that gentleman's making——

*L. Cath.* Of what kind?

*Miss Lin.* Only this moment to quit my father and you, and take up my lodging with him.

*L. Cath.* To-night! aw that is quite out of the order of things; that is ne'er done, Maister Flint, till after the ceremony of the nuptials is said.

*Flint.* No? then, I can tell your ladyship, it will never be done.

*L. Cath.* How!

*Enter Major Rackett, Sir Christopher Cripple, and Button.*

*Sir Chr.* We beg pardon for taking the liberty to come in, Mrs. Linnet; but we were afraid some accident might have happened to Miss.

*Mrs. Lin.* There has, Sir.

*Rack.* Of what kind?

*Mrs. Lin.* That worthy gentleman, under pretence of friendship to us, and honourable views to my daughter, has hatched a treacherous design inevitably to ruin my child.

*Sir Chr.* What, he? Flint?

*Mrs. Lin.* Even he.

*Sir Chr.* An impudent son of a—Billy, lead me up, that I may take a peep at the puppy.—Your servant, young gentleman! what, is it true that we hear? A sweet swain this, to tempt a virgin to sin! Why, Old Nick has made a mistake here—he used to be more expert in his angling—  
—for

—for what female on earth can be got to catch at this bait?

*L. Cath.* Haud, haud you, Sir Christopher Cripple! let Maister Flint and I have a short conference upon the occasion.—I find, Maister Flint, you ha made a little mistake; but marriage will set aw maters right i' the instant: I suppose you persevere to gang wi Mefs to kirk in the morning.

*Flint.* No, madam; nor the evening neither.

*L. Cath.* Mercy a Gad! what, do you refuse to ratify the preliminaries?

*Flint.* I don't say that neither.

*Sir Chr.* Then name the time in which you will fulfil them: A week?

*L. Cath.* A fortnight?

*Mrs Lin.* A month?

*Flint.* I won't be bound to no time.

*Rack.* A rascally evasion of his, to avoid an action at law.

*Sir Chr.* But, perhaps, he may be disappointed in that.

*L. Cath.* Well, but, Maister Flint, are you willing to make Mefs a pecuniary acknowledgment for the damage?

*Flint.* I have done her no damage, and I'll make no reparation.

*Rack.* Twelve honest men of your country may happen to differ in judgment.

*Flint.* Let her try, if she will.

*Sir Chr.* And I promise you she sha'n't be to seek for the means.

*L. Cath.* If you be nae afraid o' the laws, ha you nae sense o' shame?

*Rack.* He sense of shame?

*L. Cath.* Gad's wull, it sha' cum to the proof:  
You

You mun ken, gued folk, at Edinbrugh, laist winter, I got acquainted with Maister Foote, the play-actor: I wull get him to bring the filthy loon on the stage——

*Sir Chr.* And expose him to the contempt of the world; he richly deserves it.

*Flint.* Ay, he may write, you may rail, and the people may hiss, and what care I? I have that at home that will keep up my spirits.

*L. Cath.* At hame?

*Rack.* The wretch means his money.

*Flint.* And what better friend can any man have? tell me the place where its influence fails? ask that gentleman how he got his cockade. Money! I know its worth, and therefore can't too carefully keep it: At this very instant I have a proof of its value; it enables me to laugh at that squeamish impertinent girl, and despise the weak efforts of your impotent malice: Call me forth to your courts when you please; that will procure me able defenders, and good witnesses too, if they are wanted. [Exit.]

*Sir Chr.* Now there's a fellow that will never reform!

*Rack.* You had better let him alone; it is in vain to expect justice or honour from him: What a most contemptible cur is a miser!

*Sir Chr.* Ten thousand times worse than a highwayman: That poor devil only pilfers from Peter or Paul, and the money is scattered as soon as received; but the wretch that accumulates for the sake of secreting, annihilates what was intended for the use of the world, and is a robber of the whole human race.

*Rack.* And of himself into the bargain.

*Button.*

*Button.* For all the world like a magpie; he steals for the mere pleasure of hiding.

*Rack.* Well observed, little Bill.

*Button.* Why, he wanted to bring me into his plot: yes; he made proposals for me to marry Miss after his purpose was served——

*Sir Chr.* How!

*Button.* But he was out in his man! let him give his cast cloaths to his coachman; Billy Button can afford a new suit of his own.

*Rack.* I don't doubt it at all.

*Button.* Fellow! I am almost resolved never to set another stitch for him as long as I live.

*Sir Chr.* Right, Button, right. But where is Miss Kitty?—Come hither, my chicken! Faith, I am heartily glad you are rid of this scoundrel? and if such a crippled old fellow as I was worthy your notice—But, hold, Kate! there is another chap I must guard you against——

*Miss Lin.* Another, Sir! who?

*Sir Chr.* Why, this gentleman.

*Rack.* Me?

*Sir Chr.* Ay, you: Come, come, major, don't think you can impose upon a cunning old sportsman like me.

*Rack.* Upon my soul, Sir Christopher, you make me blush.

*Sir Chr.* Oh, you are devilish modest, I know! But to come to the trial at once. I have some reason to believe, major, you are fond of this girl; and, that her want of fortune mayn't plead your excuse, I don't think I can better begin my plan of reforming than by a compliment paid to her virtue: Then, take her, and with her two thousand guineas in hand.

*Mrs Lin.* How, Sir!

*Sir Chr.*

*Sir Chr.* And expect another good spell, when Monsieur le Fevre sets me free from the gout.

*Button.* Please your worship, I'll accept her with half.—

*L Cath.* Gi me leave, Sir Christopher, to throw in the wedow's mite on the happy occasion: The bride's garment, and her dinner, shall be furnished by me.

*Sir Chr.* Cock-a-leeky soup!

*L. Cath.* Sheep's head singed, and haggies in plenty.

*Sir Chr.* Well said, Lady Catharine,

*Miss Lin.* How, Sir, shall I acknowledge this goodness?

*Sir Chr.* By saying nothing about it.—Well, Sir! we wait your answer.

*Rack.* I think the lady might first be consulted: I should be sorry a fresh prosecution should follow so fast on the heels of the——

*Sir Chr.* Come, come, no trifling! your resolution at once.

*Rack.* I receive, then, your offer with pleasure.

*Sir Chr.* Miss!

*Miss Lin.* Sir, there is a little account to be first settled between this gentleman and an old unhappy acquaintance of mine.

*Sir Chr.* Who?

*Miss Lin.* The major can guess—the unhappy Miss Prim.

*Sir Chr.* You see, major, your old sins are rising in judgment.

*Rack.* I believe, madam, I can satisfy that.

*Miss Lin.* I sha'n't give you the trouble.—  
But first, let me return you all my most grateful thanks for your kind intentions towards me: I  
know

know your generous motives, and feel their value, I hope, as I ought; but might I be permitted to chuse, I beg to remain in the station I am: My little talents have hitherto received the publick protection, nor, whilst I continue to deserve, am I the least afraid of losing, my patrons.

[*Exeunt.*

# E P I L O G U E.

Written by R. CUMBERLAND, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. JEWELL.

**C**ONFIDING in the justice of the place,  
To you *The Maid of Bath* submits her case :  
Wronged, and defeated of three several spouses,  
She lays her damages for nine full houses.  
Well, Sirs, you've heard the parties, *pro* and *con*.  
Do the *pro's* carry it? shall the suit go on?  
Speak hearts for us! to them we make appeal:  
Tell us not what you think, but what you feel:  
Ask us, Why bring a private cause to view?  
We answer with a sigh—because 'tis true:  
For tho' invention is our Poet's trade,  
Here he but copies parts which others played.  
For on a ramble, late one starry night,  
With Asmodeo, his familiar sprite,  
High on the wing, by his conductor's side,  
This guilty scene the indignant Bard descried;  
Soaring in air, his ready pen he drew,  
And dash'd the glowing satire as he flew:  
For in these rank luxuriant times, there needs  
Some strong bold hand to pluck the noxious weeds.  
The rake of sixty, crippled hand and knee,  
Who sins on claret, and repents on tea;  
The witless macaroni, who purloins  
A few cant words, which some pert gambler coins;  
'The undomestick Amazonian dame,  
Staunch to her *coterie*, in despite of Fame;  
These are the victims of our Poet's plan:  
But most, that *monster*—an unfeeling man.  
When such a foe provokes him to the fight,  
Tho' maim'd, out sallies the puissant knight;  
Like Withrington, maintains the glorious strife,  
And only yields his laurels—with his life.



T H E  
N A B O B ;

▲

COMEDY

I N T H R E E A C T S :

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE HAYMARKET :

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

*SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.*

AND PUBLISHED BY

Mr. C O L M A N.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, AND S. BLADON.

1795.

---

*Price One Shilling and Sixpence.*



# P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE,

At the Theatre-Royal in DUBLIN,

On the 19th of November, 1773.

UPWARDS of twenty years are fled and wasted  
 Since in this spot your favour first I tasted.  
 Urged by your smiles thro' various realms to roam,  
 The muse now brings her motley cargo home ;  
 For frugal Nature, with an equal hand,  
 Bestows peculiar gifts to every land.  
 To France she gave her rapid repartee,  
 Bows, and *bons mots*, fibs, fashions, flattery,  
 Shrugs, grins, grimace, and sportive gaiety :  
 Armed with the whole artillery of love,  
 Latium's soft sons possess the powers to move :  
 Humour, the foremost of the festive crew,  
 Source of the comic scene, she gave to you ;  
 Humour, with arched brow, and leering eye,  
 Shrewd, solemn, sneering, subtle, slow and sly ;  
 Serious herself, yet laughter still provoking,  
 By teasing, tickling, jeering, gibing, joking :  
 Impartial gift, that owns nor rank nor birth !  
 'Tis theirs who rule the realm, or till the earth ;  
 Their's who in senates wage the wordy war,  
 And their's whose humble lot conducts the car :  
 If aught derived from her adorns my strain,  
 You gave, at least discover'd first, the vein :  
 Should wide experience, or maturing age,  
 Have brought or mirth or moral to the stage,  
 To you, the patrons of the wilder song,  
 The chaster notes in justice must belong :  
 But should infirmities with time conspire,  
 My force to weaken or abate my fire,  
 Less entertainment may arise to you,  
 But to myself less danger will ensue.  
 If age contracts my muscles, shrills my tone.  
 No man will claim those foibles as his own ;  
 Nor, if I halt or hobble thro' the scene,  
 Malice point out what citizen I mean :  
 No foe I fear more than a legal fury,  
 Unless I gain this circle for my jury.

DRAMATIS

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir MATTHEW MITE,	<i>Mr. Foote.</i>
Sir JOHN OLDHAM,	<i>Mr. Gentleman.</i>
Mr. THOMAS OLDHAM,	<i>Mr. Aickin.</i>
YOUNG OLDHAM,	<i>Mr. Du-Bellamy.</i>
Mr. MAYOR,	<i>Mr. Parsons.</i>
TOUCHIT,	<i>Mr. Baddeley.</i>
FIRST ANTIQUARIAN,	<i>Mr. Loyd.</i>
SECOND ANTIQUARIAN,	<i>Mr. Hamilton.</i>
SECRETARY,	<i>Mr. Davis.</i>
RAPINE,	<i>Mr. Lings.</i>
NATHAN,	<i>Mr. Castle.</i>
MOSES,	<i>Mr. Jacobs.</i>
JANUS, }	
PUTTY, }	<i>Mr. Weston.</i>
CONSERVE,	<i>Mr. Fearon.</i>
WAITER,	<i>Mr. Ward.</i>
LADY OLDHAM,	<i>Mrs. Egerton.</i>
SOPHY,	<i>Miss Ambrose.</i>
Mrs. MATCH'EN,	<i>Mrs. Gardner.</i>
CROCUS,	<i>Miss Craven.</i>

Beadle, Servants, &c.

THE

---

# T H E N A B O B.

## A C T I.

*A Chamber.*

*Enter Lady Oldham and Sir John Oldham.*

*Lady Oldham.*

NOT a syllable more will I hear!

*Sir John.* Nay, but, my dear——

*L. Old.* I am amazed, Sir John, at your meanness! or that you could submit to give his paltry proposals so much as a reading!

*Sir John.* Nay, my dear, what would you have had me done?

*L. Old.* Done! returned them with the contempt they deserved. But, come, unfold! I am calm: Reveal the pretty project your precious head has produced.

*Sir John.* Nay, my dear, as to that, my head produced——

*L. Old.* Nay, I don't wonder that shame has tied up your tongue! But, come; I will spare the confusion, and tell you what you would say. Here, Lady Oldham, Sir Matthew Mite has  
just

just sent me a letter, modestly desiring that, in return for the ruin he has brought on me and my house, I would be so kind as to bestow upon him my darling daughter, the hopes of my—And is it possible you can be mean enough to think of such an alliance? Will you, Sir John, oblige me with an answer to a few short questions?

*Sir John.* Without doubt.

*L. Old.* I suppose you consider yourself as sprung from a family at least as ancient as any in the county you live in?

*Sir John.* That I fancy will not be denied.

*L. Old.* Nor was it, I fancy, dishonoured by an alliance with mine.

*Sir John.* My Lady, the very reverse.

*L. Old.* You succeeded, Sir, to a patrimony, which though the liberal and hospitable spirit of your predecessors would not suffer to encrease, yet their prudence took care should never be diminished?

*Sir John.* True.

*L. Old.* From the public and private virtues of your ancestors, the inhabitants of the neighbouring borough thought their best and dearest interests in no hands so secure as in theirs?

*Sir John.* Right.

*L. Old.* Nor till lately were they so tainted by the fashion of the times, as to adopt the egregious absurdity, That to be faithfully served and protected above, it was necessary to be largely bribed and corrupted below?

*Sir John.* Why, I can't say, except now and then a bit of venison, or an annual dinner, they have ever put me to any great——

*L. Old.* Indulge me yet a moment, Sir John! In this happy situation, did the last year cheer-  
fully

ully close; our condition, though not opulent, affluent, and you happy in the quiet possession or your family honours.

*Sir John.* There is no gainfaying of that.

*L. Old.* Now, look at the dismal, shocking reverse!

*Sir John.* There is but too much reason in what your ladyship says.

*L. Old.* And consider, at the same time, to whom you are obliged.

*Sir John.* Why, what could we do? your ladyship knows there was nobody more against my giving up than yourself.

*L. Old.* Let me proceed. At this crisis, preceded by all the pomp of Asia, Sir Matthew Mite, from the Indies, came thundering amongst us; and, profusely scattering the spoils of ruined provinces, corrupted the virtue and alienated the affections of all the old friends to the family.

*Sir John.* That is nothing but truth.

*L. Old.* Compelled by the same means to defend those that were employed in attacking your interest, you have been obliged deeply to encumber your fortune; his superior address has procured a return, and probably your petition will complete the ruin his opposition began.

*Sir John.* Let us hope all for the best.

*L. Old.* And who can tell, but you may be soon forced to part with your patrimony, to the very insolent worthless individual, who has been the author of your distress?

*Sir John.* I would sooner perish, my Lady!

*L. Old.* Parallel instances may be produced; nor is it at all unlikely, but Sir Matthew, taking a liking to your family mansion, has pursued this very method to compel you to sell it.

*Sir John.*



*Sir John.* It is, my dear, to avoid this necessity that I wish you to give his letter a reading.

*L. Old.* Is it possible, not to mention the meanness, that you can be weak enough to expect any real service from that infamous quarter?

*Sir John.* Who can tell, my love, but a consciousness of the mischief he has done us, may have roused some feelings that——

*L. Old.* His feelings! will he listen to a private complaint, who has been deaf to the cries of a people? or drop a tear for particular distress, who owes his rise to the ruin of thousands?

*Sir John.* Well, Lady Oldham, I find all that I say signifies nothing.—But here comes brother Thomas; two heads are better than one; let us take his opinion, my love.

*L. Old.* What need of any opinion? the case is too clear; nor indeed, if there had been a necessity for consulting another, should I have thought your brother the properest man to advise with on the occasion.

*Sir John.* And why not? there is not a merchant whose judgment would be sooner taken.

*L. Old.* Perhaps not, on the value of merchandize, or the goodness of a Bill of Exchange: But there is a nicety, a delicacy, an elevation of sentiment, in this case, which people who have narrowed their notions with commerce, and considered during the course of their lives their interest alone, will scarce comprehend.

*Enter Mr. Thomas Oldham.*

*Thomas.* So, sister! what! upon your old topic, I find?

*L. Old.* Sir!

*Thomas*

*Thomas.* Some pretty comparisons, I suppose, not much to the honour of trade.

*L. Old.* Nay, brother, you know I have always allowed merchants to be a useful body of men; and considered commerce, in this country, as a pretty resource enough for the younger shoots of a family.

*Thomas.* Exceedingly condescending, indeed! And yet, sister, I could produce you some instances where the younger shoots have flourished and thrived, when the reverend trunk has decayed.

*L. Old.* Perhaps, brother Thomas——

*Thomas.* Nay, nay, don't let us revive our antient disputes?—You seem warm; no misunderstanding, I hope?

*Sir John.* No, no; none, in the least: You know, my lady's temper's apt to be lively now and then.

*Thomas.* Nay, sister—But, come! what has occasioned this mighty debate?

*Sir John.* You know, brother, how affairs stand between Sir Matthew and us.

*Thomas.* Well.

*Sir John.* He has sent us here a kind of a compromise; I don't know well what to call it; a sort of a treaty.

*Thomas.* That in your hand?

*Sir John.* Yes; and I can't prevail on my lady to give it a reading.

*Thomas.* And why not?

*L. Old.* To what end?

*Thomas.* A very natural one; in order to know the contents.

*L. Old.* Of what importance can they be to us?

*Thomas.* That the letter will tell you. But surely,

surely, Lady Oldham, you are rather too nice. Give it me!

*Sir John.* Is it your ladyship's pleasure?

*Thomas.* Psha! here's a rout, indeed!—One would be apt to suspect that the packet was pestilential, and came from the Archipelago, instead of the Indies. Now let us see what this formidable memorial contains! [*opens the letter.*]  
 “ To Sir John Oldham. Sir Matthew Mite hav-  
 “ ing lately seen, at Lady Levant's rout, the  
 “ eldest Miss Oldham, and being struck with  
 “ her personal charms, proposes to her father  
 “ the following treaty.”

*L. Old.* A very monarchical address!

*Thomas.* “ *Imprimis*; Upon a matrimonial union  
 “ between the young lady and him, all hostili-  
 “ ties and contention shall cease, and Sir John  
 “ be suffered to take his seat in security.”

*L. Old.* That he will do, without an obligation to him.

*Thomas.* Are you, sister, certain of that?

*L. Old.* You don't harbour the least doubt of our merits?

*Thomas.* But do they always prevail?

*L. Old.* There is now, brother Thomas, no danger to dread; the restraint the popular part of government has in this instance laid on itself, at the same time that it does honour to them, distributes equal justice to all.

*Thomas.* And are you aware what the expence will be to obtain it?—But, pray, let me proceed!—“ Secondly, as Sir Matthew is bent upon  
 “ a large territorial acquisition in England, and  
 “ Sir John Oldham's finances are at present a lit-  
 “ tle out of repair, Sir Matthew Mite will make  
 “ up the money already advanced in another  
 “ name,

“ name, by way of future mortgage upon his  
 “ estate, for the entire purchase, five lacks of  
 “ roupees.”

*L. Old.* Now, Sir, Sir John! was I right in my  
 guesses?

*Sir John.* Your ladyship is never out.—But,  
 brother Thomas, these same lacks—to what may  
 they amount?

*Thomas.* Sixty thousand, at least.

*Sir John.* No inconsiderable offer, my lady.

*L. Old.* Contemptible! But pray, Sir, proceed.

*Thomas.* “ Or if it should be more agreeable  
 “ to the parties, Sir Matthew will settle upon  
 “ Sir John and his Lady, for their joints lives,  
 “ a jagghire.”

*Sir John.* A jagghire?

*Thomas.* The term is Indian, and means an an-  
 nual income.

*L. Old.* What strange jargon he deals in!

*Thomas.* His stile is a little Oriental, I must  
 own: but most exceedingly clear.

*L. Old.* Yes, to Cossim Ali-Khan, or Mier  
 Jaffair. I hope you are near the conclusion.

*Thomas.* But two articles more.[*reads*] “ And  
 “ that the principals may have no cares for the  
 “ younger parts of their family, Sir Matthew  
 “ will, at his own expence, transport the two  
 “ young ladies, Miss Oldham’s two sisters, to  
 “ Madrafs or Calcutta, and there procure them  
 “ suitable husbands.”

*L. Old.* Madrafs, or Calcutta!

*Thomas.* Your patience, dear sister!—“ And  
 “ as for the three boys, they shall be either made  
 “ supercargoes, ship’s husbands, or go out cadets  
 “ and writers in the Company’s service.”

*L. Old.* Why, he treats my children like a  
 parcel

parcel of 'convicts: Is this their method of supplying their settlements?

*Thomas.* This, with now and then a little kidnapping, dear sister.—Well, madam, you have now the means of getting rid of all your offspring at once: Did not I tell you the paper was worth your perusal? You will reply to his wish; you can have no doubts, I suppose.

*L. Old.* Not the least, as I will shew you. [*Tears the letter.*] And, if Sir John has the least spirit or pride, he will treat the insolent principal as I do his proposals.

*Thomas.* But that method, as things stand, may not be altogether so safe. I am sorry you were so hasty in destroying the letter: If I remember rightly, there is mention made of advancing money in another man's name.

*L. Old.* We have been compelled to borrow, I own; but I had no conception that he was the lender.

*Thomas.* That's done by a common contrivance; not a country lawyer but knows the doctrine of transfer.—How much was the sum?

*Sir John.* Ten thousand pounds.

*Thomas.* And what, Sir John, were the terms?

*Sir John.* As I could give no real security, my estate being settled till my son John comes of age, I found myself obliged to comply with all that was asked.

*Thomas.* A judgment, no doubt.

*Sir John.* They divided the sum, and I gave them a couple.

*Thomas.* Which will affect not only your person, but personal property; so they are both in his power.

*Sir John.* Too true, I am afraid!

*Thomas.*

*Thomas.* And you may be sent to a gaol, and your family turned into the streets, whenever he pleases.

*L. Old.* How ! Heaven forbid !

*Thomas.* Not the least doubt can be made.—This is an artful project : No wonder that so much contrivance and cunning has been an overmatch for a plain English gentleman, or an innocent Indian. And what is now to be done ? Does your daughter Sophy know of this letter ?

*L. Old.* Sir John ?

*Sir John.* It reached my hands not ten minutes ago.

*Thomas.* I had some reason to think, that, had you complied, you would not have found her very eager to second your wishes.

*L. Old.* I don't know that, brother : Young girls are easily caught with titles and splendor ; magnificence has a kind of magick for them.

*Thomas.* I have a better opinion of Sophy. You know, Lady Oldham, I have often hinted, that my boy was fond of his cousin ; and possibly my niece not totally averse to his wish ; but you have always stopped me short, under a notion that the children were too nearly allied.

*L. Old.* Why, brother, don't you think——

*Thomas.* But that, sister, was not the right reason ; you could have easily digested the *cousins*, but the *compting-house* stuck in his way : Your favourite maxim has been, that citizens are a distinct race, a sort of creatures that should mix with each other.

*L. Old.* Bless me, brother, you can't conceive that I——

*Thomas.* Nay, no apology, good Lady Oldham ! perhaps you have a higher alliance in view : and

let



let us now consider what is to be done. You are totally averse to this treaty?

*L. Old.* Can that be a question?

*Thomas.* Some little management is necessary, as to the mode of rejection: As matters now stand, it would not be prudent to exasperate Sir Matthew.

*L. Old.* Let Sir John discharge the debt due to him at once.

*Thomas.* But where shall we get materials?

*L. Old.* Can that be a difficult task?

*Thomas.* Exceedingly so, as I apprehend: But few can be found to advance so large a sum on such slender security; nor is it to be expected, indeed, unless from a friend to relieve, or a foe to ruin.

*L. Old.* Is it possible Sir Matthew can have acted from so infernal a motive, to have advanced the money with a view of distressing us deeper?

*Thomas.* Sir Matthew is a profound politician, and will not stick at trifles to carry his point.

*L. Old.* With the wealth of the East, we have too imported the worst of its vices. What a horrid crew!

*Thomas.* Hold, sister! don't gratify your resentment at the expence of your justice; a general conclusion from a single instance is but indifferent logick.

*L. Old.* Why, is not this Sir Matthew——

*Thomas.* Perhaps as bad a subject as your passion can paint him: But there are men from the Indies, and many too, with whom I have the honour to live, who dispense nobly and with hospitality here, what they have acquired with honour and credit elsewhere; and, at the same  
time



time they have increased the dominions and wealth, have added virtues too to their country.

*L. Old.* Perhaps so : But what is to be done ? Suppose I was to wait on Sir Matthew myself.

*Thomas.* If your ladyship is secure of commanding your temper.

*Sir John.* Mercy on us, brother Thomas, there's no such thing as trusting to that !

*L. Old.* You are always very obliging, Sir John ! if the embassy was to be executed by you——

*Thomas.* Come, come, to end the dispute, I will undertake the commission myself.

*L. Old.* You will take care, brother, to make no concessions that will derogate from——

*Thomas.* Your dignity, in my hands, will have nothing to fear.—But should not I see my niece first ? she ought to be consulted, I think.

*Sir John.* By all means.

*Thomas.* For, if she approves of the knight, I don't see any thing in the alliance so much to be dreaded.

*L. Old.* I will send Sophy to her uncle directly ; but I desire the girl may be left to herself ; no undue influence !

[*Exit.*]

*Thomas.* The caution was needless.

*Sir John.* Why, really, now, brother, but that my lady's too warm, I don't see any thing so very unreasonable in this same paper here that lies scattered about. But, I forget, did he mention any thing of any fortune he was to have with the girl ?

*Thomas.* Pho ! a paltry consideration, below his concern.

*Sir John.* My lady herself must own there is something generous in that.

*Thomas.*

*Thomas.* Will you stay and represent the case to Sophy yourself?

*Sir John.* She is here!

*Enter Sophy.*

Your uncle, child, has something to say to you: You know he loves you, my dear, and will advise you for the best. *[Exit.*

*Thomas.* Come hither, Sophy, my love! don't be alarmed. I suppose my lady has opened to you, that Sir Matthew has sent a strange kind of a romantic letter.

*Sophy.* But she did not seem, Sir, to suppose that it deserved much attention.

*Thomas.* As matters now stand, perhaps more than she thinks. But come, my good girl, be explicit: Suppose the affairs of your family should demand a compliance with this whimsical letter, should you have any reluctance to the union proposed?

*Sophy.* Me, Sir? I never saw the gentleman but once in my life.

*Thomas.* And I don't think that would interest you much in his favour.

*Sophy.* Sir!

*Thomas.* No prepossession? no prior object that has attracted your notice?

*Sophy.* I hope, Sir, my behaviour has not occasioned this question.

*Thomas.* Oh, no, my dear; it naturally took its rise from the subject. Has your cousin lately been here?

*Sophy.* Sir!

*Thomas.* Tom Oldham, my son?

*Sophy.* We generally see him, Sir, every day.

*Thomas.* I am glad to hear that: I was afraid  
some

some improper attachment had drawn him from the city so often of late.

*Sophy.* Improper ! I dare say, Sir, you will have nothing of that kind to fear from my cousin.

*Thomas.* I hope not : And yet I have had my suspicions, I own ; but not unlikely you can remove 'em : Children rarely make confidants of their fathers.

*Sophy.* Sir !

*Thomas.* Similarity of sentiments, nearness of blood, and the same season of life, perhaps may have induced him to unbosom to you.

*Sophy.* Do you suppose, Sir, that he would discover to me, what he chose to conceal from so affectionate a father ?

*Thomas.* Nay, prithee, *Sophy*, don't be grave ! What, do you imagine I should think his preferring your ear to mine, for a melting passionate tale, any violent breach of his duty ?

*Sophy.* You are merry, Sir.

*Thomas.* And who knows but you might repay the communication with a similar story ? You blush, *Sophy*.

*Sophy.* You are really pleased to be so very particular, that I scarce know what answer to make.

*Thomas.* Come, my good niece, I will perplex you no longer : My son has concealed nothing from me ; and did the completion of your wishes depend on my approbation alone, you would have but little to fear : But my lady's notions are so very peculiar, you know, and all her principles so determined and fixed——

*Sophy.* The merits of my cousin, which she herself is not slow to acknowledge, and time, might, I should hope, soften my mother.

*Thomas.* Why then, my dear niece, leave it to  
time,

time, in most cases the ablest physician. But let your partiality for Tom be a secret!—I must now endeavour to learn when I can obtain an audience from Sir Matthew.

*Sophy.* An audience from *him*?

*Thomas.* Yes, child; these new gentlemen, who from the caprice of fortune, and a strange chain of events, have acquired immoderate wealth, and rose to uncontrolled power abroad, find it difficult to descend from their dignity, and admit of any equal at home. Adieu, my dear niece! But keep up your spirits! I think I foresee an event that will produce some change in our favour. [*Exeunt.*]

*Sir Matthew Mite's Hall.*

*Janus and Conserve discovered.*

*Conf.* I own the place of a porter, if one can bear the confinement—And then, Sir Matthew has the character of—[*low tap.*] Use no ceremony, Mr. Janus; mind your door, I beseech you.

*Janus.* No hurry! keep your seat, Mr. Conserve; it's only the tap of a tradesman: I make those people stay till they collect in a body, and so let in eight or ten at a time; it saves trouble.

*Conf.* And how do they brook it?

*Janus.* Oh, wonderfully well, here with us. In my last place, indeed, I thought myself bound to be civil; for as all the poor devils could get was good words, it would have been hard to have been sparing of them.

*Conf.* Very considerate!

*Janus.* But here we are rich; and as the fellows

lows don't wait for their money, it is but fair they should wait for admittance.

*Conf.* Or they would be apt to forget their condition.

*Janus.* True.

*Conf.* Upon the whole, then, you do not regret leaving my lord ?

*Janus.* No ; Lord Levee's place had its sweets, I confess ; perquisites pretty enough : But what could I do ? they wanted to give me a rider.

*Conf.* A rider !

*Janus.* Yes ; to quarter Monsieur Frissart, my Lady's valet de chambre, upon me ; so you know I could not but in honour resign.

*Conf.* No ; there was no bearing to be rid by a Frenchman ; there was no staying in after that.

*Janus.* It would have been quoted as a precedent against the whole corps.

*Conf.* Yes. Pox on 'em ! our masters are damned fond of encroachments. Is your present duty severe ?

*Janus.* I drudge pretty much at the door ; but that, you know, is mere bodily labour : But then, my mind is at ease ; not obliged to rack my brain for invention.

*Conf.* No ?

*Janus.* No ; not near the lying here, as in my last place.

*Conf.* I suppose not, as your master is but newly in town ; but you must expect that branch to encrease.

*Janus.* When it does, I shall insist the door be done by a deputy.

[*Two raps.*]

*Conf.* Hark ! to your post !

*Janus.* No ; sit still ! that is some awkward body out of the city ; one of our people from  
Leaden-

Leadenhall-street ; perhaps a director ; I sha'n't stir for him.

*Conf.* Not for a director ? I thought he was the commanding officer, the Great Captain's captain.

*Janus.* No, no ; quite the reverse ; the tables are turned, Mr. Conserve : In acknowledgment for appointing us their servants abroad, we are so obliging as to make them directors at home.

[*A loud rapping.*]

*Conf.* That rap will rouse you, I think.

*Janus.* Let me take a peep at the wicket. Oh, oh ! is it you, with a pox to you ? How the deuce came your long legs to find the way hither ?—I shall be in no haste to open for you.

*Conf.* Who is it ?

*Janus.* That eternal teizer, Sir Timothy Tall-boy. When once he gets footing, there is no such thing as keeping him out.

*Conf.* What, you know him then ?

*Janus.* Yes, rot him, I know him too well ! he had like to have lost me the best place I ever had in my life.

*Conf.* How so ?

*Janus.* Lord Lofly had given orders on no account to admit him. The first time, he got by me under a pretence of stroking Keeper the house-dog ; the next, he nicked me by desiring only just leave to scratch the poll of the parrot, Poll, Poll, Poll ! I thought the devil was in him if he deceived me a third ; but he did, notwithstanding.

*Conf.* Prythee, Janus, how ?

*Janus.* By begging to set his watch by Tompion's clock in the Hall ; I smoaked his design, and laid hold of him here : [*taking hold of his coat.*] As sure

sure as you are alive, he made but one leap from the stairs to the study, and left the skirt of his coat in my hand ?

*Conf.* You got rid of him then ?

*Janus.* He made one attempt more; and, for fear he should slip by me, (for you know he is as thin as a slice of beef at Vauxhall-Gardens), I slapped the door in his face, and told him, the dog was mad, the parrot dead, and the clock stood; and, thank Heaven, I have never set eyes on him since. *[Knock louder.]*

*Conf.* But the door !

*Janus.* Time enough.—You had no particular commands, master Conserve ?

*Conf.* Only to let you know that Betsey Robins has a rout and supper on Sunday next.

*Janus.* Constant still, Mr. Conserve, I see. I am afraid I can't come to cards; but shall be sure to attend the repast. A nick-nack, I suppose ?

*Conf.* Yes, yes; we all contribute, as usual: The substantials from Alderman Surloin's; Lord Frippery's cook finds fricasees and ragouts; Sir Robert Bumper's butler is to send in the wine; and I shall supply the desert.

*Janus.* There are a brace of birds and a hare, that I cribbed this morning out of a basket of game.

*Conf.* They will be welcome.—*[Knock louder.]* But the folks grow impatient !

*Janus.* They must stay till I come.—At the old place, I suppose ?

*Conf.* No; I had like to have forgot ! Betsey grew sick of St. Paul's, so I have taken her a house amongst the new buildings; both the air and the company is better.

*Janus.*



*Janus.* Right.

*Conf.* To say truth, the situation was disagreeable on many accounts. Do you know, though I took care few people should behave better at Christmas, that because he thought her a citizen, the housekeeper of Drury-lane Theatre, when his master mounted, refused her a side-box?

*Janus.* No wonder Miss Betsy was bent upon moving.—What is the name of her street?

*Conf.* Rebel-row : It was built by a messenger who made his market in the year forty-five. But shall Miss Robins send you a card?

*Janus.* No, no; I shall easily find out the place. [*Knock.*] Now let us see; who have we here? Gad's my life, Mrs. Match'em! my master's amorous agent: It is as much as my place is worth to let her wait for a minute.

[*Opens the door.* [*Exit. Conf.*

*Enter Mrs. Match'em, some Tradespeople, who bow low to Janus, and Thomas Oldham.*

*Match.* So, Sir! this is pretty treatment, for a woman like me to dangle at your gate, surrounded by a parcel of tradespeople!

*Janus.* I beg pardon; but, madam——

*Match.* Suppose any of my ladies had chanced to drive by: In a pretty situation they'd have seen me! I promise you I shall make my complaints to Sir Matthew.

*Janus.* I was receiving some particular commands from my master.

*Match.* I shall know that from him. Where is he? let him know I must see him directly; my hands are so full I have not a moment to spare.

*Janus.* At that door the groom of the chamber

ber will take you in charge ; I am sure you'll be admitted as soon as announced.

*Match.* There is as much difficulty to get a sight of this signior, as of a member when the parliament's dissolved ! [Exit.]

*Janus.* Soh ! what, you have brought in your bills ? damned punctual, no doubt ! the steward's room is below.—And, do you hear ? when you are paid, be sure to sneak away without seeing me.

*All Trades.* We hope you have a better opinion——

*Janus.* Well, well, march ! [Exeunt Tradesmen.]  
So, friend ; what is your business, pray ?

*Thomas.* I have a message to deliver to Sir Matthew.

*Janus.* You have ? and pray what is the purport ?

*Thomas.* That's for his ear alone.

*Janus.* You will find yourself mistaken in that.

*Thomas.* How ?

*Janus.* It must make its way to his, by passing through mine.

*Thomas.* Is that the rule of the house ?

*Janus.* Ay ; and the best way to avoid idle and impertinent pratlers.

*Thomas.* And of that you are to judge ?

*Janus.* Or I should not be fit for my post. But, you are very importunate ; who are you ? I suppose a Jew broker, come to bring my master the price of the stocks ?

*Thomas.* No.

*Janus.* Or some country cousin, perhaps ?

*Thomas.* Nor that neither.

*Janus.* Or a voter from our borough below ? we never admit them but against an election.

*Thomas.*

*Thomas.* Still wide of the mark.—[*Aside.*] There is but one way of managing here; I must give the Cerberus a sop, I perceive.—Sir, I have really business with Sir Matthew, of the utmost importance; and if you can obtain me an interview, I shall think myself extremely obliged.

[*Gives money.*]

*Janus.* As I see, Sir, by your manner, that it is a matter of moment, we will try what can be done; but you must wait for his levee; there is no seeing him yet.

*Thomas.* No?

*Janus.* He is too busy at present; the waiter at Almack's has just brought him home his macaroni dress for the hazard-table, and is instructing him to throw the dice with a grace.

*Thomas.* Then where can I wait?

*Janus.* If you will step into that room, I will take care to call you in time. [*Exit Mr. Old.*]—*Looking at the money.*] A good sensible fellow! At first sight, how easily one may be mistaken in men. [*Exit.*]

## A C T II.

*A Chamber. Sir Matthew Mite in his gaming dress, a Waiter attending.*

*Mite.*

MAIN and chance?

*Waiter.* Five to nine, please your honour.

*Mite.* I am at all that is set. How must I proceed?

*Waiter.*

*Waiter.* With a tap, as the chances are equal ; then raise the box genteelly and gently, with the finger and thumb.

*Mite.* Thus ?

*Waiter.* Exactly, your honour. Cinque and quater. You're out.

*Mite.* What is next to be done ?

*Waiter.* Flirt the bones with an air of indifference, and pay the money that's set.

*Mite.* Will that do ?

*Waiter.* With a little more experience, your honour.

*Mite.* Then pass the box to my neighbour ?

*Waiter.* Yes ; or you make a back hand, if you please.

*Mite.* Cou'dn't you give me some general rules ? for then, you know, I might practise in private.

*Waiter.* By all means. Seven, Sir, is better nicked by a stamp.

*Mite.* So ?

*Waiter.* Yes. When you want to throw six and four, or two cinques, you must take the long gallery, and whirl the dice to the end of the table.

*Mite.* Thus ?

*Waiter.* Pretty well, please your honour. When your chance is low, as tray, ace, or two deuces, the best method is to dribble out the bones from the box.

*Mite.* Will that do ?

*Waiter.* Your honour comes rapidly on.

*Mite.* So that, perhaps, in a couple of months, I shall be able to tap, flirt, stamp, dribble, and whirl, with any man in the club ?

*Waiter.* As your honour has a genius, you will make

make a wonderful progress, no doubt : But these nice matters are not got in a moment ; there must be parts, as well as practice, your honour.

*Mite.* What ! parts for the performance of this ?

*Waiter.* This ! Why, there's Sir Christopher Clumsey, in the whole losing his fortune, (and I believe he was near a twelvemonth about it) never once threw, paid, or received, with one atom of grace.

*Mite.* He must have been a dull devil, indeed.

*Waiter.* A mere dunce ! got no credit by losing his money ; was ruined without the least reputation.

*Mite.* Perhaps so. Well, but, Dick, as to the oaths and phrases that are most in use at the club ?

*Waiter.* I have brought them here in this paper : As soon as your honour has got them by heart, I will teach you when and in what manner to use them.

*Mite.* [*after looking at the paper.*] How long do you apprehend before I may be fit to appear at the table ?

*Waiter.* In a month or six weeks. I would advise your honour to begin in the Newmarket week, when the few people left do little better than piddle.

*Mite.* Right : so I shall gain confidence against the club's coming to town.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Mrs. Crocus, from Brompton, your honour.

*Mite.* Has she brought me a bouquet ?

*Serv.* Your honour ?

*Mite.*

*Mite.* Any nosegays, you blockhead?

*Serv.* She has a boy with a basket.

*Mite.* Shew her in! [*Exit Servant.*—Well, Dick, you will go down to my steward, and teach him the best method of making a rouleau. And, do you hear? let him give you one for your pains.

*Waiter.* Your honour's obedient! You'd have me attend every morning?

*Mite.* Without doubt: It would be madness to lose a minute, you know. [*Exit Waiter.*

*Enter Mrs. Crocus.*

Well, Mrs. Crocus; let us see what you have brought me. Your last bouquet was as big as a broom, with a tulip strutting up like a magistrate's mace; and, besides, made me look like a devil.

*Crocus.* I hope your honour could find no fault with the flowers? It is true, the polyanthus were a little pinched by the easterly winds; but for pipe, colour, and eye, I defy the whole parish of Fulham to match 'em.

*Mite.* Perhaps not; but it is not the flowers, but the mixture, I blame. Why, here now, Mrs. Crocus, one should think you were cut of your senses, to cram in this clump of jonquils!

*Crocus.* I thought your honour was fond of their smell.

*Mite.* Damn their smell! it is their colour I talk of. You know my complexion has been tinged by the East, and you bring me here a blaze of yellow, that gives me the jaundice. Look! do you see here, what a fine figure I cut? You might as well have tied me to a bundle of sun-flowers!

*Crocus.*

*Crocus.* I beg pardon, your honour !

*Mite.* Pardon ! there is no forgiving faults of this kind. Just so you served Harry Hectic ; you stuck into his bosom a parcel of hyacinths, though the poor fellow's face is as pale as a primrose.

*Crocus.* I did not know——

*Mite.* And there, at the opera, the poor creature sat in his side-box, looking like one of the figures in the glass-cases in Westminster-Abbey ; dead and drest !

*Crocus.* If gentlemen would but give directions, I would make it my study to suit 'em.

*Mite.* But that your cursed climate won't let you. Have you any pinks or carnations in bloom ?

*Crocus.* They are not in season, your honour. Lillies of the valley——

*Mite.* I hate the whole tribe ! What, you want to dress me up like a corpse ! When shall you have any rose-buds ?

*Crocus.* The latter end of the month, please your honour.

*Mite.* At that time you may call.

*Crocus.* Your honour has no further commands ?

*Mite.* None. You may send nosegays for my chairmen, as usual. [*Exit. Mrs. Crocus.*] Piccard ! Here, take that garland away : I believe the woman thought she was dressing a may-pole. Make me a bouquet with the artificial flowers I brought from Milan.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Would your honour please to see Madam Match'em ?

*Mite.*



*Mite.* Introduce her this instant.

*Enter Mrs. Match'em.*

My dear Match'em ! Well, what news from Cheapside ?

*Match.* Bad enough ; very near a total defeat.

*Mite.* How so ? you were furnished with ample materials.

*Match.* But not of the right kind, please your honour. I have had but little intercourse with that part of the world : My business has chiefly lain on this side of the Bar ; and I was weak enough to think both cities alike.

*Mite.* And aren't they ?

*Match.* No two nations can differ so widely ! Though money is supposed the idol of merchants, their wives don't agree in the worship.

*Mite.* In that article I thought the whole world was united.

*Match.* No ; they don't know what to do with their money ; a Pantheon subscription, or a masquerade ticket, is more negotiable there than a note from the Bank.

*Mite.* What think you of a bracelet, or a well-fancied aigret ?

*Match.* I should think they must make their way.

*Mite.* I have sent some rough diamonds to be polished in Holland ; when they are returned, I will equip you, Match'em, with some of these toys.

*Match.* Toys ? how light he makes of these things !—Bless your noble and generous soul ! I believe for a trifle more I could have obtained Lady Lurcher last night.

*Mite.* Indeed !

*Match.*

*Match.* She has been pressed a good deal to discharge an old score, long due to a knight from the North ; and play-debts, your honour knows, there is no paying in part : She seemed deeply distressed ; and I really believe another hundred would have made up the sum.

*Mite.* And how came you not to advance it ?

*Match.* I did not chuse to exceed my commission ; your honour knows the bill was only for five.

*Mite.* Oh, you should have immediately made it up ; you know I never stint myself in these matters.

*Match.* Why, had I been in cash, I believe I should have ventured, your honour. If your honour approves, I have thought of a project that will save us both a good deal of trouble.

*Mite.* Communicate, good Mrs. Match'em !

*Match.* That I may not pester you with applications for every trifle I want, suppose you were to deposit a round sum in my hands.

*Mite.* What, Match'em, make you my banker for beauty ? Ha, ha, ha !

*Match.* Exactly, your honour. Ha, ha, ha !

*Mite.* Faith, Match'em, a very good conceit.

*Match.* You may depend on my punctuality in paying your drafts.

*Mite.* I don't harbour the least doubt of your honour.

*Match.* Would you have me proceed in Patty Parrington's business ? She is expected from Bath in a week.

*Mite.* And what becomes of her aunt ?

*Match.* That Argus is to be left in the country.

*Mite.* You had better suspend your operations  
for

for a while. Do you know, Mrs. Match'em, that I am a-going to be married?

*Match.* Married! your honour's pleased to be pleasant: That day I hope never to see.

*Mite.* The treaty wants nothing but her friends' ratification; and I think there is no danger of their with-holding that.

*Match.* Nay, then, the matter is as good as concluded: I was always in dread of this fatal stroke!

*Mite.* But, Match'em, why should you be so averse to the measure?

*Match.* Can it be thought, that with dry eyes I could bear the loss of such a friend as your honour? I don't know how it is, but I am sure I never took such a fancy to any man in my life.

*Mite.* Nay, Match'em!

*Match.* Something so magnificent and princely in all you say or do, that a body has, as I may say, a pleasure in taking pains in your service.

*Mite.* Well, but pr'ythee, child——

*Match.* And then, when one has brought matters to bear, no after-reproaches, no grumblings from parties, such general satisfaction on all sides! I am sure, since the death of my husband, as honest a man, except the thing he died for——

*Mite.* How came that about, Mrs. Match'em?

*Match.* Why, Kit was rather apt to be careless, and put a neighbour's name to a note without stopping to ask his consent.

*Mite.* Was that all?

*Match.* Nothing else. Since that day, I saw no mortal has caught my eye but your honour.

*Mite.* Really, Match'em!

*Match.* I can't say, neither, it was the charms  
of

of your person—though they are such as any lady might like—but it was the beauties of your mind that made an impression upon me.

*Mite.* Nay, pr'ythee, Match'em, dry up your tears! You distress me! Be persuaded you have nothing to fear.

*Match.* How!

*Mite.* Why, you don't suppose that I am prompted to this project by passion?

*Match.* No?

*Mite.* Pho! no; only wanted a wife to complete my establishment; just to adorn the head of my table.

*Match.* To stick up in your room, like any other fine piece of furniture?

*Mite.* Nothing else; as an antique bust, or a picture.

*Match.* That alters the case.

*Mite.* Perhaps I shall be confined a little at first; for when you take or bury a wife, decency requires that you should keep your house for a week: After that time, you will find me, dear Matchem, all that you can wish.

*Match.* Ah! that is more than your honour can tell. I have known some of my gentlemen, before marriage, make as firm and good resolutions not to have the least love or regard for their wives; but they have been seduced after all, and turned out the poorest tame family fools!

*Mite.* Indeed?

*Match.* Good for nothing at all.

*Mite.* That shall not be my case.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Your honour's levee is crowded.

*Mite.* I come. Piccard, give me my coat!—I have

have had some thoughts of founding in this town a seraglio ; they are of singular use in the Indies : Do you think I could bring it to bear ?

*Match.* Why, a customer of mine did formerly make an attempt ; but he pursued too violent measures at first ; wanted to confine the ladies against their consent ; and that too in a country of freedom.

*Mite.* Oh, fy ! How the best institutions may fail, for want of a man proper to manage !

*Match.* But your honour has had great experience. If you would bestow the direction on me——

*Mite.* Impossible, Match'em ! In the East we never confide that office to your sex or complexion. I had some thoughts of importing three blacks from Bengal, who have been properly prepared for the service ; but I sha'n't venture till the point is determined whether those creatures are to be considered as mere chattels, or men.

[*Exeunt.*

*A Saloon.*

*Enter Mayor, Touchit, Nathan, Moses, &c.*

*Serv.* Walk in, gentlemen ! his honour will be presently here.

*Touchit.* Do you see, Mr. Mayor ? look about you ! here are noble apartments !

*Mayor.* Very fine, very curious, indeed ! But, after all, Master Touchit, I am not so over-fond of these Nabobs ; for my part, I had rather sell myself to somebody else.

*Touchit.* And why so, Mr. Mayor ?

*Mayor.* I don't know—they do a mortal deal of harm in the country : Why, wherever any of them

them settles, it raises the price of provisions for thirty miles round. People rail at seasons and crops; in my opinion, it is all along with them there folks, that things are so scarce.

*Touchit.* Why, you talk like a fool! Suppose they have mounted the beef and mutton a trifle; a'n't we obliged to them too for raising the value of boroughs? You should always set one against t'other.

*Mayor.* That indeed, is nothing but fair. But how comes it about? and where do these here people get all their wealth?

*Touchit.* The way is plain enough; from our settlements and possessions abroad.

*Mayor.* Oh, may be so. I've been often minded to ask you what sort of things them there settlements are; because why, as you know, I have been never beyond sea.

*Touchit.* Oh, Mr. Mayor, I will explain that in a moment: Why, here are a body of merchants that beg to be admitted as friends, and take possession of a small spot in a country, and carry on a beneficial commerce with the inoffensive and innocent people, to which they kindly give their consent.

*Mayor.* Don't you think now that is very civil of them?

*Touchit.* Doubtless. Upon which, Mr. Mayor, we cunningly encroach, and fortify by little and by little, till at length, we growing too strong for the natives, we turn them out of their lands, and take possession of their money and jewels.

*Mayor.* And don't you think, Master Touchit, that is a little uncivil in us?

*Touchit.* Oh, nothing at all: These people are but a little better than Tartars or Turks.

*Mayor.*

*Mayor.* No, no, Master Touchit; just the reverse; it is *they* have caught the Tartars in us.

*Touchit.* Ha, ha, ha! well said, Mr. Mayor. But hush! here comes his honour. Fall back!

*Enter Sir Matthew Mite.*

*Mite.* Oh, Nathan! are you there? You have split the stock, as I bid you?

*Nathan.* I vas punctually obey your directions.

*Mite.* And I shall be in no danger of losing my list?

*Nathan.* Dat is safe, your honour; we have noting to fear.

*Mite.* Moses Mendoza! You will take care to qualify Peter Pratewell and Counsellor Quibble? I shall want some speakers at the next general Court.

*Moses.* Please your honour, I shall be careful of dat.

*Mite.* How is the stock?

*Moses.* It vas got up the end of the week.

*Mite.* Then sell out till you sink it to two and a half. Has my advice been followed for burning the tea?

*Moses.* As to dat matter, I vas not enquire dat; I believe not.

*Mite.* So that commodity will soon be a drug. The English are too proud to profit by the practice of others: What would become of the spice trade; if the Dutch brought their whole growth to market?

*Moses.* Dat is very true. Your honour has no farder commands?

*Mite.* None at present, master Mendoza.

*[Exit Mendoza.]*

*Nathan.*



*Nathan.* For de next settlement, would your honour be de bull or de bear ?

*Mite.* I shall send you my orders to Garraway's. Oh, Nathan ! did you tell that man in Berkshire, I would buy his estate ?

*Nathan.* Yes ; but he say he has no mind, no occasion to sell it ; dat the estate belong to great many faders before him.

*Mite.* Why, the man must be mad ; did you tell him I had taken a fancy to the spot, when I was but a boy ?

*Nathan.* I vas tell him as much.

*Mite.* And that all the time I was in India, my mind was bent upon the purchase ?

*Nathan.* I vas say so.

*Mite.* And now I'm come home, am determined to buy it ?

*Nathan.* I make use of de very vords.

*Mite.* Well then ! what would the booby be at ?

*Nathan.* I don't know.

*Mite.* Give the fellow four times the value, and bid him turn out in a month—[*To Touchit.*] May I presume, Sir, to ask who you are, and what your business may be ?

*Touchit.* My name, Sir, is Touchit, and these gentlemen some friends and neighbours of mine. We are ordered by the Christian Club, of the borough of Bribe'em, to wait upon your honour, with a tender of the nomination of our two members at the ensuing election.

*Mite.* Sir, I accept their offer with pleasure ; and am happy to find, notwithstanding all that has been said, that the union still subsists between Bengal and the ancient corporation of Bribe'em.

*Touchit.*

*Touchit.* And if they ever are severed, I can assure your honour the Christian Club will not be to blame. Your honour understands me, I hope?

*Mite.* Perfectly. Nor shall it, I promise you, be my fault, good Mr. Touchit. But, (you will forgive my curiosity, Sir!) the name your club has adopted, has at first a whimsical sound; but you had your reasons, no doubt.

*Touchit.* The very best in the world, please your honour: From our strict union and brotherly kindness, we hang together: like the primitive Christians too, we have all things in common.

*Mite.* In common! I don't apprehend you.

*Touchit.* Why, please your honour, when the bargain is struck, and the deposit is made, as a proof that we love our neighbours as well as ourselves, we submit to an equal partition; no man has a larger share than another.

*Mite.* A most Christian-like dispensation?

*Touchit.* Yes; in our borough all is unanimity now: Formerly, we had nothing but discontents and heart-burnings among us; each man jealous and afraid that his neighbour got more and did better than him.

*Mite.* Indeed?

*Touchit.* Ay, and with reason sometimes. Why, I remember, at the election some time ago, when I took up my freedom, I could get but thirty guineas for a new pair of jack-boots; whilst Tom Ramskin over the way had a fifty-pound note for a pair of wash-leather breeches.

*Mite.* Very partial, indeed!

*Touchit.* So, upon the whole, we thought it best to unite.

*Mite.* Oh, much the best. Well, Sir, you may

may assure your principals that I shall take care properly to acknowledge the service they do me.

*Touchit.* No doubt, no doubt. But—will your honour step a little this way?—Though no question can be made of your honour's keeping your word, yet it has always been the rule with our club to receive the proper acknowledgment before the service is done.

*Mite.* Ay, but, Mr. Touchit, suppose the service should never be done?

*Touchit.* What then must become of our consciences? We are Christians, your honour.

*Mite.* True; but, Mr. Touchit, you remember the proverb?

*Touchit.* What proverb, your honour?

*Mite.* There are two bad pay-masters; those who pay before, and those who never pay.

*Touchit.* True, your honour; but our club has always found, that those who don't pay before, are sure never to pay.

*Mite.* How! impossible! the man who breaks his word with such faithful and honest adherents, deserves richly a halter. Gentlemen, in my opinion, he deserves to be hanged.

*Touchit.* Hush! have a care what you say.

*Mite.* What is the matter?

*Touchit.* You see the fat man that is behind; he will be the returning officer at the election.

*Mite.* What then?

*Touchit.* On a gibbet at the end of our town there hangs a smuggler, for robbing the custom-house.

*Mite.* Well?

*Touchit.* The mayor's own brother, your honour: Now, perhaps, he may be jealous that you meant

meant to throw some reflection on him or his family.

*Mite.* Not unlikely.—I say, gentleman, whoever violates his promise to such faithful friends as you are, in my poor opinion, deserves to be damned!

*Touchit.* That's right! stick to that! for tho' the Christian Club may have some fears of the gallows, they don't value damnation of a farthing.

*Mite.* Why should they, as it may be so long before any thing of that kind may happen, you know?

*Touchit.* Good! good again! Your honour takes us rightly, I see: I make no doubt, it won't be long before we come to a good understanding.

*Mite.* The sooner the better, good master Touchit; and, therefore, in one word, pray what are your terms?

*Touchit.* Do you mean for one, or would your honour bargain for both?

*Mite.* Both, both.

*Touchit.* Why, we could not have afforded you one under three thousand at least; but as your honour, as I may say, has a mind to deal in the gross, we shall charge you but five for both.

*Mite.* Oh fy! above the market, good Mr. Touchit!

*Touchit.* Dog-cheap; neck-beef; a penny-loaf for a halfpenny! Why, we had partly agreed to bring in Sir Christopher Quinze and major Match'em for the very same money; but the major has been a little unlucky at Almack's, and at present can't deposit the needful; but he says, however, if he should be successful at the next Newmarket meeting, he will faithfully abide by the  
the

the bargain : But the turf, your honour knows, is but an uncertain estate, and so we can't depend upon him.

*Mite.* True. Well, Sir, as I may soon have occasion for all the friends I can make, I shall haggle no longer ; I accept your proposals : In the next room we will settle the terms.

*Touchit.* Your honour will always find the Christians steady and firm.—But, won't your honour introduce us to his worship whilst we are here ?

*Mite.* To his worship ? to whom ?

*Touchit.* To the gentleman in black.

*Mite.* Worship ! you are mad, Mr. Touchit ! That is a slave I brought from the Indies.

*Touchit.* Good lack ! may be so ! I did not know but the gentleman might belong to the tribe, who, we are told by the papers, conferred those splendid titles upon your honour in India.

*Mite.* Well, Master Touchit, what then ?

*Touchit.* I thought it not unlikely, but, in return to that compliment, your honour might chuse to make one of the family member for the corporation of Bribe'em.

*Mite.* Why, you would not submit to accept of a Negro ?

*Touchit.* Our present members, for aught we know, may be of the same complexion, your honour ; for we have never set eyes on them yet.

*Mite.* That's strange ! But, after all, you could not think of electing a black ?

*Touchit.* That makes no difference to us : The Christian Club has ever been persuaded, that a good candidate, like a good horse, can't be of a bad colour.

[Exit with friends.]

Enter

*Enter Thomas Oldham and others.*

*Mite.* [to *Oldham.*]. What is your business, and name?

*Thomas.* Oldham.

*Mite.* The brother of Sir John? I have heard of you: You are, if I mistake not, a merchant?

*Thomas.* I have that honour, Sir Matthew.

*Mite.* Um! honour!—Well, Sir; and what are your commands?

*Thomas.* I wait on you in the name of my brother, with——

*Mite.* An answer to the message I sent him. When do we meet to finish the matter? It must be tomorrow, or Sunday, for I shall be busy next week.

*Thomas.* Tomorrow?

*Mite.* Ay; it is not for a man like me to dangle and court, Mr. Oldham.

*Thomas.* Why, to be plain, Sir Matthew, it would, I am afraid, be but losing your time.

*Mite.* Sir?

*Thomas.* As there is not one in the family that seems the least inclined to favour your wish.

*Mite.* No? ha, ha, ha! that's pleasant enough! ha, ha, ha! And why not?

*Thomas.* They are, Sir Matthew, no strangers to your great power and wealth; but corrupt as you may conceive this country to be, there are superior spirits living, who would disdain an alliance with grandeur obtained at the expence of honour and virtue.

*Mite.* And what relation has this sentimental declaration to me?

*Thomas.* My intention, Sir Matthew was not to offend; I was desired to wait on you with a civil denial.

*Mite.*

*Mite.* And you have faithfully discharged your commission.

*Thomas.* Why, I'm a man of plain manners, Sir Matthew; a supercilious air, or a sneer, won't prevent me from speaking my thoughts.

*Mite.* Perfectly right, and prodigiously prudent!—Well, Sir, I hope it won't be thought too presuming, if I desire to hear my sentence proceed from the mouth of the father and daughter.

*Thomas.* By all means; I will wait on you thither.

*Mite.* That is not so convenient, at present. I have brought from Italy, antiques, some curious remains, which are to be deposited in the archives of this country: The Antiquarian Society have, in consequence, chosen me one of their body, and this is the hour of reception.

*Thomas.* We shall see you in the course of the day?

*Mite.* At the close of the ceremony. Perhaps, I shall have something to urge, that may procure me some favour from your very respectable family.—Piccard, attend Mr. A—a—a to the door.

*Thomas.* I guess your design. *[Exit.*

*Mite.* Who waits there?

*Enter Servant.*

Stept to my attorney directly, bid him attend me within an hour at Oldham's, armed with all the powers I gave him. *[Exit Servant.*

I will see if I can't bend to my will this sturdy race of insolent beggars!—After all, riches to a man who knows how to employ them, are as useful in England as in any part of the East: There  
they



they gain us those ends in spite and defiance of law, which, with a proper agent, may here be obtained under the pretence and colour of law.

[*Exit.*]

### A C T III.

#### *The Antiquarian Society.*

##### *Secretary.*

SIR Matthew Mite, preceded by his presents, will attend this honourable Society this morning.

1 *Ant.* Is he apprised that an inauguration-speech is required, in which he is to express his love of vertu, and produce proofs of his antique erudition?

*Sec.* He has been apprised, and is rightly prepared.

2 *Ant.* Are the minutes of our last meeting fairly recorded and entered?

*Sec.* They are.

1 *Ant.* And the valuable antiques which have happily escaped the depredations of time ranged and registered rightly?

*Sec.* All in order.

2 *Ant.* As there are new acquisitions to the Society's stock, I think it is right that the members should be instructed in their several natures and names.

1 *Ant.* By all means. Read the list!

*Sec.* "*Imprimis.* In a large glass-case, and in fine preservation, the toe of the slipper of  
" Cardinal

“ Cardinal Pandulpho, with which he kicked the  
 “ breech of King John at Swinstead-Abbey, when  
 “ he gave him absolution and penance.”

2 *Ant.* A most noble remains!

1 *Ant.* An excellent antidote against the progress of Popery, as it proves the Pontiff's insolent abuse of his power!—Proceed.

*Sec.* “ A pair of nut-crackers, presented by  
 “ Harry the Eighth to Anna Bullen the eve of  
 “ their nuptials; the wood supposed to be  
 “ walnut.”

1 *Ant.* Which proves, that before the reformation walnut-trees were planted in England.

*Sec.* “ The cape of Queen Elizabeth's riding-hood, which she wore on a solemn festival, when carried behind Burleigh to Paul's; the cloth undoubtedly Kidderminster.”

2 *Ant.* A most instructive lesson to us, as it proves that patriotic princess wore nothing but the manufactures of England!

*Sec.* “ A cork-screw presented by Sir John Falstaff to Harry the Fifth, with a tobacco-stopper of Sir Walter Raleigh's, made of the stern of the ship in which he first compassed the globe; given to the Society by a clergyman from the North-Riding of Yorkshire.”

1 *Ant.* A rare instance of generosity, as they must have both been of singular use to the reverend donor himself!

*Sec.* “ A curious collection, in regular and undoubted succession, of all the tickets of Islington-Turnpike, from its first institution to the twentieth of May.”

2 *Ant.* Preserve them with care, as they may hereafter serve to illustrate that part of the English History.

“ *Sec.*

*Sec.* “ A wooden medal of Shakespeare, made  
 “ from the mulberry-tree he planted himself; with  
 “ a Queen Anne’s farthing; from the Manager of  
 “ Drury-Lane Playhouse.”

*I Ant.* Has he received the Society’s thanks?

*Sec.* They are sent.

*Enter Beadle.*

*Beadle.* Sir Matthew Mite attends at the door.

*I Ant.* Let him be admitted directly.

*Enter Sir Matthew Mite, preceded by four Blacks; first Black bearing a large book; second, a green chamber-pot; third, some lava from the mountain Vesuvius; fourth, a box. Sir Matthew takes his seat; Secretary receives the first present, and reads the label.*

*Sec.* “ Purchased of the Abbé Montini at  
 “ Naples for five hundred pounds, an illegible  
 “ manuscript in Latin, containing the twelve  
 “ books of Livy, supposed to be lost.”

*Mite.* This invaluable treasure was very near falling into the hands of the Pope, who designed to deposit it in the Vatican Library, and I rescued it from idolatrous hands.

*I Ant.* A pious, learned, and laudable purchase!

*Sec.* [*receives the second present, and reads the label.*]

“ A sarcophagus, or Roman urn, dug from the  
 “ temple of Concord.”

*Mite.* Supposed to have held the dust of Marc-Antony’s coachman.

*Sec.* [*receives the third present, and reads.*] “ A  
 “ large piece of the lava, thrown from the Vesuvian  
 “ volcano at the last great eruption.”

*Mite.* By a chymical analysis, it will be easy  
 to

to discover the constituent parts of this mass; which, by properly preparing it, will make it no difficult task to propagate burning mountains in England, if encouraged by premiums.

2 *Ant.* Which it will, no doubt!

*Mite.* Gentlemen! Not contented with collecting, for the use of my country, these inestimables relics, with a large catalogue of petrifications, bones, beetles, and butterflies, contained in that box, [*pointing to the present borne by the fourth Black.*] I have likewise laboured for the advancement of national knowledge: For which end, permit me to clear up some doubts relative to a material and interesting point in the English history. Let others toil to illumine the dark annals of Greece, or of Rome; my searches are sacred only to the service of Britain!

The point I mean to clear up, is an error crept into the life of that illustrious magistrate, the great Whittington, and his no-less-eminent Cat: And in this disquisition four material points are in question.

1st. Did Whittington ever exist?

2d. Was Whittington Lord-Mayor of London?

3d. Was he really possessed of a Cat?

4th. Was that cat the source of his wealth?

That Whittington lived, no doubt can be made; that he was Lord-Mayor of London, is equally true; but as to his Cat, that, gentlemen, is the gordian knot to unite. And here, gentlemen, be it permitted me to define what a Cat is. A Cat is a domestic, whiskered, four-footed animal, whose employment is catching of mice; but let Puss have been ever so subtle, let Puss have been ever so successful, to what  
could

could Puss's captures amount? no tanner can curry the skin of a mouse, no family make a meal of the meat; consequently, no Cat could give Whittington his wealth. From whence then does this error proceed? be that my care to point out!

The commerce this worthy merchant carried on, was chiefly confined to our coasts; for this purpose, he constructed a vessel, which, from its agility and lightness, he aptly christened a Cat. Nay, to this our day, gentlemen, all our coals from Newcastle are imported in nothing but Cats. From thence it appears, that it was not the whiskered, four-footed, mouse-killing Cat, that was the source of the magistrate's wealth, but the coasting, sailing, coal-carrying Cat; that, gentlemen, was Whittington's Cat.

1 *Ant.* What a fund of learning!

2 *Ant.* Amazing acuteness of erudition!

1 *Ant.* Let this discovery be made public directly.

2 *Ant.* And the author mentioned with honour.

1 *Ant.* I make no doubt but the city of London will desire him to sit for his picture, or send him his freedom in a fifty-pound box.

2 *Ant.* The honour done their first magistrate richly deserves it.

1 *Ant.* Break we up this assembly, with a loud declaration, that Sir Matthew Mite is equally skilled in arts as well as in arms.

2 *Ant.* *Tam Mercurio quam Marti.* [*Exe. Ant.*

*Mite.* Having thus discharged my debt to the public, I must attend to my private affairs. Will Rapine, my attorney, attend as I bid him?

*Serv.* He will be punctual, your honour.

*Mite.*

*Mite.* Then drive to Hanover-square.

*Putty* [*without.*] I will come in !

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* There's a little shabby fellow without, that insists on seeing your honour.

*Mite.* Why, who and what can he be ?

*Serv.* He calls himself Putty; and says he went to school with your honour.

*Serv.* [*within.*] His honour don't know you !

*Putty.* I will come in ! Not know me, you oaf ? what should ail him ? Why, I tell you, we were bred up together from boys. Stand by, or I'll——

*Enter Putty.*

Hey ! yes, it is—no, it a'n't—yes, it is Matthew Mite.—Lord love your queer face ! what a figure you cut ! how you are altered ! well, had I met with you by chance, I don't think I should ever have known you. I have had a deuced deal of work to get at you.

*Mite.* This is a lucky encounter !

*Putty.* There is a little fat fellow, that opens the door at your house, was as pert as a 'prentice just out of his time : He would not give me the least inkling about you ; and I should have returned to Shoreditch as wise as I came, if some folks who are gazing at the fine gilt coach in the street, hadn't told me 'twas yours. Well, Master Mite, things are mainly changed since we were boys at the Blue-Coat : Who could have thought that you would have got so up in the world ? for you know you were reckoned a dull one at school.

*Serv.* Friend, do you know who you talk to ?

*Putty.*

*Putty.* Yes, friend, much better than you do. I am told he is become a Knight, and a Nabob; and what of all that? For your Nabobs, they are but a kind of outlandish creatures, that won't pass current with us; and as to knights, we have a few of them in the city, whom I dare speak to without doffing my hat. So, Mr. Scrapetrencher, let's have no more of your jaw!—I say, Mat, doesn't remember one Easter-Tuesday, how you tipt the barrow-woman into Fleet-ditch, as we were going about with the hymns?

*Mite.* An anecdote that does me infinite honour!

*Putty.* How all the folks laughed to see how bolt upright she stood on her head in the mud! ha! ha! ha! And one fifth of November, I shall never forget! how you frightened a preaching methodist taylor, by throwing a cracker into the pulpit.

*Mite.* Another pretty exploit!

*Putty.* At every bounce, how poor Stitch capered and jumped! Ah! many's the merry freak we have had! for this I must say, though Mat was but bad at his book, for mischiefful matters there wasn't a more ingenious cuterer lad in the school.

*Mite.* Yes; I have got a fine reputation, I see!

*Putty.* Well, but Mat! what, be'st dumb? why doesn't speak to a school-fellow?

*Mite.* That at present is more than I'll own.—I fancy, Mr. A—a—a, you have made some mistake.

*Putty.* Some mistake?

*Mite.* I don't recollect that I ever had the honour to know you.

*Putty.* What, don't you remember Phil Putty!

*Mite.*



*Mite.* No.

*Putty.* That was 'prentice to Master Gibson, the glazier in Shoreditch?

*Mite.* No.

*Putty.* That at the Blue-Coat-Hospital has often saved your bacon by owning your pranks?

*Mite.* No.

*Putty.* No! What, then, mayhap you ben't Mat Mite, son of old John and Margery Mite, at the Sow and Saufage in St. Mary Axe, that took the tarts from the man in Pye-corner, and was sent beyond sea, for fear worfe should come on it?

*Mite.* You see, Mr. Putty, the glazier, if that is your name and profession, you are entirely out in this matter; so you need not repeat your visits to me. *Exit.*

*Putty.* Now here's a pretty purse-proud son a a—who, forsooth, because he is grown great by robbing the heathens, won't own an old friend and acquaintance, and one too of the livery beside! Dammee, the great Turk himself need not be ashamed to shake hands with a citizen! "Mr. Putty the glazier!" well, what a pox am I the better for you? I'll be sworn our company has made more money by a single election at Brentford, than by all his exploits put together. *[Exit.]*

*Sir John Oldham's house.*

*Enter Mr. Thomas Oldham, followed by a Servant.*

*Thomas.* Sir Matthew Mite is not come?

*Serv.* No, Sir.

*Thomas.* Is Tom here?

*Serv.* Mr. Oldham is, I believe, with Miss in the parlour.

*Thomas.*

*Thomas.* Let him know I would see him.  
 [*Exit Serv.*] Poor boy! Nay, I sincerely grieve for them both! this disappointment, like an untimely frost, will hang heavy on their tender years: To conquer the first and finest feelings of nature is an arduous task!

*Enter Young Oldham.*

So, Tom! still attached to this spot, I perceive?

*Y. Old.* Sir, I arrived but the instant before you.

*Thomas.* Nay, child, I don't blame you. You are no stranger to the almost-invincible bars that oppose your views on my niece; it would be therefore prudent, instead of indulging, to wean yourself by degrees.

*Y. Old.* Are there no hopes, then, Sir, of subduing my aunt?

*Thomas.* I see none: Nay, perhaps, as matters now stand, a compliance may be out of her power.

*Y. Old.* How is that possible, Sir? out of her power?

*Thomas.* I won't anticipate: Misfortunes come too soon of themselves; a short time will explain what I mean.

*Y. Old.* You alarm me! Would you condescend to instruct me, I hope, Sir, I shall have discretion enough——

*Thomas.* It would answer no end. I would have you both prepare for the worst: See your cousin again; and remember, this, perhaps, may be the last time of your meeting.

*Y. Old.* The last of our——

*Thomas.* But Sophy is here. I must go in to Sir John. [*Oldham bows low to Sophy and retires.*

*Enter*

*Enter Sophy.*

*Sophy.* Sir ! What can be the meaning of this ? My uncle Oldham avoids me ! you seem shocked ! no additional misfortune, I hope ?

*R. Old.* My father has threatened me, in obscure terms, I confess, with the worst that can happen.

*Sophy.* How !

*R. Old.* The total, nay, perhaps, immediate loss of my Sophy.

*Sophy.* From what cause ?

*R. Old.* That, in tendernefs, he chose to conceal.

*Sophy.* But why make it a mystery ? have you no guests ?

*R. Old.* Not the most distant conception. My lady's dislike would hardly prompt her to such violent measures. I can't comprehend how this can possibly be ; but yet my father has too firm, too manly a mind, to encourage or harbour vain fears.

*Sophy.* Here they come. I suppose the riddle will soon be explained.

*Enter Sir John, Lady, and Thomas Oldham.*

*L. Old.* But what motive could he have for demanding this whimsical interview ? he could not doubt your credentials, or think his presence could be grateful to us.

*Thomas.* I have delivered my message.

*L. Old.* Perhaps he depends on his rhetorical powers : I hear he has a good opinion of them. Stay, Sophy ! Sir Matthew Mite, distrusting the message we begged your uncle to carry, desires to have it confirmed by ourselves : I fancy,  
child,

child, you will do yourself no violence in rejecting this lover. He is an amiable swain, I confess!

*Sophy.* I shall be always happy in obeying your ladyship's orders.

*L. Old.* Are you sure of that, Sophy? a time may soon come for the trial.

*Sir John.* Well, in the main, I am glad of this meeting; it will not only put a final end to this business, but give us an opportunity of discussing other matters, my dear.

*L. Old.* Is that your opinion, Sir John? I fancy he will not be very fond of prolonging his visit.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir Matthew Mite!

*L. Old.* Shew him in!—Now, Sir John, be on your guard; support this scene with a dignity that becomes one of your birth and——

*Sir John.* Never fear my dignity, love. I warrant you I'll give him as good as he brings.

*Enter Sir Matthew Mite.*

*Mite.* I find the whole tribe is convened.—I hope I am not an intruder; but I confess the extraordinary answer I received from the mouth of this worthy citizen, to a message conveyed by my secretary, induced me to question its authenticity, unless confirmed by yourselves.

*L. Old.* And why should you think our reply so very extraordinary?

*Mite.* You must give me leave to smile at that question.

*L. Old.* A very decisive answer, I own!

*Mite.*

*Mite.* You are, Lady Oldham, a woman of the world, and supposed not to be wanting in sense.

*L. Old.* Which this conduct of mine inclines you to doubt?

*Mite.* Why, to be plain, my condition and your own situation considered, prudence might have dictated a different reply.

*L. Old.* And yet, Sir Matthew, upon the maturest deliberation, all the parties, you see, persist in giving no other.

*Mite.* Is it so? You will permit me, Lady Oldham, to desire one of those reasons which influenced this august assembly upon the occasion?

*L. Old.* They will, I dare say, appear but trifling to you.

*Mite.* Let us have them, however.

*L. Old.* First, we think it right to have a little regard to *her* happiness, as she is indebted for her existence to us.

*Mite.* Which you think she risks in a union with me? [*Lady Oldham bows.*] And why so? I have the means to procure her, madam, those enjoyments with which your sex is chiefly delighted.

*L. Old.* You will, Sir Matthew, pardon my weakness; but I would much rather see my child with a competence, nay, even reduced to an indigent state, than voluptuously rioting in pleasures that derive their source from the ruin of others.

*Mite.* Ruin! what, you, I find, adopt the popular prejudice, and conclude that every man that is rich is a villain?

*L. Old.*

*L. Old.* I only echo the voice of the public. Besides, I would wish my daughter a more solid establishment : The possessions arising from plunder very rarely are permanent ; we every day see what has been treacherously and rapaciously gained, as profusely and full as rapidly squandered.

*Mite.* I am sorry, madam, to see one of your fashion, concur in the common cry of the times ; but such is the gratitude of this country to those who have given it dominion and wealth.

*Thomas.* I could wish even that fact was well founded, Sir Matthew. Your riches (which perhaps too are only ideal) by introducing a general spirit of dissipation, have extinguished labour and industry, the slow, but sure source of national wealth.

*Mite.* To these refinements I have no time to reply. By one of your ladyship's hints I shall profit at least : I shall be a little more careful of the plunder I have made. Sir John Oldham, you recollect a small sum borrowed by you ?

*Sir John.* I do.

*Mite.* The obligations for which are in my possession at present.

*Sir John.* I understand as much by your letter.

*Mite.* As I find there is an end of our treaty, it would be right, I think, to discharge them directly.

*Sir John.* I can't say that is quite so convenient ; besides, I understood the party was to wait till the time that Jack comes of age.

*Mite.* I am told the law does not understand what is not clearly expressed. Besides, the probable event of your death, or the young gentleman's  
man's

man's shyness to fulfil the agreement, are enough to put a man on his guard.

*Thomas.* Now comes on the storm.

*Mite.* And, that my prudence might not suffer in that lady's opinion, I have taken some precautions which my attorney will more clearly unfold.—Mr. Rapine !

*Enter Rapine.*

You will explain this affair to Sir John : I am a military man, and quite a stranger to your legal manœuvres.

*Rap.* By command of my client, Sir Matthew, I have issued here a couple of writs.

*L. Old.* Sir John !

*Sir John.* What ?

*Rap.* By one of which, plaintiff possesses the person, by t'other goods and chattels, of Sir John the defendant.

*Mite.* A definition very clear and concise !

*L. Old.* Goods, Sir ? what, must I be turned out of my house ?

*Rap.* No, madam ; you may stay here till we sell, which perhaps mayn't happen these two days. We must, indeed, leave a few of our people, just to take care that there is nothing embezzled.

*L. Old.* A short respite, indeed ! For a little time, I dare say, my brother Oldham will afford us protection. Come, Sir John, nor let us indulge that monster's malice with a longer fight of our misery.

*Rap.* You, madam, are a wife, and may go where you please ; but as to Sir John——

*L. Old.* Well !

*Rap.*



*Rap.* He must not stir : We are answerable for the possession of him.

*L. Old.* Of him ? a prisoner ? then indeed is our ruin complete !

*Sophy.* Oh, uncle !—You have been pleased, Sir, to express an affection for me : Is it possible, Sir, you can be so cruel, so unkind to my parents——

*Mite.* They are unkind to themselves.

*Sophy.* Let me plead for mercy ! suspend but a little !—My uncle, you, Sir, are wealthy too !—Indeed we are honest ! you will not run the least risque.

*Mite.* There is a condition, Miss, in which you have a right to command.

*Sophy.* Sir !

*Mite.* It is in your power, and that of your parents, to establish one common interest amongst us.

*L. Old.* Never ! After rejecting, with the contempt they deserved, the first arrogant offers you made, do you suppose this fresh insult will gain us ?

*Mite.* I am answered.—I presume, Mr. Rapine, there is no longer occasion for me ?

*Sophy.* Stop, Sir ! Mr. Oldham teaches me what I should do. Can I see their distress ? Heaven knows with what eagerness I would sacrifice my own peace, my own happiness, to procure them relief !

[*Kneels to Sir Matthew.*]

*Thomas.* Rise, niece ! nor hope to soften that breast, already made too callous by crimes ! I have long seen, Sir, what your malice intended, and prepared myself to baffle its purpose. I am instructed, Sir, in the amount of this man's demands on my brother : You will there find a  
sum

sum more than sufficient to pay it.—And now, my dear sister, I hope you will please to allow a citizen may be useful sometimes.

*Mite.* Mr. Rapine, is this manœuvre according to law ?

*Rap.* The law, Sir Matthew, always sleeps when satisfaction is made.

*Mite.* Does it ? Our practice is different in the Mayor's Court at Calcutta.—I shall now make my bow ; and leave this family, whom I wished to make happy in spite of themselves, soon to regret the fatal loss sustained by their obstinate folly.

*Thomas.* Nor can it be long before the wisdom of their choice will appear ; as by partaking of the spoil, they might have been involved in that vengeance, which soon or late can't fail to fall on the head of the author : And, Sir, notwithstanding your seeming security, perhaps the hour of retribution is near !

*Mite.* You must, Master Oldham, give me leave to laugh at your prophetic effusion. This is not Sparta, nor are these the chaste times of the Roman republic : Now-a-days, riches possess at least one magical power, that, being rightly dispensed, they closely conceal the source from whence they proceeded : That wisdom, I hope never to want.—I am the obsequious servant of this respectable family ! Adieu !—Come along, Rapine ! [Exit. with Rapine.]

*L. Old.* Brother, what words can I use, or how can we thank you as we ought ? Sir John ! Sophy !

*Thomas.* I am doubly paid, Lady Oldham, in supplying the wants of my friends, and defeating the designs of a villain. As to the mere money,

money, we citizens indeed are odd kind of folks, and always expect good security for what we advance.

*L. Old.* Sir John's person, his fortune, every—

*Thomas.* Nay, nay, nay, upon this occasion we will not be troubled with land : If you, sister, will place as a pledge my fair cousin in the hands of my son——

*L. Old.* I freely resign her disposal to you.

*Sir John.* And I.

*Thomas.* Then be happy, my children ! And as to my young cousins within, I hope we shall be able to settle them without Sir Matthew's assistance : For, however praiseworthy the spirit of adventure may be, whoever keeps his post, and does his duty at home, will be found to render his country best service at last !

[*Exeunt.*

Lately



THE  
DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS;

A  
COMEDY  
IN THREE ACTS:

PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE HAYMARKET:

WRITTEN BY THE LATE  
*SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.*

AND PUBLISHED BY  
Mr. COLMAN.

---

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, AND S. BLADON.  
1794.

---

*Price One Shilling and Sixpence.*



## ADVERTISEMENT.

SOME copies of spurious impressions of the *Cozeners* and the *Maid of Bath*, having been printed and circulated before the application to the Court of Chancery for an injunction, it has been thought advisable, in vindication of the property of the Editor, as well as in justice to the deceased Author, immediately to commit to the press genuine editions of the two dramatic pieces above-mentioned, together with this Comedy, which had been also without authority advertised for publication.

On inspection of the spurious impressions, it appears, that all the errors of careless and ignorant transcribers are there religiously preserved; and all the additions and improvements, made by the facetious Writer, are omitted. Many instances of this will occur on perusal of those Comedies, and particularly the *Cozeners*; in which, besides the restoration of several passages always spoken on the stage, the Reader will find a whole scene, at the end of the First Act, and another, still more entertaining and popular, at the beginning of the Third; both which were wholly wanting in the spurious impressions.

Unauthorized publications are not only always detrimental to private property, but commonly prove injurious to the publick: for the copies, being obtained by clandestine and indirect means, are, for the most part, as has happened in the present instance, incorrect and imperfect.

DRAMATIS



# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DEVIL,		<i>Mr. Foote.</i>
Sir THOMAS MAXWELL,		<i>Mr. Gardner.</i>
INVOICE,	} Doctors.	<i>Mr. Du-Bellamy.</i>
SLIGO,		<i>Mr. Moody.</i>
BROADBRIM,		<i>Mr. Thompson.</i>
OSASAFRAS,		<i>Mr. Egan.</i>
FINGERFEE,		<i>Mr. Hutton.</i>
CAMPHIRE,		<i>Mr. Fearon.</i>
CALOMEL,		<i>Mr. Lings.</i>
DIACHYLON,		<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
HABAKKUK,		<i>Mr. Pierce.</i>
Dr. LAST,		<i>Mr. Weston.</i>
JOHNNY MACPHERSON,		<i>Mr. Hamilton.</i>
JULEP,		<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
APOZEM,		<i>Mr. Castle.</i>
FORCEPS,		<i>Mr. Stevens.</i>
SECRETARY,		<i>Mr. Loyd.</i>
PRINTERS'S DEVIL,		<i>Mr. Jacobs.</i>
MARGARET,		<i>Mrs. Gardner.</i>
HARRIET,		<i>Mrs. Jewell.</i>

Servants, &c.

THE  
DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

---

A C T I.

A ROOM.

*Enter Sir Thomas Maxwell and Margaret.*

*Sir Thomas.*

WHY, the woman is mad! these cursed news-paper patriots have shatter'd her brains! nothing less than a senator of seven years standing can conceive what she means.

*Marg.* Why, Sir Thomas, my conversation is neither deficient in order, precision, or dignity.

*Sir Tho.* Dignity! and what occasion for dignity in the common concerns of my house? why the deuce can't you converse like the rest of the world? If you want money to pay off my bills, you move me for further supplies; if I turn away a servant, you condemn me for so often changing my ministry; and because I lock up my daughter, to prevent her eloping with the paltry clerk of a pitiful trader, it is forsooth an invasion of the Bill of Rights, and a mortal slap to the great Charter of Liberty.

*Marg.* As Serjeant Second'em said in the debate on the corn bill, "Then why don't you chuse better ground, brother, and learn to enlarge your bottom a little? Consider, you must draw the line of liberty somewhere; for if these rights belong"——

*Sir Tho.* Mercy on us!

*Marg.*

*Marg.* But indeed, my dear brother, you are got quite out of your depth : Woman, I tell you, is a microcosm, and rightly to rule her requires as great talents, as to govern a state. And what says the Aphorism of Cardinal Polignac? “ If  
“ you would not have a person deceive you, be  
“ careful not to let him know you mistrust him !” and so of your daughter.

*Sir Tho.* Mrs. Margaret Maxwell, bestow your advice where it is wanted ! Out of my depth ! a likely story indeed, that I, who am fixed here in a national trust, appointed guardian of the English interest at the court of Madrid, should not know how to manage a girl !

*Marg.* And pray, Mr. Consul, what information will your station afford you ? I don’t deny your knowledge in export and import, nor doubt your skill in the difference between wet and dry goods ; you may weigh with exactness the balance of trade, or explain the true spirit of a treaty of commerce ; the surface, the mere skimmings of the political pot !

*Sir Tho.* Mighty well !

*Marg.* But had you, with me, traced things to their original source ; had you discover’d all social subordination to arise from original compact ; had you read Machiavel, Montesquieu, Locke, Bacon, Hobbes, Harrington, Hume ; had you studied the political testaments of Alberoni and Cardinal Richlieu——

*Sir Tho.* Mercy on us !

*Marg.* Had you analized the Pragmatick Sanction, and the family-compact ; had you toil’d thro’ the laborious page of the Vinerian professor, or estimated the prevailing manners with the Vicar of Newcastle ; in a word, had you read  
Amicus

Amicus upon Taxation, and Inimicus upon Representation, you would have known——

*Sir Tho.* What?

*Marg.* That, in spite of the frippery French Salick laws, woman is a free agent, a noun substantive entity, and, when treated with confidence——

*Sir Tho.* Why, perhaps, she may not abuse it : But still, my sage sister, it is but a *perhaps* ; now my method is certain, infallible ; by confining her, I can't be deceived.

*Marg.* And pray, Sir, what right have you to confine her ? look in your Puffendorff ! tho' born in Spain, she is a native of England ; her birth-right is liberty—a better patrimonial estate than any of your despotic countries could give her.

*Sir Tho.* Zooks, you would tire the patience of Job ! Pray answer me this ; is Harriet my daughter ?

*Marg.* What then ? for that inestimable blessing she is not beholden to you ; nor can you, tho' a father, with reason, justice, or law, take it from her.

*Sir Tho.* Why, Margaret, you forget where you are ! This, child, is the town of Madrid ; you are amongst a sage, steady people, who know and revere the natural rights of a parent.

*Marg.* Natural rights ! Can a right to tyrannize be founded in nature ?

*Sir Tho.* Look'ee, Margaret ! you are but losing your time ; for unless you can prevail on Count Wall, or the president of Castille, to grant you a Habeas, why Harriet shall stay where she is.

*Marg.* Ay, ay, you know where you are ; but, if my niece will take my advice, the justice that  
is

is denied to her here, she will instantly seek for elsewhere.

*Sir Tho.* Elsewhere? hark you, sister! is it thus you answer my purpose in bringing you hither? I hoped to have my daughter's principles form'd by your prudence; her conduct directed by your experience and wisdom.

*Marg.* The preliminary is categorically true.

*Sir Tho.* Then why don't you abide by the treaty?

*Marg.* Yes; you have given me powerful motives.

*Sir Tho.* But another word, madam: as I don't chuse that Harriet should imbibe any more of your romantic republican notions, I shall take it as a great favour if you would prepare to quit this country with the first opportunity.

*Marg.* You need not have remonstrated; a petition would have answered your purpose: I did intend to withdraw, and without taking leave; nor will I reside on a spot where the great charter of my sex is hourly invaded! No, Sir Thomas; I shall return to the land of liberty! but there expect to have your despotic dealings properly and publicly handled.

*Sir Tho.* What, you design to turn author?

*Marg.* There's no occasion for that; liberty has already a champion in one of my sex: The same pen that has dared to scourge the arbitrary actions of some of our monarchs, shall do equal justice to the oppressive power of parents!

*Sir Tho.* With all my heart.

*Marg.* I may, perhaps, be too late to get you into the historical text; but, I promise you, you shall be soundly swung in the marginal note.

*Enter a Servant, who whispers Sir Thomas.*

*Sir Tho.* What! now?

*Serv.* This instant.

*Sir*

*Sir Tho.* How did he get in?

*Serv.* By a ladder of ropes, dropt, I suppose, by Miss Harriet from the balcony.

*Sir Tho.* That way, I reckon, he thinks to retreat; but I shall prevent him? Here, Dick, do you and Ralph run into the street, and front the house with a couple of carbines; bid James bring my toledo; and let the rest of the fellows follow my steps!

*Marg.* Hey-day! what can be the meaning of this civil commotion?

*Sir Tho.* Nothing extraordinary; only the natural consequence of some of your salutary suggestions.

*Marg.* Mine, Sir Thomas?

*Sir Tho.* Yes, yours, sister Margaret!

*Marg.* I don't understand you.

*Sir Tho.* Oh, nothing but Harriet making use of her great natural charter of liberty, by letting young Invoice, Abraham Indigo's clerk, by the means of a ladder of ropes, into her chamber.

*Marg.* I am not surprized.

*Sir Tho.* Nor I neither.

*Marg.* The instant your suspicions gave her a guard, I told her the act was tantamount to an open declaration of war, and sanctified every stratagem.

*Sir Tho.* You did? mighty well, madam! I hope then, for once, you will approve my proceedings; the law of nations shall be strictly observed; you shall see how a spy ought to be treated, who is caught in the enemy's camp!

*Enter Servant with the toledo.*

Oh, here's my trusty toledo. Come, follow your leader!

[*Exit with Servants.*]

*Marg.* Oh, Sir, I shall pursue, and reconnoitre your motions; and tho' no cartel is settled between;

tween you, take care how you infringe the  
*jus gentium*. [Exit Marg.

*Another chamber. Harriet and Invoice discovered.*

*Har.* Are you sure you were not observed?

*Inv.* I believe not.

*Har.* Well, Mr. Invoice, you can, I think, now no longer doubt of my kindness; tho', let me tell you, you are a good deal indebted for this early proof of it, to my father's severity.

*Inv.* I am sorry, madam, an event, so happy for me, should proceed from so unlucky a cause: But are there no hopes that Sir Thomas may be softened in time?

*Har.* None: He is, both from nature and habit, inflexibly obstinate. This too is his favourite foible; no German baron was ever more attached to the genealogical laws of alliance than he: Marry his daughter to a person in trade? no! Put his present favourite out of the question, he can never be brought to submit to it.

*Inv.* Dear Miss Harriet, then why will you hesitate? there can be no other alternative; you must either submit to marry the count, or by flight escape from the——

*Har.* No, Mr. Invoice, not till the last necessity drives me. Besides, where can we go? how subsist? who will receive us?

*Inv.* *The world is all before us where to chuse;* and, as we fly from oppression, *Providence our guide.*

*Har.* The world, Mr. Invoice, is but a cold kind of common; and, as to Providence, let us first be sure we deserve its protection.——  
[A noise without.] Bless me! don't I hear some bustle below?

*Inv.* Madam!

*Har.*



*Har.* Hush! my father, as I live! I fear, Mr. Invoice, you are discovered.

*Inv.* No, surely!

*Sir Tho.* [*without.*] Have you secured all the posts?

*Serv.* [*without.*] All, Sir,

*Sir Tho.* Both the front and the rear?

*Serv.* Both.

*Har.* Lost, past redemption!

*Sir Tho.* Then advance! now let us unharbour the rascal!

*Har.* What can we do?

*Sir Tho.* Come, madam, open your doors!

*Har.* The balcony, quick, Mr. Invoice, the balcony!

*Sir Tho.* Unlock, Mrs. Minx! your minion is discovered.

*Inv.* A couple of fellows stand below, with their pieces pointed directly against it.

*Sir Tho.* What, then, you will compel us to batter?

*Har.* The whole house is furrounded! how can you escape?

*Inv.* Where will this window conduct us?

*Har.* To the leads that join our house to the chymist's.

*Inv.* To the leads? it is but a step; there is no danger.

*Har.* Then instantly fly! you have every thing to fear from my father.

*Sir Tho.* John, fetch the mattock and crow!

*Inv.* And leave my Harriet behind me?

*Har.* Secure yourself, and abandon me to my fate.

*Inv.* No, madam, that I will never do; I'll dare your father's utmost resentment,

*Sir*

*Sir Tho.* Where is that rascal loitering?

*Har.* Then you are lost!

*Inv.* Would my Harriet accompany my flight—

*Har.* Can you desire it?

*Inv.* I do, I do; my dearest angel, I do!  
By all that's sacred, your honour shall be as secure with me as in the cell of a saint!

*Har.* But character, decency, prudence——

*Inv.* The occasion, the danger, all justify—

*Sir Tho.* Oh, what, you are come at last.

*Inv.* Determine, my life! You have but a moment—

*Har.* Should you, Mr. Invoice, deceive me—

*Inv.* When I do, may my last hope deceive me!

*Har.* It is a bold, a dangerous step!

*Inv.* Fear nothing, my love!

*Advances to the window, and gets out.*

*Sir Tho.* Drive at the pannel.

*Marg.* [*without.*] I enter my protest!

*Sir Tho.* And I will enter the room!

*Inv.* Now leap; all is safe.

*Harriet gets out at the window.*

Sir Thomas, adieu!

*Sir Tho.* Wrench open the lock!

*Marg.* Ay, do, at your peril!

*Sir Tho.* Down with the door!

*Marg.* Then you shall all be swingingly foused.  
Produce your authority.

*Sir Tho.* Mine!

*Marg.* You have none; not so much as the sanction of a general warrant.

*Sir Tho.* What, then, I see I must do it myself;  
There it goes! Pretty law indeed, to lock a man out of his own house!

*Enter*

*Enter Sir Thomas, Margaret, and Servants.*

Now, Mrs.—Heyday! what are become of the parties? vanished?

*Marg.* Deceived by your spies! no uncommon thing, brother, for a blundering general.

*Sir Tho.* You are sure you saw him come in?

*Serv.* Certain, Sir Thomas.

*Sir Tho.* Then I warrant we will ferret them out. Come, lads! let not a corner escape you!

*[Exeunt Sir Tho. and Servants.]*

*Marg.* I shall wait on your motions, and bring up the rear. *[Exit.]*

*Scene changes to the Chymist's.*

*Enter Invoice and Harriet, through the sash.*

*Inv.* Safely landed, however.

*Har.* Are you sure you are not pursued?

*Inv.* Not a soul: Never fear! they will hardly venture this road.

*Har.* What a step have you induced me to take! to what distress and difficulties have I exposed myself!

*Inv.* Banish your fears, and let us look forward, my love.

*Har.* Nay, I have gone too far to retreat. Well, Sir, what is next to be done?

*Inv.* The Spaniards are naturally generous; perhaps, upon hearing our story, the owner of the house may lend his assistance. This, I suppose, is the Laboratory, and this door leads to the shop.

*Devil [in a bottle.]* Heigh-ho!

*Har.* Who is that?

*Inv.* That! where?

*Har.* Did not you hear a voice?

*Inv.*

*Inv.* None. Fancy, my love; only your fears.

*Devil.* Heigh ho!

*Har.* There again!

*Inv.* I hear it now.—Who is there?

*Devil.* Me.

*Inv.* Me? he speaks English! Who and where are you?

*Devil.* Here in this bottle; where I have been cork'd up for these six months.

*Inv.* Cork'd up in a bottle! I never heard of such a thing in my life, unless, indeed, in the Hay-market once.—Cork'd up in a bottle, d'ye say?

*Devil.* Ay; by the master of this house, a magician.

*Inv.* A magician! Why then you are a spirit, I suppose.

*Devil.* You are right; I am the Devil.

*Har.* Mercy on us!

*Devil.* Don't be terrified, Miss: You remember the old proverb, "The Devil is not so black as he is painted."

*Inv.* Well, but Sir—

*Devil.* A truce to your questions, my good Sir, for the present!—Consider, ramm'd up in this narrow compass, I can't be much at my ease; now if you will but break the bottle before you on the floor——

*Har.* For heaven's sake, Mr. Invoice, take care what you do.

*Devil.* Why, my pretty Miss, what risque do you run? your affairs can hardly be changed for the worse.

*Har.* That's true, indeed!

*Devil.* Believe me, Miss, as matters stand, we can be of mutual use: Your lover may deliver me  
from

from prison, and I can prevent you both from going into confinement.

*Inv.* What says my Harriet? shall I rely on the gentleman's word?

*Devil.* Do, madam! I am a Devil of honour. Besides, you have but a little time to consider; in less than five minutes, you will have the Consul and all his crew in the house.

*Inv.* Nay, then—Pray which is the bottle?

*Devil.* That in the middle, right before you.

*Inv.* There it goes!

[*He breaks the bottle, and Devil rises out of it. Thunder.*]

*Har.* Oh, what a——

*Devil.* I am not surprized, Miss, that you are a little shocked at my figure: I could have assumed a much more agreeable form; but as we are to be a little better acquainted, I thought it best to quit all disguise and pretence; therefore, madam, you see me just as I am.

*Har.* I am sure, Sir, you are ve—ve—very agreeable.

*Devil.* Yo—yo—you are pleased to compliment, madam.—Come, answer me sincerely; am I such a being as you expected to see?

*Har.* Really, Sir, I can hardly say what I expected to see.

*Devil.* I own it is a puzzling question; at least, if the world does us justice in the contradictory qualities they are pleased to afford us.

*Inv.* You will forgive me, if I don't understand you.

*Devil.* Why, for all their superlative epithets, you cannot but see how much men are beholden to us; by our means it is that you measure the extent both of your virtues and vices.

*Inv.*

*Inv.* As how?

*Devil.* As thus: In describing your friends, or your foes, they are *devilish* rich, *devilish* poor, *devilish* ugly, *devilish* handsome; now and then, indeed, to vary the mode of conversing, you make a little free with our condition and country, as, *hellish* dull, *damn'd* clever, *hellish* cold; Psha! how *damn'd* hot it is!

*Inv.* True, Sir, but I consider this as a rhetorical figure, a manner of speaking devised and practised by dulness, to conceal the lack of ideas, and the want of expressions.

*Devil.* Partly that, I confess: Not but there is some truth in the case; for at different times we have the power, and do assume the various forms, you assign us.

*Inv.* We? I observe you always make use of the plural; is that, Sir, by way of distinction, or, is your family pretty large and extensive?

*Devil.* Multitudinous as the sands on the beach, or the moats in a sun beam: How the deuce else do you think we could do all the business below? Why, there's scarce an individual amongst you, at least of any rank or importance, but has five or six of us in his train.

*Inv.* Indeed!

*Devil.* A little before I got rammed in that phial, I had been for some time on very hard duty in this part of the world.

*Inv.* Of what kind?

*Devil.* The Dæmon of Power and I had long laid siege to a subject, the man a grandee; I was then a popular spirit, and wore the mask of a patriot; at different times, we possessed him by turns; but, in the midst of a violent struggle (by which means I got lame on this leg, and ob-  
tained

tained the nick-name of the Devil Upon Sticks), the Dæmon of Vanity, a low under-strapper amongst us, held over his head a circle of gold, with five knobs on the top, and, *whew!* flew away with our prize in an instant.

*Inv.* Under-strapper! what, are there different ranks and orders amongst you?

*Devil.* Without doubt.

*Inv.* And pray, Sir—I hope, no offence; but I would not be wanting in proper respect—are you, when at home, of condition? or how must I——

*Devil.* You mean, am I a Devil of fashion, or one of the base born?

*Inv.* I do.

*Devil.* I have no reason to be ashamed of my family.

*Inv.* I don't doubt it. You will forgive me, if I make a mistake: Perhaps, my lord Lucifer.

*Devil.* Who?

*Inv.* Lord Lucifer.

*Devil.* Lord Lucifer? how little you know of our folks! Lucifer a *lord!* Why, that's the meanest rascal amongst us.

*Inv.* Indeed!

*Devil.* Oh, a paltry mechanic! the very genius of jobbing! a mere Bull and Bear booby; the patron of lame ducks, brokers, and fraudulent bankrupts.

*Inv.* You amaze me! I vow I always thought him a principal agent.

*Devil.* He! Not at all. The fellow, indeed, gave himself some airs of importance, upon following the camp, and having the Contractors and Commissaries under his care; but that affair, you know, closed with the war.

*Inv.*



*Inv.* What, then, are they now entirely out of his hands?

*Devil.* Yes; quite out of his: He only suggested their *cent. per cent.* squeezings, and prompted the various modes of extortion and rapine: But, in his room, they have six or seven Dæmons a-piece, to direct the dissipation of their ill-gotten wealth.

*Inv.* Indeed!

*Devil.* Poor Lucifer, it is all over with him! if it were not for the fluctuation of India, an occasional lottery, or a contested election, the Alley would be empty, and Lucifer have as little to do as a pickpocket when the playhouses are shut.

*Inv.* Perhaps, Sir, then your name may be Belzebub?

*Devil.* He? worse and worse! Not a devil that has the least regard to his character would chuse to be seen in his company: Besides, it is the most petulant, waspish, quarrelsome cur—But no wonder; he is the imp of chicane, and protects the rotten part of the law.

*Inv.* Then he, at least, has employment enough.

*Devil.* Yes, during the Term, he has a good deal to do: He is the parent of quibbles, the guardian of pettifoggers, bad bail, and of bailiffs: the supporter of *alibi's* the source of sham pleas, the maker and finder of laws, the patron of perjury, and a sworn foe to all trials by jury! Not long ago, though, my gentleman was put to his shifts.

*Inv.* How was that?

*Devil.* The law had laid hold of an old friend of his, for being too positive as to a matter of fact; evidence, evasion, protraction, pleas, every art,

art, was employed to acquit him, that the most consummate skill could suggest; but all to no purpose.

*Inv.* That was strange.

*Devil.* Beyond all belief; he could have hang'd a dozen innocent people, with half the pains that this paltry perjury gave him.

*Inv.* How came that about?

*Devil.* Why—I don't know—he had unfortunately to do with an obstinate magistrate, who bears a mortal hatred to rogues, and whose sagacity could not be deceived. But, however, tho' he was not able to save his friend from the shame of conviction (a trifle, which he indeed but little regarded), yet he had the address to evade, or at least defer, the time of his punishment.

*Inv.* By what means?

*Devil.* By finding a flaw.

*Inv.* A flaw! what's a flaw?

*Devil.* A legal loop-hole, that the lawyers leave open for a rogue now and then to creep through, that the game mayn't be wholly destroy'd.

*Inv.* Provident sportsmen! Would it not be too much trouble to favour me with this particular instance?

*Devil.* Not at all. Why, Sir, when matters grew desperate, and the case was given over for lost, little Belzy starts up in the form of an able practitioner, and humbly conceived, that his client could not be convicted upon that indictment; forasmuch as therein he was charged with forswearing himself NOW; whereas it clearly appeared, by the evidence, that he had only forsworn himself THEN: If, indeed, he had been  
indicted

indicted generally, for committing perjury *now* AND *then*, proofs might be produced of any perjury that he may have committed; whereas, by limiting the point of time to the *now*, no proofs could be admitted as to the *then*. So that, with submission, he humbly conceived, his client was clearly absolved, and his character as fair and as spotless as a babe that's just born, and immaculate as a sheet of white paper.

*Inv.* And the objection was good?

*Devil.* Fatal; there was no getting rid of the flaw.

*Inv.* And the gentleman——

*Devil.* Walks about at his ease; not a public place, but he thrusts his person full in your face.

*Inv.* That ought not to be; the contempt of the Public, that necessary supplement to the best-digested body of laws, should in these cases be never dispensed with.

*Devil.* In days of yore, when the world was but young, that method had merit, and the sense of shame was a kind of a curb; but knaves are now so numerous and wealthy, they can keep one another in countenance, and laugh at the rest of the world.

*Inv.* There may be something in that.—Well, Sir, I have twice been out of my guesses; will you give me leave to hazard a third? Perhaps you are Belphegor, or Uriel?

*Devil.* Neither. They too are but diminutive devils: The first favours the petty, pilfering frauds; he may be traced in the double score and soap'd pot of the publican, the allum and chalk of the baker, in the sophisticated mixtures of the brewers of wine and of beer, and in the false measures and weights of them all.

*Inv.*

*Inv.* And Uriel?

*Devil.* He is the Dæmon of quacks and of mountebanks; a thriving race all over the world, but their true seat of empire is England: There, a short sword, a tye, and a nostrum, a month's advertising, with a shower of handbills, never fail of creating a fortune. But of this tribe I foresee I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

*Inv.* Well, but, Sir——

*Devil.* Come, Sir, I will put an end to your pain; for, from my appearance, it is impossible you should ever guess at my person.—Now, Miss, what think you of Cupid?

*Har.* You? you Cupid? you the gay god of love?

*Devil.* Yes; me, me, Miss!—What, I suppose you expected the quiver at my back, and the bow in my hand; the purple pinions, and filleted forehead, with the blooming graces of youth and of beauty.

*Har.* Why, I can't but say the poets had taught me to expect charms——

*Devil.* That never existed but in the fire of their fancy; all fiction and phrenzy!

*Inv.* Then, perhaps, Sir, these creative gentlemen may err as much in your office, as it is clear they have mistaken your person.

*Devil.* Why, their notions of me are but narrow. It is true, I do a little business in the amorous way; but my dealings are of a different kind to those they describe.—My province lies in forming conjunctions absurd and preposterous: It is I that couple boys and beldames, girls and greybeards, together; and when you see a man of fashion lock'd in legitimate

mate wedlock with the stale leavings of half the fellows in town, or a lady of fortune setting out for Edinburgh in a post-chaise with her footman, you may always set it down as some of my handywork. But this is but an inconsiderable branch of my business.

*Inv.* Indeed!

*Devil.* The several arts of, the drama, dancing, musick, and painting, owe their existence to me: I am the father of fashions, the inventor of *quints, trente, quarante*, and hazard; the guardian of gamesters, the genius of gluttony, and the author, protector, and patron of licentiousness, lewdness, and luxury.

*Inv.* Your department is large.

*Devil.* One time or other I may give you a more minute account of these matters; at present we have not a moment to lose: Should my tyrant return, I must expect to be again cork'd up in a bottle. [*Knocking.*] And hark! it is the consul that knocks at the door; therefore be quick! how can I serve you?

*Inv.* You are no stranger, Sir, to our distress: Here, we are unprotected and friendless; could your art convey us to the place of our birth—

*Devil.* To England?

*Inv.* If you please.

*Devil.* Without danger, and with great expedition. Come to this window, and lay hold of my cloak.—I have often resided in England: At present, indeed, there are but few of our family there; every seventh year, we have a general dispensation for residence; for at that time the inhabitants themselves can play *the devil* without our aid or assistance.—Off we go! stick fast to your hold!

[*Thunder, Exeunt.*]

ACT

## A C T II.

A STREET IN LONDON.

*Enter Devil, Invoice, and Harriet.**Devil.*

WELL, my good friends, I hope you are not displeased with your journey.

*Inv.* We had no time to be tired.

*Har.* No vehicle was ever so easy.

*Devil.* Then, by you mortals what injustice is done us, when every crazy, creaking, jolting, jumbling coach, is called *the devil of a carriage*.

*Inv.* Very true.

*Devil.* Oh, amongst you we are horridly used— Well, Sir, you now see I am a Devil of honour, and have punctually obeyed your commands: But I sha'n't limit my gratitude to a literal compliance with our compact; is there any thing else for your service?

*Inv.* Were I not afraid to trespass too much on your time——

*Devil.* A truce to your compliments! Though they are the common change of the world, we know of what base metal the coin is composed, and have cried down the currency: Speak your wishes at once.

*Inv.* England, Sir, is our country, it is true; but Miss Maxwell being born abroad, and my leaving it young, have made us both as much strangers to it manners and customs, as if you had set us down at Isaphan or Delhi: Give us, then, some little knowledge of the people with whom we are to live.

*Devil.* That task, young gentleman, is too much even for the Devil himself! Where liberty reigns,  
and



and property is pretty equally spread, independence and pride will give each individual a peculiar and separate character: When classed in professions, indeed, they then wear some singular marks that distinguish them from the rest of their race; these it may be necessary for you to know.

*Inv.* You will highly oblige me.

*Devil.* And at the same time that I am shewing you persons, I will give you some little light into things. Health and property you know are the two important objects of human attention: You shall first see their state and situation in London.

*Inv.* You mean the practice of physick and law?

*Devil.* I do. And as to the first, you will find it, in some of the professors, a science, noble, salutary and liberal; in others, a trade, as mean as it is mercenary; a contemptible combination of dunces, nurses, and apothecaries: But you have now a lucky opportunity of knowing more in an hour of the great improvements in this branch of civil society, than, by any other means, seven years could have taught you.

*Inv.* Explain, if you please.

*Devil.* The spirit of Discord prevails: The republic of tied periwigs, like the Romans of old, have turned their arms from the rest of mankind, to draw their short swords on themselves.

*Inv.* But how came this about?

*Devil.* To carry on the metaphor, you must know, in this great town, there are two corps of these troops, equally numerous, and equally formidable: The first, it is true, are disciplined, and fight under a general, whom they christen a President: The second contains the hussars, and pandours of physick; they rarely attacks a patient together;



gether: not but the latter single-handed can do good execution.

*Inv.* But their cause of contention?

*Devil.* Pride. The light troops are jealous of some honours the others possess by prescription, and, though, but a militia, think they have right to an equal rank with the regulars.

*Inv.* Why, this in time may ruin their state.

*Devil.* True; but that we must prevent; it is our interest to make up this breach: Already we feel the fatal effects of their feuds: By neglecting their patients, the weekly bills daily decline, and new subjects begin to grow scarce in our realms.

*Inv.* This does, indeed, claim your attention.

*Devil.* We purpose to call in the aid of the law; bleeding the purse is as effectual for damping the spirit, as opening a vein for lowering the pulse: The Dæmon of Litigation has already possessed the Licentiates; I must infuse the same passion into the President; and I warrant you, in two or three terms, with two or three trials, all sides will be heartily tired. But, a-propos! I see a brace of apothecaries coming this way; they seem deep in debate: Let us listen; we shall best learn from them the present posture of—Hush, hide!—You shall here too have a proof what a Proteus I am.

[*They retire.*]

*Enter Julep and Apozem, with a letter.*

*Julep.* I tell you, Apozem, you are but young in the business, and don't foresee how much we shall be all hurt in the end.

*Apozem.* Well, but what can be done, Mr. Julep? Here Dr. Hellebore writes me word, that they threaten a siege, and are provided with  
fire-

fire-arms: Would you have them surrender the College at once?

*Julep.* Fire-arms? If they are mad enough not to know that the pen is the doctor's best pistol, why, let them proceed!

*Apozem.* But are we to stand quietly by, and see the very seat of the science demolished and torn?

*Julep.* And with what arms are we to defend it? where are our cannon? We have mortars indeed, but then they are fit to hold nothing but pestles; and, as to our small arms, of what use can they be in a siege? they are made, you know, to attack only the rear.

*Apozem.* Come, come, Mr. Julep, you make too light of these matters: To have the lawful descendants from Galen, the throne of Esculapius, overturned by a parcel of Goths!

*Julep.* Peace, Apozem, or treat your betters with proper respect! What, numskull, do you think all physicians are blockheads, who have not washed their hands in the Cam or the Isis?

*Apozem.* Well, but I hope you will allow that a university-doctor——

*Julep.* May, for aught you know, be a dunce. Besides, fool, what have we to do with degrees? The doctor that doses best is the best doctor for us. You talk of the College; there are some of their names, I am sure, that I never desire to see on my file.

*Apozem.* Indeed!

*Julep.* Indeed? no, indeed. Why, there's Dr. Diet, that makes such a dust: He had a person of fashion, a patient of mine, under his care t'other day; as fine a slow fever! I was in hopes of half making my fortune——

*Apozem.*

*Apozem.* Yes, I love a slow fever. Was it nervous?

*Julep.* Ay; with a lovely dejection of spirits.

*Apozem.* That was delightful, indeed! I look upon the nerves and the bile to be the two best friends we have to our back.—Well, pray, and how did it answer?

*Julep.* Not at all; the scoundrel let him slip through my hands for a song; only a paltry six pounds and a crown.

*Apozem.* Shameful!

*Julep.* Infamous! and yet, forsooth, he was one of your College. Well, now to shew you the difference in men; but the very week after, Dr Linctus, from Leyden, run me up a bill of thirty odd pounds, for only attending Alderman Soakpot six days in a surfeit.

*Apozem.* Ay, that was doing of business.

*Julep.* Ah! that's a sweet pretty practitioner, *Apozem*: We must all do our utmost to push him.

*Apozem.* Without doubt. But, notwithstanding all that you say, Mr. Julep, there are some of the gentlemen of the College, that I know——

*Julep.* Ah! as fine fellows as ever fingered a pulse; not one of the trade will deny it.

*Apozem.* But, amongst all now, old Nat Nightshade is the man for my money.

*Julep.* Yes; Nat, Nat has merit, I own; but, pox take him! he is so devilish quick: To be sure, he has a very pretty fluent pen whilst it lasts; but then he makes such dispatch, that one has hardly time to send in two dozen of draughts.

*Apozem.* Yes; the doctor drives on, to be sure.

*Julep.* Drives on! If I am at all free in the house when old Nightshade is sent for, as a preparatory dose I always recommend an attorney.

*Apozem.*

*Apozem.* An attorney? for what?

*Julep.* To make the patient's will, before he swallows the doctor's prescription.

*Apozem.* That is prudent.

*Julep.* Yes; I generally afterwards get the thanks of the family.

*Apozem.* What, Mr. Julep, for the attorney, or the physician? ha, ha!

*Julep.* Ha, ha! you are arch, little Apozem; quite a wag, I profess.

*Apozem.* Why, you know, brother Julep, these are subjects upon which one can hardly be serious.

*Julep.* True, true; but then you should never laugh loud in the street: We may indulge, indeed, a kind of simpering smile to our patients, as we drive by in our chariots; but then there is a decency, not to say dignity, that becomes the publick demeanour of us, who belong to the faculty.

*Apozem.* True. And yet there are times when one can hardly forbear: Why, t'other day now I had like to have burst: I was following a funeral into St. George's—a sweet pretty burying; velvet pall, hatband and gloves; and, indeed, the widow was quite handsome in all things; paid my bill the next week, without sconcing off sixpence, though they were thought to have lived happily together—but, as I was saying, as we were entering the church, who should stand in the porch but Kit Cabbage the taylor, with a new pair of breeches under his arm: The fly rogue made me a bow, “Servant, master Apozem!” says he; “what you are carrying home your work too, I see.” Did your ever hear such a dog?

*Julep.*

*Fulep.* Ay, ay; let them, let them—But, is not that Dr. Squib that is crossing the way?

*Apozem.* Yes; you may see it is Squib, by his shuffle. What, I suppose now he is scouring away for the College.

*Fulep.* Who? Squib? how little you know of him! he did not care if all our tribe was tipped into the Thames.

*Apozem.* No!

*Fulep.* No. Lord help you! he is too much taken up with the national illness, to attend to particular ails: Why, he would quit the best patient in town, to hunt after a political secret; and would rather have a whisper from a great man in the Court of Requests, than five hundred pounds for attending him in a chronical case.

*Apozem.* Wonderful!—Who can that dirty boy be that he has in his hand?

*Fulep.* One of his scouts, I suppose.—We shall see.

*Re-enter Devil, as Dr. Squib, and Printer's Devil.*

*Squib.* And you are sure this was worked off one of the first?

*Boy.* Not a single one, Sir, has been sent out as yet.

*Squib.* That is daintily done, my dear devil! Here, child, here's sixpence. When your master gives you the rest, you need not be in haste to deliver them, but step into the first publick-house to refresh you.

*Boy.* I shall, Sir.

*Squib.* By that means, I shall be earliest to treat two or three great men that I know with the fight.

*Boy.* No further commands, Sir?

*Squib.*

*Squib.* None, child.—But, d'ye hear? if you can at any time get me the rough reading of any tart political manuscript, before it goes to the press, you sha'n't be a loser.

*Boy.* I shall try, Sir.

*Squib.* That's well! Mind your business, and go on but as you begin, and I foresee your fortune is made: Come, who knows but in a little time, if you are a good boy, you may get yourself committed to Newgate.

*Boy.* Ah, Sir, I am afraid I am too young.

*Squib.* Not at all: I have seen lads in limbo much younger than you. Come, don't be faint-hearted; there has many a printer been raised to the pillory from as slender beginnings.

*Boy.* That's great comfort however. Well, Sir, I'll do my endeavour. [Exit.

*Squib.* Do, do!—What, Apozem! Julep! well encountered, my lads! You are a couple of lucky rogues! Here, here's a treat for a prince; such a print, boys! just fresh from the plate: Feel it; so wet you may ring it.

*Julep.* And pray, good doctor, what is the subject?

*Squib.* Subject? Gad take me, a trimmer! this will make some folks that we know look about them: Hey, Julep, don't you think this will sting?

*Julep.* I profess I don't understand it.

*Squib.* No? Why, zounds, it is as plain as a pikestaff; in your own way too, you blockhead! Can't you see? Read, read the title, you rogue! But, perhaps you can't without spectacles. Let me see; ay, "The State-Quacks; or, Britannia "Dying:" You take it?

*Julep.* Very well.

*Squib.*



*Squib.* There you see her stretched along on a pallet; you may know she is Britannia, by the shield and spear at the head of her bed.

*Apozem.* Very plain; for all the world like the wrong side of a halfpenny!

*Squib.* Well said, little Apozem! you have discernment, I see. Her disease is a lethargy; you see how sick she is, by holding her hand to her head; don't you see that?

*Fulep.* I do, I do.

*Squib.* Well then, look at that figure there upon her left-hand.

*Fulep.* Which?

*Squib.* Why, he that holds a draught to her mouth.

*Fulep.* What, the man with the phial?

*Squib.* Ay, he! he with the phial: That is supposed to be—[*whispers.*] offering her laudanum, to lull her faster asleep.

*Fulep.* Laudanum! a noble medicine when administered properly: I remember once, in a locked jaw——

*Squib.* Damn your lock'd jaw! hold your prating, you puppy! I wish your jaws were lock'd! Pox take him, I have forgot what I was going to—Apozem, where did I leave off?

*Apozem.* You left off at faster asleep.

*Squib.* True; I was at faster asleep. Well then; you see that thin figure there, with the meagre chaps; he with the straw in his hand.

*Apozem.* Very plain.

*Squib.* He is supposed to be——[*whispers*] You take me?

*Fulep.* Ay, ay.

*Squib.* Who rouses Britannia, by tickling her nose with that straw; she starts, and with a jerk—

[*starting,*



[*Starting, strikes Julep.*] I beg pardon!—and with a jerk knocks the bottle of laudanum out of his hand; and so, by that there means, you see, Britannia is delivered from death.

*Julep.* Ay, ay.

*Squib.* Hey! you swallow the satire; Pretty bitter, I think?

*Julep.* I can't say that I quite understand—that is—a—a—

*Squib.* Not understand? then what a fool am I to throw away my time on a dunce! I shall miss too the reading a new pamphlet in Red-Lyon-Square; and at six I must be at Serjeant's-Inn, to justify bail for a couple of journeymen printers.

*Apozem.* But, Dr. Squib, you seem to have forgot the case of the College, your brethren.

*Squib.* I have no time to attend their trifling squabbles: The nation, the nation, Mr. Apozem, engrosses my care. The College! could they but get me a stiptic to stop the bleeding wounds of my—it is there, there, that I feel! Oh, Julep, Apozem,

Could they but cast the water of this land,  
Purge her gross humours, purify her blood,  
And give her back her pristine health again,  
I would applaud them to the very echo  
That should applaud again!

*Julep.* Indeed, Dr. Squib, that I believe is out of the way of the College.

*Squib.* Throw physic to the dogs then! I'll have none of't.  
But tell me, Apozem, inform me, Julep,  
What fenna, rhubarb, or what purgative drug,  
Can scour these—hence?

You understand me, lads!

*Julep.* In good truth, not I, Sir.

*Squib.*

*Squib.* No! then so much the better! I warrant little Pozy does.—Well, adieu, my brave boys! for I have not an instant to lose. Not understand me, hey? Apozem, you do, you rogue?—

What fenna, rhubarb, or—hey—can scour these Sc—  
Egad, I had like to have gone too far!— Well, bye, bye! [*Exit Squib.*]

*Julep.* Why, the poor man seems out of his senses.

*Apozem.* When he talked of throwing physic to the dogs, I confess I began to suspect him. But we shall be late; we must attend our summons, you know.

*Julep.* Throw physic to the dogs! I can tell thee, Apozem, if he does not get cured of these fancies and freaks, he is more likely to go to the kennel by half. Throw physic to the dogs! an impertinent ignorant puppy! [*Exeunt.*]

*Re enter Devil, Invoice, and Harriet.*

*Devil.* Well, I think chance has thrown a pretty good sample into your way. Now, if I could but get one to conduct you—But stay! who have we here?

*Enter Last, with a pair of shoes.*

*Last.* Pray, good gentleman, can you tell a body which is the ready road to find Warwick-lane?

*Devil.* Warwick-lane, friend? and prithee what can thy errand be there?

*Last.* I am going there to take out a licence to make me a doctor, an like your worship.

*Devil.* Where do you live?

*Last.* A little way off, in the country.

*Devil.*

*Devil.* Your name, honest friend, and your business?

*Last.* My name, master, is Last; by trade I am a doctor, and by profession a maker of shoes: I was born to the one, and bred up to the other.

*Devil.* Born? I don't understand you.

*Last.* Why, I am a seventh son, and so were my father.

*Devil.* Oh! a very clear title. And pray, now, in what branch does your skill chiefly lie?

*Last.* By casting a water, I cures the jaundarfe; I taps folks for a tenpenny; and have a choice charm for the agar; and, over and above that, master, I bleeds.

*Devil.* Bleeds? and are your neighbours so bold as to trust you?

*Last.* Trust me? ay, master, that they will, sooner than narra a man in the country. Mayhap you may know Dr. Tyth'em, our rector at home.

*Devil.* I can't say that I do.

*Last.* He's the flower of a man in the pulpit. Why, t'other day, you must know, taking a turn in his garden, and thinking of nothing at all, down falls the doctor flat in a fit of perplexity; Madam Tyth'em, believing her husband was dead, directly sent the sexton for I.

*Devil.* An affectionate wife!

*Last.* Yes; they are a main happy couple. Sure as a gun, master, when I comed, his face was as black as his cassock: But, howsomdever, I took out my launcelot, and forthwith opened a large artifice here in one of the juglers: The doctor bled like a pig.

*Devil.* I dare say.

*Last.*

*Last.* But it did the business, howsoever; I compassed the job.

*Devil.* What, he recovered?

*Last.* Recovered? Lord help you! why, but last Sunday was se'nnight—to be sure, the doctor is given to weeze a little—because why, he is main opulent, and apt to be tifsicky—but he composed as sweet a discourse—I slept from beginning to end.

*Devil.* That was composing, indeed.

*Last.* Ay, warn't it, master, for a man that is stricken in years?

*Devil.* Oh, a wonderful effort!

*Last.* Well, like your worship, and, besides all this I have been telling you, I have a pretty tight hand at a tooth.

*Devil.* Indeed!

*Last.* Ay, and I'll say a bold word, that, in drawing a thousand, I never stumpt a man in my life: Now, let your Rasperini's, and all your foreign mounseers, with their fine dainty freeches, say the like if they can.

*Devil.* I defy them.

*Last.* So you may. Then, about a dozen years ago, before these here Suttons made such a noise, I had some thoughts of occupying for the small-pox.

*Devil.* Ay; that would have wound up your bottom at once. And, why did not you?

*Last.* Why, I don't know, master; the neighbours were frightful, and would not consent; otherwise, by this time, 'tis my belief, men, women, and children, I might have occupied twenty thousand at least.

*Devil.* Upon my word!—But, you say a dozen years, master Last: As you have practised physic

without permission so long, what makes you now think of getting a licence?

*Last.* Why, it is all along with one Lotion, a pottercarrier, that lives in a little town hard by we; he is grown old and lascivious, I think, and threatens to present me at size, if so be I practize any longer.

*Devil.* What, I suppose you run away with the business?

*Last.* Right, master, you have guessed the matter at once. So I was telling my tale to Sawney M'Gregor, who comes now and then to our town with his pack; God, he advised me to get made a doctor at once, and send for a diplummy from Scotland.

*Devil.* Why, that was the right road, master Last.

*Last.* True. But my master Tyth'em tells me, that I can get it done for pretty near the same price here in London: so, I had rather, d'ye see, lay out my money at home, than transport it to foreign parts, as we say; because why, master, I thinks there has too much already gone that road.

*Devil.* Spoke like an Englishman!

*Last.* I have a pair of shoes here, to carry home to farmer Fallow's son, that lives with master Grogram the mercer, hard by here in Cheapside; so I thought I might as well do both businesses under one.

*Devil.* True. Your way, master Last, lies before you; the second street, you must turn to the left; then enter the first great gates that you see.

*Last.* And who must I ask for?

*Devil.* Oh, pull out your purse; you will find that hint sufficient: It is a part of the world where a fee is never refused.

*Last.*

*Last.* Thank you, master! You are main kind; very civil indeed! [*Going, returns.*] I wish, master, you had now either the agar or jaundarfe; I would fet you right in a trice.

*Devil.* Thank you, master Last; but I am as well as I am.

*Last.* Or, if so be you likes to open a vein, or would have a tooth or two knocked out of your head, I'll do it for nothing.

*Devil.* Not at present, I thank you! when I want, I'll call at your house in the country.

[*Exit Last.*]

Well, my young couple, and what say you now?

*Inv.* Say, Sir? that I am more afraid of being sick than ever I was in my life.

*Devil.* Pho! you know nothing as yet. But, my time draws nigh for possessing the President: If I could but get but some intelligent person, to conduct you to the place where the Licentiates assemble—There seems a sober, sedate looking lad; perhaps 'he may answer our purpose. Hark'e, young man!

*Enter Johnny Macpherson.*

*Macp.* What's your wul, Sir? would you spear aught wi me?

*Devil.* Though I think I can give a good guess, pray from what part of the world may you come?

*Macp.* My name is Johnny Macpherson, and I came out of the North.

*Devil.* Are you in business at present?

*Macp.* I conna say that, Sir, nor that I am inteerely dastitute neither; but I sal be unco glad to get a mair solid estaablishment.

*Devil.* Have you been long in this town?

*Macp.*

*Macp.* Aboot a month awa, Sir: I lauded fra Leith, in the gude ship the Traquair, Davy Donaldson maister, and am lodged wi Sawney Sinclair, at the sign o' the Ceety of Glascow, not far fra the Monument.

*Devil.* But you are in employment?

*Macp.* Ay, for some paart of the day.

*Devil.* And to what may your profits amount?

*Macp.* Ah! for the mater of that, it is a praty smart little income.

*Devil.* Is it a secret how much?

*Macp.* Not at aw: I get three-pence an hour for larning Latin to a physician in the ceety.

*Devil.* The very man that we want.—Latin! and, what, are you capable?

*Macp.* Cappable! Hut awa, mon! Ken ye, that I was heed of the humanity-clafs for mair than a twalvemonth? and was offered the chair of the gramatical professorship in the College, which amunts to a mater of fux pounds British a-year.

*Devil.* That's more than I knew. Can you guefs, Sir, where your scholar is now?

*Macp.* It is na long, Sir, that I laft him conning his *As in præfenti*; after which, he talked of ganging to meet some freends o' the faculty, aboot a sort of a squabble, that he fays is sprang up among them; he wanted me to gang along wi him, as I had gi'n mysel to study madicine a little, before I quitted the North.

*Devil.* Do you know the publick-house where they meet?

*Macp.* Yes, yes, unco weel, Sir; it is at the tavern the South side of Paul's Kirk.

*Devil.* Will you take the trouble to conduct this young couple thither? they will amply reward you.



you.—You and your partner will follow this lad. Fear nothing! by my art, you are invisible to all but those that you desire should see you. At the College we shall rejoin one another; for thither the Licentiates will lead you.

*Inv.* But how shall we be able to distinguish you from the rest of the Fellows?

*Devil.* By my large wig, and superior importance; in a word, you must look for me in the PRESIDENT.

*Inv.* Adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

### A C T III.

#### SCENE A STREET.

*Fingerfee, Sligo, Osasafra, Broadbrim, other Doctors, and Macpherson, discovered.*

*Fingerfee.*

NO; I can't help thinking this was by much the best method. If, indeed, they refuse us an amicable entrance, we are then justified in the use of corrosives.

*Sligo.* I tell you, Dr. Fingerfee—I am sorry, d'ye see, to differ from so old a practitioner; but I don't like your prescription at all, at all: For what signifies a palliative regiment, with such a rotten constitution? May I never finger a pulse as long as I live, if you get their voluntary consent to go in, unless indeed it be by compulsion.

*Osaf.* I entirely coincide with my very capable countryman, Dr. Sligo, d'ye see; and do give my advice, in this consultation, for putting the whole College under a course of steel, without further delay.

*Sligo.*

*Sligo.* I am much obligated to you for your kind compliment, doctor. But, pray, what may your name be?

*Ofaf.* Dr. Ofasafras, at your humble service.

*Sligo.* I am your very obadient alsho ! I have hard tell of your name. But what did you mane by my countryman ? Pray, doctor, of what nation are you ?

*Ofaf.* Sir, I have the honour to be a native of Ireland.

*Sligo.* Ofasafras ? that's a name of no note ; he is not a Milesian, I am sure. The family, I suppose, came over t'other day with Strongbow, not above seven or eight hundred years ago ; or perhaps a descendant from one of Oliver's drummers.—'Pon my conscience, doctor, I should hardly belave you were Irish.

*Ofaf.* What, Sir, d'ye doubt my veracity ?

*Sligo.* Not at all, my dear doctor ; it is not for that : But, between me and yourself, you have lived a long time in this town.

*Ofaf.* Like enough.

*Sligo.* Ay ; and was here a great while before ever I saw it.

*Ofaf.* What of that ?

*Sligo.* Very well, my dear doctor : Then, putting that and t'other together, my notion of the upshot is, that if so be you are a native of Ireland, upon my conscience, you must have been born there very young.

*Ofaf.* Young ? ay, to be sure : Why, my soul, I was christened there.

*Sligo.* Ay !

*Ofaf.* Ay, was I, in the county of Meath.

*Sligo.* Oh, that alters the property ; that makes it as clear as Fleet-Ditch. I should be glad,  
countryman,

countryman, of your nearer acquaintance.—But what little slim doctor is that, in his own head of hair? I don't recollect to have seen his features before.

*Ofaf.* Nor I, to my knowledge.

*Sligo* Perhaps he may be able to tell me, if I asks him himself.—I am proud to see you, doctor, on this occasion; because why, it becomes every gentleman that is of the faculty—that is, that is not of their faculty; you understand me—to look about him and stir.

*Macp.* Oh, by my troth, you are right, Sir; The leemiting of physick aw to ain hoose, caw it a College, or by what denomination you wul, it is at best but estaablisshing a sort of monopoly.

*Sligo.* 'Pon my conscience, that is a fine observation. By the twist of your tongue, doctor, (no offence) I should be apt to guess that you might be a foreigner born?

*Macp.* Sir!

*Sligo.* From Russia, perhaps, or Muscovy?

*Macp.* Hut awa, mon! not at aw: Zounds, I am a Breeton.

*Sligo.* Then, I should suppose, doctor, pretty far to the northward.

*Macp.* Ay; your are right, Sir.

*Sligo.* And pray, doctor, what particular branch of our business may have taken up the most of your time?

*Macp.* Botany.

*Sligo.* Botany! in what college?

*Macp.* The university of St. Andrews.

*Ofaf.* Pray, doctor, is not botany a very dry sort of a study?

*Sligo.* Most damnably so in those parts, my dear doctor; for all the knowledge they have  
they

they must get from dried herbs, becaase the devil of any green that will grow there.

*Macp.* Sir, your information is wrong.

*Sligo.* Come, my dear doctor, hold your palaver, and don't be after puffing on us, becaase why, you know in your conscience that in your part of the world you get no cabbage but thistles; and those you are obliged to raise upon hot-beds.

*Macp.* Thistles! zounds, Sir, d'ye mean to affront me?

*Sligo.* That, doctor, is as you plaases to taake it.

*Macp.* God's life, Sir, I would ha' you to ken, that there is narra a mon wi his heed upon his shoulders that dare——

*Fing.* Peace, peace, gentlemen! let us have no civil discord. Doctor Sligo is a lover of pleasantry; but, I am sure, had no design to affront you: A joke, nothing else.

*Macp.* A joke! ah; I like a joke weel enough; but I did na understond the doctor's gibing and geering: Perhaps my wut may not be aw together as sharp as the doctor's, but I have a sword, Sir ——

*Sligo.* A sword, Sir!

*Fing.* A sword! ay, ay; there is no doubt but you have both very good ones; but reserve them for—Oh! here comes our ambaffador.

*Enter Diachylon.*

Well, Dr. Diachylon, what news from the College? will they allow us free ingrefs and egress?

*Diac.* I could not get them to swallow a single demand.

*All.* No?

*Sligo.*

*Sligo.* Then let us drive there, and drench them.

*Diac.* I was heard with disdain, and refused with an air of defiance.

*Sligo.* There, gentlemen! I foretold you what would happen at first.

*All.* He did, he did.

*Sligo.* Then we have nothing for it, but to force our passage at once.

*All.* By all means; let us march!

*Broad.* Friend Fingerfee, would our brethren but incline their ears to me for a minute—

*Fing.* Gentlemen, Dr. Broadbrim desires to be heard.

*All.* Hear him, hear him!

*Sligo.* Paw, honey, what signifies hearing? I long to be doing, my jewel!

*Fing.* But hear Dr. Melchisedech Broadbrim, however.

*All.* Ay, ay; hear Dr. Broadbrim!

*Broad.* Fellow-labourers in the same vineyard! ye know well how much I stand inclined to our cause; forasmuch as not one of my brethren can be more zealous than I——

*All.* True, true.

*Broad.* But ye wot also, that I hold it not meet or wholesome to use a carnal weapon, even for the defence of myself; much more unseemly then must I deem it to draw the sword for the offending of others.

*Sligo.* Paw! brother doctors, don't let him bother us, with his *yea* and *nay* nonsense!

*Broad.* Friend Sligo, do not be cholerick; and know, that I am as free to draw my purse in this cause, as thou art thy sword: And thou wilt

wilt find, at the length, notwithstanding thy swaggering, that the first will do us best service.

*Sligo.* Well, but—

*All.* Hear him, hear him !

*Broad.* It is my notion, then, brethren, that we do forthwith fend for a sinful man in the flesh, called an attorney.

*Sligo.* An attorney !

*Broad.* Ay, an attorney ; and that we do direct him to take out a parchment instrument, with a seal fixed thereto.

*Sligo.* Paw, pox ! what good can that do ?

*Broad.* Don't be too hasty, friend *Sligo*.—And therewith, I say, let him possess the outward tabernacle of the vain man, who delighteth to call himself President, and carry him before the men cloathed in lambskin, who at Westminster are now sitting in judgment.

*Sligo.* Paw ! a law-suit ! that won't end with our lives.—Let us march !

*All.* Ay, ay.

*Sligo.* Come, Dr. Habakkuk, will you march in the front or the rear ?

*Hab.* Pardon me, doctor ! I cannot attend you.

*Sligo.* What, d'ye draw back, when it comes to the push ?

*Hab.* Not at all ; I would gladly join in putting these Philistines to flight ! for I abhor them worse than hogs' puddings, in which the unclean beast and the blood are all jumbled together.

*Sligo.* Pretty food, for all that.

*Hab.* But this is Saturday ; and I dare not draw my sword on the Sabbath.

*Sligo.*

*Sligo.* Then stay with your brother Melchisedech; for, though of different religions, you are both of a kidney. Come, doctors; out with your swords! Huzza! and now for the Lane! Huzza!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Manent Broadbrim and Habakkuk.*

*Broad.* Friend Habakkuk, thou see'st how headstrong and wilful these men are: but let us use discretion, however. Wilt thou step to the Inn that taketh its name from the city of Lincoln? enquire there for a man, with a red rag at his back, a small black cap on his pate, and a bushel of hair on his breast? I think they call him a serjeant.

*Hab.* They do.

*Broad.* Then, without let or delay, bring him hither, I pray thee.

*Hab.* I will about it this instant.

*Broad.* His admonition, perhaps, may prevail. Use dispatch, I beseech thee, friend Habakkuk.

*Hab.* As much as if I was posting to the Treasury, to obtain a large subscription in a new loan, or a lottery.

*Broad.* Nay, then, friend, I have no reason to fear thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### THE COLLEGE.

*Devil (as Hellebore, the President) Camphire, Calomel Secretary, and Pupils, discovered.*

*Sec.* The Licentiates, Sir, will soon be at hand.

*Hel.* Let them!

*Cal.* We will do our duty, however; and, like the patricians, of old, receive with silence these Visigoths in the senate.

*Hel.*



*Hel.* I am not, Dr. Calomel, of so pacific a turn: Let us keep the evil out of doors, if we can; if not, *vim vi*, repel force by force.—Barricado the gates!

*Sec.* It is done.

*Hel.* Are the buckets and fire-engine fetched from St. Dunstan's?

*Sec.* They have been here, Sir, this half-hour.

*Hel.* Let twelve apothecaries be placed at the pump, and their apprentices supply 'em with water!

*Sec.* Yes, Sir.

*Hel.* But let the engine be play'd by old Jollup, from James-street! Not one of the trade has a better hand at directing a pipe.

*Sec.* Mighty well, Sir.

*Hel.* In the time of siege, every citizen ought in duty to serve.—Having thus, brothers, provided a proper defence, let us coolly proceed to our business. Is there any body here, to demand a licence to-day?

*Sec.* A practitioner, Mr. President, out of the country.

*Hel.* Are the customary fees all discharged?

*Sec.* All, Sir.

*Hel.* Then let our censors, Dr. Christopher Camphire, and Dr. Cornelius Calomel, introduce the petitioner for examination.

[*Exeunt Camphire and Calomel.*  
After this duty is dispatch'd, we will then read the College and Students a lecture.

*Enter Camphire and Calomel, with Last.*

*Last.* First, let me lay down my shoes.

[*They advance, with three bows, to the table.*

*Hel.*

*Hel.* Let the candidate be placed on a stool. What's the doctor's name?

*Sec.* Emanuel Last, Mr. President.

*Hel.* Dr. Last, you have petitioned the College, to obtain a licence for the practice of physic; and though we have no doubt of your great skill and abilities, yet our duty compels us previously to ask a few questions: What academy had the honour to form you?

*Last.* Anan!

*Hel.* We want to know the name of the place, where you have studied the science of physic.

*Last.* Dunstable.

*Hel.* That's some German university; so he can never belong to the College.

*All.* Never; oh, no

*Hel.* Now, Sir, with regard to your physiological knowledge. By what means, Dr. Last, do you discover that a man is not well?

*Last.* By his complaint that he is ill.

*Hel.* Well replied! no surer prognostic.

*All.* None surer.

*Hel.* Then, as to recovering a subject that is ill—Can you venture to undertake the cure of an ague?

*Last.* With arra a man in the country.

*Hel.* By what means?

*Last.* By a charm.

*Hel.* And pray of what materials may that charm be composed?

*Last.* I won't tell; 'tis a secret.

*Hel.* Well replied! the College has no right to pry into secrets.

*All.* Oh, no; by no means.

*Hel.* But now, Dr. Last, to proceed in due form; are you qualified to administer remedies to such diseases as belong to the head?

*Last.*

*Last.* I believe I may.

*Hel.* Name some to the College.

*Last.* The tooth-ache.

*Hel.* What do you hold the best method to treat it?

*Last.* I pulls 'em up by the roots.

*Hel.* Well replied, brothers! that, without doubt, is a radical cure.

*All.* Without doubt.

*Hel.* Thus far as to the head: Proceed we next to the middle! When, Dr. Last, you are called in to a patient with a pain in his bowels, what then is your method of practice?

*Last.* I claps a trencher hot to the part.

*Hel.* Embrocation; very well! But if this application should fail, what is the next step that you take?

*Last.* I gi's a vomit and a purge.

*Hel.* Well replied! for it is plain there is a disagreeable guest in the house; he has opened both doors; if he will go out at neither, it is none of his fault.

*All.* Oh, no; by no means.

*Hel.* We have now dispatched the middle and head: Come we finally to the other extremity, the feet! Are you equally skilful in the disorders incidental to them?

*Last.* I believe I may.

*Hel.* Name some.

*Last.* I have a great vogue all our way for curing of corns.

*Hel.* What are the means that you use?

*Last.* I cuts them out.

*Hel.* Well replied! extirpation: No better method of curing can be. Well, brethren, I think we may now, after this strict and impartial

tial enquiry, safely certify, that Dr. Last, from top to toe, is an able phyfician.

*All.* Very able, very able, indeed.

*Hel.* And every way qualified to proceed in his practice.

*All.* Every way qualified.

*Hel.* You may descend, Dr. Last. [*Last takes his feat among them.*] Secretary, first read, and then give the doctor his licence.

*Sec.* [*Reads.*] "To all whom these presents may come greeting. Know, ye, that, after a most strict and severe inquisition, not only into the great skill and erudition, but the morals of Dr. Emanuel Last, We are authorized to grant unto the said doctor full power, permission, and licence, to pill, bolus, lotion, potion, draught, dose, drench, purge, bleed, blister, clister, cup, scarify, syringe, salivate, couch, flux, sweat, diet, dilute, tap, plaister, and poultice, all persons, in all diseases, of all ages, conditions, and sexes. And we do strictly command and enjoin all surgeons, & othecaries, with their apprentices, all midwives, male, female, and nurses, at all times, to be aiding and assisting to the said Dr. Emanuel Last. And we do further charge all mayors, justices, aldermen, sheriffs, bailiffs, headboroughs, constables, and coroners, not to molest or intermeddle with the said doctor, if any party whom he shall so pill, bolus, lotion, potion, draught, dose, drench, purge, bleed, blister, clister, cup, scarify, syringe, salivate, couch, flux, sweat, diet, dilute, tap, plaister, and poultice, should happen to die, but to deem that the said party died a natural death, any thing appearing to the contrary notwithstanding. Given under

under our hands, &c. Hercules Hellebore, Cornelius Calomel, Christopher Camphire.

*Last.* Then, if a patient die, they must not say that I kill'd him?

*Hel.* They say! Why, how should they know, when it is not one time in twenty that we know it ourselves?—Proceed we now to the lecture! [*They all rise and come forward to the table.*] Brethren, and students, I am going to open to you some notable discoveries that I have made, respecting the source, or primary cause, of all distempers incidental to the human machine: And these, brethren, I attribute to certain animalculæ, or piscatory entities, that insinuate themselves thro' the pores into the blood, and in that fluid sport, tofs, and tumble about, like mackrel or cod-fish in the great deep: And to convince you that this is not a mere *gratis dictum*, an hypothesis only, I will give you demonstrative proof. Bring hither the microscope!

*Enter a Servant with a microscope.*

Doctor Last, regard this receiver. Take a peep.

*Last.* Where?

*Hel.* There. Those two yellow drops there were drawn from a subject afflicted with the jaundice.—Well, what d'ye see?

*Last.* Some little creatures like yellow flies, that are hopping and skipping about.

*Hel.* Right. Those yellow flies give the tinge to the skin, and undoubtedly cause the disease: And, now, for the cure! I administer to every patient the two-and-fiftieth part of a scruple of the ovaria or eggs of the spider; these are thrown by the digestive powers into the secretory, there  
separated

separated from the alimentory, and then precipitated into the circulatory; where finding a proper nidus, or nest, they quit their torpid state, and vivify, and, upon vivification, discerning the flies, their natural food, they immediately fall foul of them, extirpate the race out of the blood, and restore the patient to health.

*Last.* And what becomes of the spiders?

*Hel.* Oh, they die, you know, for want of nutrition. Then I send the patient down to Brighthelmstone; and a couple of dips in the salt-water washes the cobwebs entirely out of the blood. Now, gentlemen, with respect to the——

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, Mr. Forceps, from the Hospital.

*Hel.* The Hospital! is this a time to——

*Enter Forceps.*

Well, Forceps, what's your will?

*For.* To know, Sir, what you would have done with the Hospital patients to-day?

*Hel.* To-day! why, what was done yesterday?

*For.* Sir, we bled the West ward, and jalloped the North.

*Hel.* Did ye? why then, bleed the North ward, and jallop the West to-day. *[Exit For.]*

Now, I say, brethren——

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* The Licentiates are drawn up at the gate.

*Hel.* Who leads 'em?

*Serv.*

*Serv.* They are led on by Sligo: They demand instant entrance, and threaten to storm.

*Hel.* Doctors Calomel and Camphire, our two aid-de-camps, survey their present posture, and report it to us.

*Without.* Huzza!

*Hel.* Bid old Jollup be ready to unmask the engine at the word of command.

*Enter Camphire.*

*Hel.* Now, Dr. Camphire?

*Camp.* The sledge-hammers are come, and they prepare to batter in breach.

*Hel.* Let the engine be play'd off at the very first blow! *[Exit Camp.]*

*Without.* Huzza!

*Enter Calomel.*

*Hel.* Now, doctor?

*Cal.* The first fire has demolished Dr. Finger-fee's foretop.

*Hel.* That's well. *[Exit Cal.]*

*Enter Camphire.*

Now, doctor?

*Camp.* The second fire has dropped the stiff buckles of Dr. Ofasafras.

*Hel.* Better and better! *[Exit Camp.]*

*Enter Calomel.*

Now, doctor?

*Cal.* Both the knots of Dr. Anodyne's tye are dissolved.

*Hel.* Best of all! *[Exit Cal.]*  
*Enter*



*Enter Camphire.*

Now, doctor?

*Camp.* As Dr. Sligo, with open mouth, drove furiously on, he received a full stream in his teeth, and is retired from the field, dropping wet.

*Hel.* Then the day's our own! [*Exit Camp.*]

*Enter Calomel.*

Now, doctor?

*Cal.* All is lost! Dr. Sligo, recruited by a bumper of Drogheda, is returned with fresh vigour.

*Hel.* Let our force be pointed at him.

[*Exit Cal.*]

*Enter Camphire.*

Now, doctor?

*Camp.* The siege slackens; Dr. Broadbrim, with serjeant Demur, are arrived in the camp.

[*Exit.*]

*Hel.* What can that mean?

*Enter Calomel.*

Now, doctor?

*Cal.* Serjeant Demur has thrown this manifesto over the gate. [*Exit.*]

*Hel.* [*looking at the parchment.*] Ha! "Middlesex to wit. John Doe and Richard Roe." It is a challenge to meet 'em at Westminster-Hall; then we have breathing-time till the term.

*Enter Laft.*

Now, doctor?

*Laft.*

*Last.* I have forgot my shoes.

[*Takes them up, and exit.*]

*Hel.* Oh !

*Enter Camphire.*

*Camp.* The Licentiates file off towards Fleet Street.

*Hel.* Follow all, and harrafs the rear ! leave not a dry thread among them ! Huzza ! [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Devil, Invoice, and Harriet.*

*Devil.* Well, my young friends, you will now be naturally led to Westminster—Oh !

*Inv.* Bless me, Sir, what's the matter ? You change colour, and falter.

*Devil.* The magician at Madrid has discovered my flight, and recalls me by an irresistible spell : I must leave you, my friends !

*Inv.* Forbid it, Fortune ! it is now, Sir, that we most want your aid.

*Devil.* He must, he will be obeyed. Hereafter, perhaps, I may rejoin you again.

*Inv.* But, Sir, what can we do ? how live ? what plan can we fix on for our future support ?

*Devil.* You are in a country where your talents, with a little application, will procure you a provision.

*Inv.* But which way to direct them ?

*Devil.* There are profitable professions, that require but little ability.

*Inv.* Name us one.

*Devil.* What think you of the trade with whose badge I am at present invested ?

*Inv.* Can you suppose, Sir, after what I have seen——

*Devil.*

*Devil.* Oh, Sir, I don't design to engage you in any personal service; I would only recommend it to you to be the vender of some of those infallible remedies, with which our newspapers are constantly crouded?

*Inv.* You know, Sir, I am possessed of no secret.

*Devil.* Nor they either: A few simple waters, dignified with titles that catch, no matter how wild and absurd, will effectually answer your purpose: As, let me see now! Tincture of Tinder, Effence of Eggshell, or Balsam of Broomstick.

*Inv.* You must excuse me, Sir; I can never submit.

*Devil.* I think you are rather too squeamish. What say you, then, to a little spiritual quackery?

*Inv.* Spiritual?

*Devil.* Oh, Sir, there are in this town mountebanks for the mind, as well as the body. How should you like mounting a cart on a common, and becoming a Methodist Preacher?

*Inv.* Can that scheme turn to account?

*Devil.* Nothing better: Believe me, the absolute direction of the persons and purses of a large congregation, however low their conditions and callings, is by no means a contemptible object. I, for my own part, can say, what the Conqueror of Persia said to the Cynic; "If I was not Alexander, I would be Diogenes:" So, if I was not the Devil, I would chuse to be a Methodist Preacher.

*Inv.* But then the restraint, the forms, I shall be obliged to observe.

*Devil.* None at all: There is, in the whole catalogue, but one sin you need be at all shy of committing.

*Inv.*

*Inv.* What's that?

*Devil.* Simony.

*Inv.* Simony! I don't comprehend you.

*Devil.* Simony, Sir, is a new kind of canon, devised by these upstart fanatics, that makes it sinful not to abuse the confidence, and piously plunder the little property, of an indigent man, and his family.

*Inv.* A most noble piece of casuistical cookery, and exceeds even the sons of Ignatius! But this honour I must beg to decline.

*Devil.* What think you then of trying the stage? You are a couple of good theatrical figures; but how are your talents? can you sing?

*Inv.* I can't boast of much skill, Sir; but Miss Harriet got great reputation in Spain.

*Har.* Oh, Mr. Invoice! My father, Sir, as we seldom went out, established a domestic kind of drama, and made us perform some little musical pieces, that were occasionally sent us from England.

*Devil.* Come, Sir, will you give us a taste of your—just a short—*te ti te tor.*

[*Sings a short prelude.*]

*Inv.* I must beg to be excused, Sir; I have not a musical note in my voice, that can please you.

*Devil.* No? Why then, I believe we must trouble the lady: Come, Miss, I'll charm a band to accompany you. [*Waves his stick.*]

[*Harriet sings.*]

*Devil.* Exceedingly well! You have nothing to do now, but to offer yourselves to one of the houses.

*Inv.*

*Inv.* And which, Sir, would you recommend?

*Devil.* Take your choice; for I can serve you in neither.

*Inv.* No? I thought, Sir, you told me just now, that the several arts of the drama were under your direction.

*Devil.* So they were formerly; but now they are directed by the Genius of Insipidity: He has entered into partnership with the managers of both houses, and they have set up a kind of circulating library, for the vending of dialogue novels. I dare not go near the new house, for the Dæmon of Power, who gave me this lameness, has possessed the pates, and sown discord among the mock monarchs there; and what one receives, the other rejects. And as to the other house, the manager has great merit himself, with skill to discern, and candor to allow it in others; but I can be of no use in making your bargain, for in that he would be too many for the cunningest Devil amongst us.

*Inv.* I have heard of a new playhouse in the Haymarket.

*Devil.* What, Foote's? Oh, that's an eccentric, narrow establishment; a mere summer fly! He! But, however, it may do for a *coup d'essai*, and prove no bad foundation for a future engagement.

*Inv.* Then we will try him, if you please.

*Devil.* By all means: And you may do it this instant; he opens to-night, and will be glad of your assistance. I'll drop you down at the door; and must then take my leave for some time.

*Allons!* but don't tremble; you have nothing to fear:

fear: The public will treat you with kindness; at least, if they shew but half the indulgence to you, that they have upon all occasions shewn to that Manager.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.

A

TRIP TO CALAIS;

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS:

AS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN,

AND INTENDED FOR REPRESENTATION.

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED,

THE CAPUCHIN;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE HAYMARKET:

ALTERED FROM THE

TRIP TO CALAIS,

BY THE LATE

*SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.*

AND PUBLISHED BY

Mr. COLMAN.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, AND S. BLADON.

1795.

---

*Price Half-a-Crown.*





## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HAT the Publick may not be deceived, and the Reputation of the Author injured, by the publication of Pieces, fabricated in order to take an undue advantage of the general curiosity, the Comedy of A TRIP TO CALAIS is here printed, as originally written, and intended for representation ; together with all the Alterations and Additions which the Writer thought necessary, when he afterwards produced it on the stage, under the title of THE CAPUCHIN.

DRA-

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Colonel CROSBY.  
O'DONNOVAN.  
MINNIKIN.  
KIT CODLING.  
DICK DRUGGET.  
LUKE LAPELLE.  
GREGORY GINGHAM.  
TROMFORT.  
KIT CABLE.  
LA JEUNESSE.  
SERVANT.

Soldiers, Porters, Shoe-Blacks, &c.

Lady KITTY CROCODILE.  
Miss LYDELL.  
Mrs. MINNIKIN.  
Mrs. CLACK.  
JENNY MINNIKIN.  
HETTY.  
ABBESS.  
NUN.

A TRIP

---

# A TRIP TO CALAIS.

## A C T I

*Scene, Hotel d'Angleterre.*

*Enter Kit Cable, Dick Drugget, and Jenny Minnikin.*

*Cable.*

**H**ARK'EE, meffmate ! look about ! you had better bring-to in this creek : here you will find the beft moorings. The *Hotel d'Angleterre* they calls it in French ; but you'll find the names of things plaguily transmogrified all along the coast.

*Dick.* They be civil people, no doubt.

*Cable.* Civil ? ay, ay ; if you will bring a good cargo of cash, you are welcome to anchor here as long as you list : But you will find the duties high at out-clearance ; therefore take care, d'ye see, and don't run aground. I muft take t'other trip to the port, for your ftowage. [*Exit.*]

*Dick.* I hope by this time your fea-ficknefs is pretty well gone ?

*Jenny.*

*Jenny.* Much mended, dear Dicky, I thank you.

*Dick.* Well, my dear Jenny, here we are, safely landed in the French country, however. And now, what's next to be done? Consider, my love, we have not a moment to lose; your father will not be long behind us, I am sure.

*Jenny.* No question of that; therefore our best way will be to get out of his power as soon as we can.

*Dick.* By what means?

*Jenny.* By the means which we came hither in search of; by being married, you know.

*Dick.* True: But how the deuce shall we procure a parson? Perhaps the man of the house may assist us: But, plague on't! I can't *parley Francee*; though I understand a few words here and there.

*Jenny.* But I can, Dicky, you know. What, do you think I was five years at madam Van-flopping's, the Swiss French boarding-school at Edmonton, for nothing at all?

*Dick.* True, true; I had forgot.—But I don't think it any mark of their manners, to let us wait here so long without asking us in. Here, house, house!

*Jenny.* Peace, Dicky! how is it possible they should know what you want?—*Maison! seignior de Terre!*

*Dick.* Who? what?

*Jenny.* *Seignior de Terre* is as much as to say Landlord in English.

*Dick.* True, true. Oh! here the man comes.

*Enter Monsieur Tromfort.*

*Tromf.* Monsieur! Mademoiselle!

*Dick.*

Dick. To him, Jenny !

Jenny. *Monsieur, nos sommes Anglois, & nous avons grand occasion d'un pretre !*

Tromf. *A quoi faire ?*

Jenny. *Faire ? pour nous joindre lui & moi ensemble,* I think.

Dick. That is marriage, she and me : You understand me, Mounseer ?

Tromf. Ah-ha ! *pour le mariage ! tres bien ; perfectly vell, Sir.*

Dick. Gad's my life, he speaks English ! how lucky we were in the choice of a house !—And what may your name be, Mounseer ?

Tromf. Tromfort, at your ver good service.

Dick. Why, look'ee ! Mounseer Tromfort ; in a word, our business is this : This here young gentlewoman and I——

Jenny. Stop, Dicky, and let me explain matters to Monsieur Tromfort ; because why, I speak the language, you know.

Dick. But, Miss, our landlord understands English.

Jenny. No matter ; don't contradict me, Dicky ; you know I could not never bear that from a child. You must know then, Monsieur, that Mr. Matthew Minnikin, my father, is one of the most respectable pin-makers in the whole city of London ; and that I am his daughter.

Tromf. Ah-ha ! I understand ; *maister Minnicky, gros marchand d'epingle ? c'est tout simple.*

Jenny. And this here young man that you see, is Dicky Drugget, father's 'prentice at home.

Tromf. *Fort bien ; ver vell !*

Jenny. Now, father being minded to provide me a husband, for fear I should otherwise provide one for myself——

*Tromf.*

*Tromf.* *Fort bien !* dat vas ver vell fancy : Par-die, monsieur Minicky has great deal of wit !

*Fenny.* Yes, well enough ; if so be that he had got me a man to my mind ; but he was so undutiful as never to think of consulting of me.

*Tromf.* Oh, fy, fy, Monsieur Minicky ! dat vas terrible ting.

*Fenny.* Ay, was it not, Monsieur ? quite monstrous, as a body may say ; and so you would own, if you was to see the creature he fixed on ; Kit Codling, a fat fishmonger, hard by the 'Change. They say the man is well enough to pass in the world ; one of the livery, a pretty good speechefyer, minds his shop, and is careful and sober ; but, Lord, what signifies that ? he has no more idera of drefs than a Dutchman ; and as to cotillions, I suppose he knows as much about them as a cow.

*Tromf.* Oh, fy, fy ! *Mauvaise partie*, bad partie !

*Fenny.* And so, Dicky and I being bred up together, as it were, and being a genteelish virtuous young man——

*Tromf.* Ah, vas *tres gentile*.

*Fenny.* Yes ; for except lying out all night now and then, hating to be so vulgar as to stay in the shop, frequenting the tavern in search of good company, running his father in debt for his credit, and gracing his conversation with the oaths most in fashion, I don't believe the lad has a single vice in the world.

*Tromf.* Dat is ver extraordinary !

*Fenny.* And yet you can't think what an orationing father used to make every day : But, between you and I, Monsieur, father and mother are but a couple of fogrum old fools ; ben't they, Dicky ?

*Dick.*



*Dick.* To say truth, little better, my dear.

*Jenny.* Why, what a noise they made about my only running from school for three or four days with Monsieur Chaffon, our *maître de dance*, just as if they thought I would never come back again ; ha, ha !

*Dick.* To say truth, Mounseer, Miss Jenny amongst them had but a very bad time ; for this I must confess to her face, she is the most best-temperedeft girl in the world ; for let her but say and do what she pleases, and you will scarcely hear a cross word come out of her mouth in a month.

*Tromf.* *Vraiment ?*

*Dick.* Then, to prove what a dutiful daughter she always has been, she constantly used to steal out to see Breslaw, the plays, and hear Signiora Gamberbelly at the opera, on purpose to prevent their being tired with her company at home.

*Tromf.* Ver considerate !

*Dick.* And whenever the old folks charged her with doing any thing wrong, she never told them a word of truth in her life.

*Tromf.* No ?

*Dick.* No ; for fear of making her parents uneasy.

*Tromf.* Ver *aimable* indeed !

*Jenny.* Nay, Monsieur, Dicky was always very partial to me.—And so, we taking a fancy to one another, and to prevent father from exposing himself by such a ridiculous choice as Kit Codling, we agreed to give the old ones the slip, and take a little tour to the kingdom of France.

*Tromf.* *Bien imaginée !* dat vas vell imagin !

*Dick.*

*Dick.* And so, Mounseer—

*Jenny.* Nay, Dicky, don't interrupt me, my dear!—And so, as I was a-saying, if you can contrive to procure us a marrying doctor, for I am told there are one or two who have set up in that way in this town, we shall take it, Monsieur, as a very particular favour.

*Tromf.* I shall be ver happy, *tres charmée!* to be capable to serve-a you.

*Jenny.* Vast polite! and indeed, as I have often told Dicky, the French always are so.

*Tromf.* Indeed, I have great regard for de Englis; and ven dey come over, I never refuse my protection.

*Jenny.* Mighty civil, indeed!

*Tromf.* Why, every summer dere come here to my house a great many my lørs; and I let 'em stay two, tree months, just as long as dey please.

*Dick.* What, for nothing, Mounseer?

*Tromf.* *Presque la meme chose!* almost de very same ting; dey never pay noding at all, only just for dere eating, drinking, and sleeping.

*Jenny.* How generous and noble!

*Tromf.* Yes; I always have great *penchant*, great partiality, for dose of your country. Vy, dere vas some time ago, ven my house and my good vas burn down by de fire, I never vas take noding at all from de French.

*Dick.* No?

*Tromf.* *Pas une sous;* but suffer my lørs Anglois to build-a my hotel up again to dere own taste, vidout de least interruption.

*Dick.* How kind, to give that preference to us!

*Jenny.* That indeed was the very excess of good breeding!

*Tromf.*

*Tromf.* And ven dey bring over good many guinea, lumb'ring heavy great ting, I make de change vid de louis, dat vas so pretty, and as light as de cork.

*Fenny.* How disinterested !

*Tromf.* And as I know Messieurs les Anglois come here to improve demselves by travel in France, I advise dem always to stay here as long as dey can, and never to tink of going home, till all dere monies be gone.

*Dick.* What a fine thing it is to get such a friend in foreign parts !

*Fenny.* True, Dicky. Well, but, Monsieur, do you think you can provide us with the party we want ?

*Tromf.* *Pour la mariage ?* for marry you ? dere is no doubt.

*Dick.* But there is no time, Mounseer, to be lost, for we expect Miss's father and mother to follow us in the very first ship.

*Tromf.* Dere is de Doctor Coupler live just-a-by, in de very next street.

*Fenny.* Then send for him directly.

*Tromf.* Very probable he is not at home at dis time.

*Dick.* No ?

*Tromf.* He commonly take de opportunity of dese dark night, to step cross de Shannel, and supply his friend on t'oder side vid de brandy and tea.

*Dick.* Oh, what, I reckon, the Doctor smuggles a little ?

*Tromf.* Yes, for little amusement, just *pour passer le temps* ; for he is ver fond of de sea.

*Dick.* Will you enquire, Mounseer, if we cannot meet with the Doctor ?

*Tromf.*

*Tromf.* *A l'instant* ; dis very moment.

*Enter a very old Waiter.*

*Eh bien ? La Jeunesse !* vat is de matter ?

*La Feu.* Dere is anoder vessel from Dover, just-a put into de port.

*Dick.* Is there ? Then ten to one your father is in her !

*Tromf.* Dat vill be ver *mal-à-propos* !

*Dick.* Hadn't I better run down to the key, and take a peep at who lands ?

*Tromf.* By all mean ; de very best dought in de world.

*Dick.* Stay you here, Miss ; I will be back in a trice. *[Exit.*

*Tromf.* A ver pretty gentleman, dat Maister Druggy !

*Jenny.* Yes, Dicky is thought very well on.

*Tromf.* He has ver great head ; *beaucoup de politique* !

*Jenny.* Yes, yes ; he has wit enough when he will.

*Tromf.* *Ma foi*, Maister Dicky be *fort* ! a ver happy man, to be sure !

*Jenny.* How so, Monsieur Tromfort ?

*Tromf.* How so ? *pardie*, to have engage de affection of so *aimable* a Mademoiselle.

*Jenny.* Dear me, Monsieur, and d'ye think so ?

*Tromf.* *Assurement.*

*Jenny.* Really ? But you French are so given to flattery !

*Tromf.* *Point de tout*, not at all ! Vill you permit-a me, Mademoiselle, just to have de honour to kifs-a your hand ?

*Jenny.* My hand, Monsieur ! what good can that do you ?

*Tromf.* Ah ! my God ! how fine ! vite as snow,  
and

and soft as de silk ! Vat would I give to be dat dere Monsieur Dicky !

*Jenny.* Why, is it possible, Monsieur, that you can think me equal to your own country ladies ?

*Tromf.* Ah, Mademoiselle, dere is no comparison at all in de world : Vat havock your charm would make in dis contry !

*Jenny.* I am not quite so certain of that.

*Tromf.* Dere is no doubt at all : *Pour la preuve* ; De very first-a Frenchmans you vas see, is proud to drow himself at your feet.

*Jenny.* At mine ? who can that be, Monsieur ?

*Tromf.* *Votre tres humble*, Mademoiselle ; it is *moi*, me myself.

*Jenny.* You ?

*Tromf.* *Moi*. Permit-a me, Mademoiselle, to declare de force of my passion, dat burn my ver—

*Jenny.* For me ? why, I have scarce been in your company a couple of minutes.

*Tromf.* Von instant is enough for your charm to make-a de conquest ; de very first glance, your bright eyes shoot me quite to de heart. Ah ! how it make-a me pat, pat, pat, pat ! *Fait moi l'honneur* to place-a your hand just here a my side.

*Jenny.* Here is an audacious old fop ! I'll try how far the impudent puppy will go.—Why, really, Monsieur, you're so amiable, and your manners so very polite, and so civil, that if it had not been for a prior engagement, I don't know but I might be tempted to listen.

*Tromf.* Courage, Monsieur Tromfort ! Stay but littel time, Maister Dicky, begar I make you a cocu before you vas marry. [*aside.* ]—Engagement ! vat is dat ?

*Jenny.* The young man you saw here but now.

*Tromf.* Maister Dicky ; ver vell ?

*Jenny.*

*Jenny.* We are come over hither to marry, you know.

*Tromf.* Vy not?

*Jenny.* What, and at the same time encourage another's addressees?

*Tromf.* To be sure. *En France*, de lady always take de husband to make sure of de lover; de one *pour la politique*, de oder for de passion.

*Jenny.* Ay; but what would my countrywomen say at so very quick a——

*Tromf.* Say? ah-ha! she begin to capitulate. [*aside.*—Say? dat you take de ver wise step. Oh, Mademoiselle, dere be many pretty my lady who wait at my hotel for de vind, that can tell many comic storie of Monsieur Tromfort.

*Jenny.* Oh, I don't doubt it at all!—Was there ever such an impudent coxcomb!—If one did but know, indeed, the name of some of the ladies, it would be a kind of excuse.

*Tromf.* *Pardonnez moi!* jamais de man of honour; never tell de name of de lady. *La voici!* looky here! look at dis *plumet*; dis pretty white fedder [*shows a shabby white feather*]; dis trophy of my victory I receive from de hand of de pretty my lady.

*Jenny.* That indeed is a proof; and yet, Monsieur, it is a sort of wonder too, for you are not over young, nor, between ourselves, remarkably handsome; and besides all that, you have but one eye.

*Tromf.* Dat is true; but den consider, Mademoiselle, dat the little god Cupid has got never a vone.

*Jenny.* Right; and I believe the lady must have been near as blind as the god.

*Tromf.* Not at all. But, *ma chere Mademoiselle,*

felle, we lose time ; and Maister Dicky may come back from de port. Dere is, in dis littel room, de ver pritt picter, which permit-a me to have de honour to shew you.

*Jenny.* Nay, but, Monsieur——

*Tromf.* Dere must be a littel compulsion to make de lady do vat she like [*pulls her.*] *Venez ma !*

*Jenny.* Hands off, you insolent ruffian !

[*Strikes him.*]

*Tromf.* *Diable !*

*Jenny.* The vanity and impudence of this fellow exceeds all the accounts I have heard of his country.

*Tromf.* By gar, for de soft hand, it is de most hard I ever vas feel !

*Jenny.* Not half so much as you merit. A pretty account you give of the English ; and a fine return for all the favours you have received at their hands !

*Tromf.* *Pardie, c'est une espèce de virago.—Mais, Mademoiselle !*

*Jenny.* However, the gentleman will soon be back, and return you thanks for this piece of civility.

*Tromf.* *Mais, Mademoiselle, you vas know de mode of dis country, de littel gallantry to de pretty fine vomans.*

*Jenny.* Gallantry ! what, from a fellow like you, a pitiful publican ?

*Tromf.* *Diable !* publican ? dat be good enough for de maker of pin.

*Jenny.* Here he comes.

*Enter Dick Drugget.*

*Dick.* Zounds, Miss, here they all be !

*Jenny.* All ! who ?

*Dick.*



*Dick.* Father, mother, and your aunt Clack, the milliner from out of Pall-Mall.—But, you seem flurried; there has nothing happened, I hope?

*Jenny.* Happened? that saucy Frenchman has taken such liberties!

*Dick.* How!—Zounds, Sir, how dare you—

*Tromf.* Monsieur Dicky—

*Jenny.* Nay, the fellow is only fit to be laughed at: Besides, at present we want him.—Hark'ee, Monsieur, if you wish to have your folly forgot, and not be exposed, as you richly deserve, you must immediately lend your assistance.

*Tromf.* *Vid plaisir.*

*Jenny.* Where can I conceal myself from my angry relations?

*Tromf.* Dere is but littel time for to tink. Ah-ha! I have it. I vill dis instant put you into de *couvent*, vere my sifter is nun.

*Jenny.* But they will soon find me out, and force me from them.

*Tromf.* You must pretend to have de grand inclination to become de bon catolick.

*Jenny.* And will that do?

*Tromf.* Never fear! *Mademoiselle est bien riche*; and de French priest never give up de convert ven she have got great deal of guinée, *jamais*.

*Jenny.* In the mean time, what is to become of my friend?

*Tromf.* De best vay for Maister Dicky is to take de littel trip to Dunkirk or Boulogne, till matters be settle.

*Jenny.* May I venture, Monsieur, to trust myself in your hands?

*Tromf.* By gar, *Mademoiselle*, dere is more danger from your hand dan from mine!

*Jenny.*

*Jenny.* We English, Monsieur, are an odd sort of people; it is near as dangerous to provoke our women as men.

*Tromf.* By gar, I believe so. No, no; *l'affair est faite*; I have done.—*Ma femme*, my littel vife, shall conduct Mademoiselle—*La Jeunesse*! [*Calls.*

*Enter La Jeunesse.*

*La Feu.* Monsieur?

*Tromf.* Go to my vife; tell her to take Mademoiselle to de *couvent*, and leave her dere vid my sifter. After dinner, I vill bring you de news to de grate.

*Jenny.* Well, Dicky, adieu! expect to hear from me soon.

*Dick.* Be as quick as you will, I shall think it an age. Dearest Jenny, farewell! [*Exit.*

*Tromf.* *Jusque à revoir*, Mademoiselle!

*Jenny.* Servant, Monsieur Tromfort!

*Tromf.* *Ma foi*, Mademoiselle be a great littel fool, to prefer Monsieur Dicky to such anoder as me. By gar, de Englis voman have no judgment at all! she vill repent by-and-by; more pity for she!—*La Jeunesse*!

*Enter La Jeunesse.*

Have you sent dose bag of guinea to Dunkirk, to be melt?

*La Feu.* *Oui, Monsieur.*

*Tromf.* Ver vell. [*Exit La Jeunesse.*]*—Après tout* Messieurs *l'Anglois*, all de Englis people be ver great fool, to come here, spend dere money, in search after vat dey never will find! to shange dere roast-a beef and pudding, for our rotten ragout; see de comedy, de play, dey don't comprehend; talk vid de people dey don't understand;

derstand; *tant mieux!* so much de better! In ver few year, I shut up my hotel, set up my coach, my carosse, and call myself monsieur le marquis de Guinea, in compliment to Messieurs *l'Anglois*; ver pritt titel, by gar! ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

*Enter La Jeunesse, Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, Mrs. Clack, and Kit Codling.*

*Mrs. Min.* This unnatural hussy, to run thus away from her parents! and into foreign parts, as they say, amongst Pagans and Papists, and a parcel of—And here we have been tossed and tumbled about, that I don't know whether I stand upon my head or my heels.

*Min.* And then that lanthorn-jaw'd hound at the gate, to seize my tobacco-box! and I'll be sworn there was not a couple of pipe-fulls.

*Mrs. Min.* Ay, ay, poor toads, they are glad to get hold of any thing they can get. Well, if I once more set sight of old Powl's, if ever they get me below Bridge again, unless a pleasuring, perhaps, during the summer, in a hoy to Margate—Pray, son Codling, how long were we in sailing over the sea?

*Codl* I can tell you, madam Minnikin exact to a minute; because why, I have promised neighbour Index, the printer, to make observations on all the strange things that I see, that he may print them next time, 'long with his *Six Weeks' Tour to the Continent*. Let's see; here is my Journal: [*reads*] “ June the 10th, embarked at seven in the morning, at Dover, “ aboard the Mercury, vind South and by East; “ nine o'clock, vind weer a little to the West! “ shelled half a bushel of peas; eleven o'clock, “ vind ditto, eat ditto; twelve and half, plucked

“ a couple of fowls; very odd to see how the vind  
 “ blew the feathers about; *nota bene*, feathers will  
 “ swim in the salt sea.”

*Min.* Vast curious observations, indeed !

*Mrs. Min.* Nay, I always said, son Codling had a good head of his own. Why, Matthew Minnikin, if he goes on but as he begun, I don't know but his'n may be as useful as many of the Voyages that have been printed of late.

*Min.* Ay, Margery, if he could but get some strange beastesses, or carry home a foreign savage or two, for a show.

*Mrs. Min.* But go on, son Codling, I beg !

*Codl.* “ Two o'clock, road beginning to be  
 “ consumedly rough, was so much jolted, that  
 “ I could not write any more.”

*Mrs. Min.* Write? I'm sure I was not able to stand; so they popped me into a hole in the wall, I think they called it a *cabin*; Lord bless us, 'twas more liker a coffin !

*Clack.* The sea has been rather rumbustious, I own; but then, sister, the land makes us ample amends.

*Mrs. Min.* Amends! in what way?

*Clack.* Bless me, sister, how can you ask? I profess I feel myself quite a different person: The people here are all so gay, and well bred! Did not you observe, when I accidentally sneezed, now politely all the people pull'd off their hats?

*Mrs. Min.* Pshaw! what signifies their grins and grimaces, their scrapes and congees; do you, sister, seriously think, that the French folks are more cleverer than we?

*Clack.* Ridiculous! is there a mortal can doubt it? Why, without their assistance, how should we be able to dress ourselves, or our victuals?

And

And then, as to cleverness, did you observe those little children, as we came up from the key?

*Mrs Min.* Yes; and, to my thinking, I never saw such a parcel of brown brats in my life.

*Clack.* I declare I was ashamed, quite blushed for my country, to hear mere infants, quite babies, as I may say, sputter French, more freer and glibber than your daughter Jane, who has had a French master these five years.

*Mrs. Min.* That's true, I must own; but then I don't find that they be more cuter to get our lingo, than we to learn theirs.

*Clack.* Because why, they think it beneath them.

*Mrs. Min.* Who the deuce be all these?

*Enter several Porters with small parcels.*

*La Feu.* De porter from de custom-house, along vid your baggage.

*Codl.* Baggage? zooks, any one of these might have carried it all.

*Clack.* Ay! there, there, brother, you have another proof of their breeding; all of them eager to be useful to strangers.

*Min.* Yes, pox take them, in hopes, I suppose, of being handsomely paid.—Well, Monsieur, how much are you to have?

*Clack.* Fy, Mr. Minnikin! don't expose your meanness the moment you are landed.—Monsieur, you will satisfy these gentlemen for the trouble they have taken. And, Mr. Codling, do try and get us a good room, if you can.

*La Feu.* Venez ici!

[*Exeunt Porters, bowing and scraping.*

*Min.*

*Min.* Hey-day! who the deuce have we here?

*Mrs. Min.* As I live, a couple of shoe-blacks, with muffs and bag-wigs!

*Enter Shoe-blacks, who bow with great ceremony, and take snuff.*

*Min.* There, there, Margery! dost thou see? mark their smirking, bowing and sneezing!

*Clack.* Ay, sister Minnikin, there! you see how courteous and civil the very lowest people are here: Shew me a shopkeeper, in your whole ward, that can do his honours so well! See how politely they offer their snuff to each other; and look! if the sweet little creatures are not set down to cards on their stools!

*Min.* Yes, yes; I see well enough.

*Clack.* Not like our vulgar fellows, at Putt or All-fours, but a party at Piquet, I'll be sworn!

*Enter La Jeunesse, Luke Lapelle, and Gregory Gingham.*

*La Jeu.* Dis vay, my lor! one, two, dree step; take care-a, my lor!

*Mrs. Min.* Bless me, my dear, if here a'n't Mr. Lappelle, from Bond-Street! and neighbour Gingham, as sure as a gun! fresh from Parish I warrant.

*Min.* Well met neighbour Gingham! What, you've been fetching home fashions, I reckon?

*Ging.* Hush, Master Minnikin! there is no need to make proclamation in foreign parts of what business we be.

*Clack.*



*Clack.* Brother Minnikin's tongue will now and-then run too fast for his wit.

*Min.* Nay, I said nothing, I am sure.

*Lap.* *Excusé moi*, Monsieur Minnikin! you mentioned fetching of fashions; and that, as the French say, was *tantaramount* to calling us tailors.

*Clack.* The very same thing.

*Min.* Why, sure, Gregory Gingham, thee be'st not ashamed of thy calling, be'it?

*Ging.* That is another man's matter, you knows: How is it our fault, (d'ye mind me?) if the French folks will take us for lords? They saw something in us that was above the vulgar, I reckon.

*Mrs. Min.* Nay, for the matter of that, Matthew, it is at worst but being quit with Mounseer; for I'll be sworn, there are many of their Counts and Marquisses that comes over to us, (aye, and are received by the best quality too, at their tables) who, if the truth was known, are little better than tailors at home.

*Codl.* Right! well said, Madam Minnikin! With this odds in their favour, (plague take 'em!) that them there fellows make a good hand and profit by their pride and presumption; whilst our foolish folks are forced to pay pretty high fees for their titles. I reckon, your *lordships* were *swingingly* foused on the road?

*Ging.* To say truth, the bills did mount pretty high, and we did not chuse to chaffer with them, because why, we wa'n't willing to bring a disgrace on our dignity.

*Clack.* Wisely done, for the honour of England!

*Codl.* Honour? I can't say that ever I heard  
that



that Old England received much honour from tailors; unless, indeed, when they lifted in Elliot's Light-horse.

*Lap.* That may be the case, Master Minnikin, with those of the trade who live in the city; but I would have you to know, [the knights of the needle are another sort of people at our end of the town.

*Clack.* Doubtless.

*Lap.* It is not in the fashions only that we take the lead; we rule likewise over the *Belles Lettres*, as the French call them.

*Min.* How?

*Lap.* Give laws to the drama; damn a play when we please; or hiss an actor off the stage, when we take a dislike to the rascal.

*Codl.* Ay? it is the first I ever heard of a tailor's goose hissing!

*Lap.* Yes, yes; why, I myself, at the head of my journeymen, have more than once played the part of the THE PUBLIC.

*Min.* You surprize me!

*Lap.* And am known, at all our houses of call, by the name of *Tom Town*.

*Clack.* Mr. Lapelle, you are but losing your labour: Honest good sort of people enough; but mere cits, quite ignorant of what is going on in the world!

*Lap.* Yes, yes, they look of that cut; not of the right stuff, as the French say, to make *bucks desprits* on.

*Clack.* And pray what news is stirring in Paris?

*Lap.* *Tojourns* gay, as the French say, Mrs. Clack.

*Mrs. Min.* I reckon there be powers of our country folks there.

*Lap.*

*Lap.* I suppose so; for I saw a good many awkward people, as they say, *à la comedy*, and at the *Colossus*; but I chose to avoid them.

*Mrs. Min.* And why so?

*Codl.* I reckon there were some of his masters amongst them; and it would not have been decent to be too forward, for a tradesman, like he.

*Lap.* *Pardonnez moi!* that was not it; it is always the rule with me, when I travels, to avoid *les Anglois*, as the French say, the English, as much as I can.

*Codl.* I reckon the French, as they don't know taste; his trade, are more politer and civil.

*Lap.* No; there's a roughness, a *bourgeois*y, about our barbarians, that is not at all to my taste; not a bit, as the French say, to my *gout*.

*Clack.* I don't wonder at it. I hope you left the royal family all in good health.

*Lap.* Yes; Mr. *le Roi*, as the French say, looked pretty jolly; and I was at his grand *couvert*, and *cowsee* a-Sunday: His majesty looked at me very hard.

*Clack.* Indeed?

*Mrs. Min.* Ay; wondering, I suppose, how such a one as he could contrive to get in.

*Lap.* This relation of yours, Mrs. Clack, is but a low kind of a body.—No, no, Mrs. Minikin; his majesty and I have been acquainted; many a time and oft have I been at court, when he was only the *Dolphin*.

*Clack.* Pray, how long, Mr. Lapelle, was you coming from Paris?

*Lap.* Two days and a night.

*Clack.* Are the accommodations good upon the road?

*Lap.*

*Lap.* Their horses, their *chevauxes*, as the French call them, are not quite so nimble as our'n; but then, to make amends, like the French, I *courier* the post, without stopping; unless, perhaps, to take a slight *repas* of a bit of *jambun*, or a *hamlet*.

*Min.* But how do you like your jaunt, neighbour Gingham? You are rather silent, I think.

*Lap.* This, you know, is only Gingham's first trip: Besides, to like Paris, a man must *parle vous* in perfection; speak their lingo perfectly well.

*Ging.* For the matter of that, master Lapelle, the postilions did not seem to take very readily all that you said on the road.

*Lap.* Them there fellows! how should they? mere country bumpkins! little better, as we say in French, than a parcel of *pheasants*!

*Clack.* Ay, hogs, I suppose, like our own.

*Lap.* True, Mrs. Clack; quite *cowchans*, as we say.

*Mrs. Min.* Have they pretty good victuals in these parts, neighbour Gingham?

*Ging.* Victuals? soup, that tasted as if wrung from a dish-clout, and rags stewed in vinegar, are all the victuals I have seen.

*Lap.* Ah! poor Gingham has a true English stomach; nothing will do but substantials; he has no taste for *ragoutes*, *intermeats*, and *rottis*.

*Ging.* Nay, you know, at the last town, my wife fished out a large piece of blue apron, upon the top of her fork.

*Mrs. Min.* What! did Mrs. Gingham come with you?

*Ging.* Yes; and is about as well pleased as myself.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Min.* Where is she?

*Ging.* In a room hard-by, with Mrs. Lapelle.

*Lap.* How often have I cautioned you not to give her that name here in France? suppose any of the people should hear you?

*Clack.* What, then, I suppose it is not Mrs. Lapelle, that is, your real wife, that is with you?

*Lap.* Yes, yes; but you know nothing can be so vulgar in France, as voyaging about with one's wife; so I make her pass for my mistress, and always calls her *Mademoiselle*.

*Clack.* And she fares never the worse, I'll be sworn.

*Lap.* *Au contraire*, as they say; besides, it is the onliest method to keep her to one's self.

*Mrs. Min.* How so?

*Lap.* No Frenchman scruples to make love to a wife; because why, 'tis not the fashion for the husband to care a farthing about her; but to seduce a man's mistress, that he is imagined to love, is a crime that is never forgiven.

*Clack.* Lord, Mr. Lapelle, we are like the French in a great many things.

*Lap.* Yes, we endeavour; and, to say truth, improve every day in our morals.

*Clack.* But mayn't we join the ladies within?

*Lap.* By all means—but mind the caution I gave!—Yes; *Mademoiselle* and I by accident picked up Gingham and wife. We met them in the *Fauxbourg* of *St. German*; and as we were to set out about the same time, we thought it would be, as the French say, for us four to come to Calais together, an agreeable *tête-à-tête* on the road.

*Clack.* Well, I should like vastly to see Paris before

before my return; but the journey is so very expensive! Cost a world of money no doubt?

*Lap.* Why, as I know how to manage, not altogether so much: It is true, we paid our bills like lords, on the road; but it shall go hard, Mrs. Clack, if I don't make the real lords refund, when I send in their bills.

*Clack.* All the reason in life.

*Lap.* This, with a good cargo of lace conveyed by Mademoiselle, and some rich suits that I know how to smuggle safely to Dover, will, I should think, carry me scot-free to Bond-Street.—But, pray, what brings all your family?

*Clack.* We will inform you within.

*Lap.* Gingham, you will escort Mrs. Minnikin? Mrs. Clack, as the French say, will you accept of my *brass*? [Exeunt, with ceremony.]

## A C T II.

### *A French Apartment.*

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin and Mrs. Clack.*

*Mrs. Minnikin.*

**I** TELL you, Matthew, it is all a purtence, merely to keep out of our hands! Why, what should she do in a convent?

*Min.* Mayhap, Margery, she may take it in her head to turn nun.

*Mrs. Min.* Lord, Matthew, how can't think of any such a thing? She nun! no, no; she's more likely by half to bring people into the world,

world, than to take any one out on't. What say you, sister Clack?

*Clack.* I am pretty much of your mind, I must confess; but we shall know more of the matter when Kit Codling comes back.

*Min.* D'ye think they'll permit'n to see her?

*Mrs. Min.* That, I suppose, will depend on herself. Oh, here comes Mr. Codling.

*Enter Codling.*

Well, son, what news from the runagate? have you seen her?

*Codl.* Not I: They first shew'd me up to a room with iron rails at one end, like a begging-grate; and, upon ringing the bell, there popped out of t'other side the bars an old gentlewoman, drest in a blanket, with a black handkerchief over her head.

*Mrs. Min.* Yes; I have heard the Papishes have such dresses among them: who was she?

*Codl.* I took her to be one of the clargywomen that belong to the place. I asked, if they had veigled one Miss Minnikin into their clutches, in hopes to make her a Papish: At the word *veigled*, the old woman turned up the whites of her eyes, and with her hands cross her stomach, like a child that is saying her catechise, made a jaculation; I fancy, in the outlandish tongue; upon which I told her to let me have none on her hypocrisy canting, but to answer direct to my questions.

*Clack.* How rude! it was lucky she did not understand you.

*Codl.* Understand me! yes, as well as you do: Pho, mun, they be all Englishwomen that  
be

be locked up in that church. She owned that Miss Jenny was there.

*Mrs. Min.* She did?

*Codl.* Then I asked if I could not change a few words with her, by way of a little discourse; they said no; because why, Miss was out of order at present.

*Min.* A pretence; nothing else.

*Codl.* So I reckon. Then I desired the gentlewoman to open the hatch, and let me in doors to see her, for I had a word or two for her private ear from her parents; upon that, the old gossip set up such a grumbling, called me profligate harrytick, and wondered I could be so empiety to think they ever suffered a man to enter their doors; 'pon that, I told her, that if none of her complishes were more handsome than she, ecod they might open their doors without any great danger; ha, ha! this made the old one as mad as the deuce!

*Clack.* I told you what would happen, if you sent such a rough creature as he.

*Codl.* No; we grew more milder at last; and she offered to shew her, if her father and mother would come.

*Mrs. Min.* Then, Matthew, let us go to her this instant! Son Codling will shew us the way.

*Codl.* For the matter of that, I don't believe you will speed much better than me.

*Clack.* And why not?

*Codl.* When I ask'd her, if as how she thought Jenny had ferusly a mind to turn to their way, she said she didn't make the least doubt on't; for that Miss had all the true outward and visible signs of an inward vacation.

*Mrs. Min.* Who have we here?

*Enter*



*Enter Father O'Donovan, a Capuchin.*

*Codl.* I don't know; a mountebank, I reckon; or mayhap a man that shews sleight of hand.

*O'Don.* Save you, good jontlemen!

*Mrs. Min.* No, no; it is an Englishman, I know by his tongue.—Well, friend, who and what are you?

*O'Don.* Plaife you, I am a poor Capuchin, that belongs to this convent here in the town.

*Codl.* Capuchin? and pray, honest friend, what trade is that in the French?

*O'Don.* Trade! the devil a bit of trade that it is: By my shoul, if I had a mind to be of a trade, do you think I would have quitted my haymaking in England?

*Mrs. Min.* What is it, then, that you follow?

*O'Don.* It is a kind of profession, my dear.

*Mrs. Min.* A profession!

*O'Don.* Ay; we make professions of poverty, that we may be sure to want for nothing as long as we live.

*Codl.* And how do you get what you want?

*O'Don.* By asking it from those that can give it.

*Codl.* Godso! then you are a beggar, I fancy.

*O'Don.* Who? a beggar? what the devil put that in your head?

*Mrs. Min.* What d'ye call yourself else?

*O'Don.* I am only a mendicant, honey.

*Codl.* I wonder you prefer so idle a life.

*O'Don.* And why so? d'ye think that I would not rather that other people should work for me, than work for myself? not that I should mind working neither, but only because it is so very laborious.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Min.* And are folks now very charitable in this here part of the world?

*O'Don.* Charitable! the devil of any charity's in it: It is, honey, a Christian kind of a bargain, struck up among us, I think.

*Clack.* A bargain?

*O'Don.* Ay; whilst they work for us, we pray for them; they take care of our bodies, and, in return, my dear, we take care of their souls.

*Codl.* Souls! never stir, father, if this ben't one of their friars!

*Mrs. Min.* Sure as can be, son Codling has hit it. Who can tell, husband, as he is our countryman, and one of the gang, but, for a little spill of money, he may put us in a way to get our daughter out of their clutches?

*Min.* It is but trying, however.

*Mrs. Min.* And pray, good Sir, by what name may we call you?

*O'Don.* Father O'Donnovan, at your humble service.

*Mrs. Min.* Will you do us the favour to step a little this way?—Son Codling, have a look-out, that we ben't interrupted.—Why, you must know, that a daughter of ours has run away from her friends, and *voluns, noluns*, taken shelter here in a cloister.

*O'Don.* Run away from her friends? by my shoul, that was very foolishly done!

*Mrs. Min.* Now if you could put us in a way, by hook or by crook, to get her out of the convent——

*O'Don.* Me? what, me? to get a parson out of a convent?

*Mrs. Min.* If you could be so kind to assist—  
*O'Don.*

*O'Don.* Fy! confider, woman, what you are asking.

*Min.* Nay, Sir!

*O'Don.* Upon my confcience, here is one of the moft blackeft confpiracies broke out againft Popery, fince gunpowder-treafon.

*Mrs. Min.* Patience, sweet Sir!

*O'Don.* To tempt one of my order to be guilty of facrednefs!

*Mrs. Min.* Indeed, good Sir, I had no fuch thing in my head.

*O'Don.* Pace, woman! What is it better than facrednefs, to break into a convent, and take any cratur out by compulfion?

*Mrs. Min.* But, Sir——

*O'Don.* I tell you, even to force a young woman from thence, that is willing to lave it, is one of the biggeft robberies that can be committed.

*Mrs. Min.* My dear——

*O'Don.* And, to extenuate the matter, here is a dutiful poor young body, that flies from her parents, and takes refuge in the arms of the church——

*Mrs. Min.* Hear me a word, reverend Sir!

*O'Don.* We fhall fee what the Commandant will fay to this bufinefs! Take my word for it, my friends, you will be all faaz'd in an instant, and locked up in a prifon aboard the gallies for the reft of your lives.

*Mrs. Min.* Mercy on us!—Sifter Clack, try if you can't mollify his choler a little, or we fhall be clapped up in the quifition directly.

*Clack.* Can you, reverend Sir, be fo cruel to your country-folks here——

*O'Don.* Pace, woman!

*Clack.*

*Clack.* Indeed they had no bad intentions; they only wanted to ask your reverence's advice, and meant to leave a small sum in your hands——

*O'Don.* Sum? do you mean to insult me? Don't you know, woman, that we must never touch money?

*Clack.* To bestow upon poor objects that want it; but, if so be your reverence is forbidden to touch it, why, to be sure, we won't dare to——

*O'Don.* Why, look'ee, mistress; to handle money is against the rules of our order, which we dare not break through: If, indeed, it was put into a purse, why, there would be no occasion, d'ye see, for me to touch it.

*Clack.* Brother Minnikin, have you ever a purse?

*Mrs. Min.* Here, here is mine, sister Clack.

*O'Don.* Why, as you seem to be well-disposed people, and only want a little wholesome advice; why, that, d'ye see, may alter the case.

*Mrs. Min.* Nothing else, indeed, reverend Sir.

*O'Don.* Why, d'ye mind me, it would not be decent for me to stir in this matter; because why, as we are monks, you know, it is our duty to bring over and pervert as many souls as we can.

*Mrs. Min.* True, reverend Sir; but there is nothing of that in the matter; the girl, Heaven knows, has no more mind to be perverted than any of us.

*O'Don.* How! more shame for her! but may I believe you?

*Mrs. Min.* All a pretence, nothing else; she

is run away with an idle 'prentice of ours, to avoid that young man there before you.

*O'Don.* Have you brought with you no letters of recommendation to any strangers of your acquaintance, that live in this town?

*Mrs. Min.* We know no mortal; we have not been landed an hour.

*O'Don.* Because a little interest in this case would go a great way; not but there are some of our own country folks that live here in great credit: Perhaps you may have known them at home.

*Mrs. Min.* Does your reverence remember their names?

*O'Don.* There is Mr. Mac-Rappum, that lives in the Square, one of the best-natured craturs alive: He got the jail-distemper, by attending his own trial at the Old-Bailey.

*Mrs. Min.* Poor gentleman!

*O'Don.* So the judge advised him to try for seven years the air of America.

*Mrs. Min.* And did he reap any benefit?

*O'Don.* He has put off the jaunt for a while.

*Mrs. Min.* Why so?

*O'Don.* I don't know; they talk that that place is all in combustion at present; so being a peaceable man, he chose to be set down here in his way.

*Mrs. Min.* Dost know him, Matthew?

*Min.* Not I.

*O'Don.* Then there is one 'Squire Copywell, that is but lately come over; a very facetious, humourfome man: He laid a bet with a friend of his, out of fun, that he would draw a bill in the hand-writing of Sir Timothy Tradewell, so  
like,

like, that the banker should pay it without hesitation.

*Mrs. Min.* And did he ?

*O'Don.* You may say that : But, when they come to find out the mistake, the banker, being a crusty dull fellow, and not understanding a joke, talked of going to law with the 'squire.

*Mrs. Min.* Lord bless us ! how could they—

*O'Don.* Nay, I don't know, my shoul ; them there English have some strange maxims amongst them ; so the 'squire, not caring to throw away his money to lawyers, chose to come and live here, rather than make any more words of the matter.

*Clack.* I'd have done the very same thing, had I been the 'squire.

*O'Don.* Nay, for the matter of that, you have no more manners than morality among you in England.

*Mrs. Min.* How, reverend Sir ! I thought we was remarkable for——

*O'Don.* Pace, woman, and hold your pallaver ! Was there ever such ill breeding as Lord Constant's to Sir Henry Hornbeam, that lives hard by here at Ardres.

*Clack.* Indeed, I never heard nothing about it.

*O'Don.* My lord was obligated to go about his affairs into the North for a month, and left his disconsolate lady behind him in London.

*Mrs. Min.* Poor gentlewoman !

*O'Don.* Upon which, his friend Sir Henry used to go and stay there all the day, to amuse and divert her.

*Mrs. Min.* How good-natured that was in Sir Henry !

*O'Don.*

*O'Don.* Nay, he carried his friendship much further than that ; for my lady, as there was many highwaymen and footpads about, was afraid that some of them would break into the house, and so desired Sir Henry to lie there every night.

*Mrs. Min.* Good foul ! and he did, I dare say ?

*O'Don.* To be sure : There is not a more politer man in the world. So, hearing in the middle of the night a little noise below stairs, he runn'd down to see what was the matter ; finding all safe, in coming up again, he chanced to make a little mistake.

*Mrs. Min.* How so ?

*O'Don.* Instead of going to his own bed, he stepped into my lady's.

*Clack.* That might happen very well, in the dark.

*O'Don.* And there falling asleep, never once found out his mistake till the maid came up in the morning.

*Clack.* He must have been vastly surprized, to be sure.

*Mrs. Min.* And, I warrant me, so was my lady.

*O'Don.* Without doubt. But now comes the upshot of all : I reckon, you suppose my lord thought himself much obliged to Sir Henry ?

*Clack.* To be sure,

*O'Don.* Not he, by my shoul ! Nay, more worser than that, he had the ill manners to bring an action against him.

*Clack.* What, after Sir Harry had told him the story ?

*O'Don.* Ay, and my lady likewise ; so it must be



be true, as you know, becaase why, they could not both be mistaken.

*Clack.* There was no danger of that.

*O'Don.* So, Sir Harry, not chusing to live any longer amongst such under-bred people, has settled here for his life.

*Clack.* Why, as there is so much good company, it must be vast agreeable living here, I should think.

*O'Don.* You may say that; and indeed this place is so pleasant, that every day one ingenu parson or other comes over to live. Upon my shoul, among ourselves, I belave the folks on your side the water begin to grow a little jealous.

*Clack.* No wonder.

*O'Don.* Infomuch, that they have made application to the magistrates here to send some of them forcibly back.

*Mrs. Min.* But I dare say the French were more politer than that.

*O'Don.* To be sure. Indeed, out of compassion, they have compelled three or four that were poor to return; becaase why, it cou'dn't be very agreeable to them, you know, to live here without money.

*Mrs. Min.* To be sure.

*O'Don.* And then, the English are indulged in the free exercise of their religion.

*Mrs. Min.* Oh, then they go to church!

*O'Don.* No, no; if they find 'em preaching or praying, they hang up the minister, and send the congregation all to the gallies.

*Mrs. Min.* Dost hear that, Matthew Minnickin?

*O'Don.* So, now, as I was a-telling, if you can  
get

get any friend to speak to the——Boo-boo-boo ! upon my shoul, I had like to have forgot the most materialist parson of all : Does any of you know Lady Kitty Crocodile ?

*Clack.* Lady Kitty ! nobody better ; I have had the honour of working for her ladyship this many years.

*O'Don.* Then your business will be done in a trice. Between ourselves, the ladies always rule the roast in this part of the world.

*Clack.* I dare believe her ladyship will be very willing to serve us.

*O'Don.* I don't doubt it at all ; she is one of the most worthiest women alive : She cou'dn't bear to stay in England after the death of her husband ; every thing there put her so much in mind of her loss. Why, if she met by accident with one of his boots, it always set her a-crying ; indeed, the poor gentlewoman was a perfect Niobe.

*Clack.* Indeed, I found her ladyship in a very incontionable way, when I waited on her upon the mournful occasion. Indeed, she was rather more chearful when she tried on her weeds ; and no wonder, for it is a dress vastly becoming, especially to people inclined to be fat. But I was in hopes, by this time, she had got over her griefs.

*O'Don.* Not at all, indeed. Indeed, with the French she is sasatious and pleasant enough ; but she no sooner sets sight on any thing English, than the tears burst out like a whirlwind.

*Clack.* Then, if we can do without it, we won't trouble her ladyship.

*Mrs. Min.* True ; we will first try, sister, what we can do at the convent.

*O'Don.*

*O'Don.* By all mains : And, d'ye hear, you need not mention any thing about the purse ; you understand me ?

*Clack.* Oh, father, you need not fear us.

*O'Don.* Nay, it is not for that ; but becaase one's charity, you know, should be private ; and, therefore, to divulge it would take away most of the merit. [*Exit.*

*Clack.* True, true. What's next to be done ?

*Mrs. Min.* Why, we had best go after the wench to the convent.

*Clack.* But take care what you say ! you see what a hobble we had like to have got into.

*Mrs. Min.* Never you fear ; I warrant, I knows how to behave myself. [*Exeunt.*

*Scene, a Convent.*

*Enter Abbess and Jenny.*

*Abbess.* Only, daughter, consider to what temptation you are exposed in the world.

*Jenny.* The more merit, mother, then in me, to resist them.

*Abbess.* Attacked by enemies from every quarter.

*Jenny.* I am a girl of spirit, mother, and am determined to face them.

*Abbess.* But they will be too powerful, child, for you to resist.

*Jenny.* Then, like abler officers, I must surrender. I suppose there will be no danger of their refusing me quarter.

*Abbess.* Daughter, daughter, I am afraid your affections are carnal.

*Jenny.*

*Jenny.* Mother, mother, they are like other girls of my age.

*Abbeys.* Why won't you accept a spiritual spouse?

*Jenny.* Because I have found one of flesh and blood much more to my mind.

*Abbeys.* Consider, that is a union that will continue for ever.

*Jenny.* And do you call that a recommendation, good mother?

*Abbeys.* The other, child, must be finally dissolved by death.

*Jenny.* Like many of my countrywomen, perhaps, I mayn't have patience to tarry altogether so long. But come, mother, I can, I believe, give a good guess at your meaning: You have a notion that I should bring a pretty good fortune to this spouse of your recommendation?

*Abbeys.* True, daughter.

*Jenny.* To which, as I never heard of any children produced by this unaccountable union, you will succeed? Now, I must tell you, I ha'n't a farthing of fortune.

*Abbeys.* Daughter!

*Jenny.* I am entirely dependant upon father, who, I am positively sure, won't part with a farthing to you. He give any thing to your church, as you call it? why, he's never so happy as when he can rob our own vicar at home of his dues.

*Abbeys.* What, daughter, have you no separate portion?

*Jenny.* Not a doit.

*Abbeys.* And your father so fixed an heretic as you have described him?

*Jenny.* Hates a Papish worser than poison.

*Abbeys.*

*Abbess.* Well, child, as I find you have no immediate call to the veil, I shall at this time press it no further : Your best way will, I think, be to return to your father.

*Fenny.* Not quite so soon, if you please. I have told you what induced me to leave him ; now, if you will screen me from his pursuit, till I can otherwise dispose of myself, tho' I am not rich, I have a few guineas here that will thank you.

*Abbess.* Why, as the compelling a daughter to marry is a profanation of one of our sacraments, I am bound in duty, if I can, to prevent it.

*Fenny.* Is it? gad, I like that part of your creed well enough.

*Enter a Nun.*

*Nun.* The father and mother of that amiable child are now at the grate.

*Fenny.* Lord, good mother, what shall I do?

*Abbess.* Let them know, she shall attend them directly. *[Exit Nun.]*

*Fenny.* How, mother!

*Abbess.* Fear nothing! if they insist on the taking you hence, urge an affection you feel for our faith, and that you wish to wait here for our ghostly instructions; in such a case, this is a secure sanctuary from the secular arm.

*Fenny.* I understand you, good mother. *[Exe.]*

*Scene, a Grate.*

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, Mrs. Clack, and Codling.*

*Min.* This jade is the plague of our lives!

*Mrs. Min.* Peace, Matthew! by rough means

we shall gain nothing, I am sure; let us try what a little mollification will do. Son Codling, keep out of sight, if you please.

*Enter the Abbess and Jenny.*

*Abbess.* This, I presume, is the person you want.

*Mrs. Min.* Yes, mistress, this is the party, indeed.—So, Jenny, how could you be so naughty, child, to run away from your father and me?

*Min.* Yes, and to consort with a parcel of Pap——

*Mrs. Min.* Peace, Matthew! there be good and bad of all sorts, as they say.

*Min.* True; and I warrant her she'll make choice of the worst.

*Mrs. Min.* Well, but, come, Matthew, it is never too late to repent.

*Clack.* True, sister; and I dare say my niece is ready to return back with us, and will do every thing we can desire her.

*Jenny.* I am sensible of the respect and duty I owe to my parents——

*Mrs. Min.* Very well said, child! it is a long lane that has no turning.

*Jenny.* And shall always be ready to obey their commands.

*Min.* Do you hear, mistress? then open the doors, and let her come out.

*Jenny.* Pardon me, Sir; that cannot be.

*Min.* Why not?

*Jenny.* Because a much more important duty detains me.

*Min.* And pray what pretty duty may that be?

*Jenny.*

*Jenny.* This pious and reverend lady will tell you.

*Min.* Come, mistress, let us have it then.

*Abbess.* Your daughter, son, by a miraculous operation, has had her eyes opened to the perilous paths in which she was straying.

*Min.* Yes, yes, she has wandered long enough, to be sure.

*Abbess.* And has begged our advice to direct her in the right road.

*Min.* And if she takes it, it will be the first time in her life.

*Abbess.* Say not so, son; you are too rash in your judgment.

*Min.* To come to the proof, will she marry the young man we have provided?

*Abbess.* She has provided a better match for herself.

*Min.* The devil she has! what, a 'prentice-boy that wants two years to be out of his time?

*Abbess.* Son, I don't comprehend you.

*Min.* Dick Drugget, I mean; as arrant a scape-grace——

*Abbess.* Son, I know no such person as Drugget.

*Min.* What, he has changed his name, I suppose, since he came over! Like enough.

*Abbess.* Son, we err, I believe, as to the person; the spouse your daughter wishes to wed, is Saint Francis.

*Min.* Saint Francis! who the devil is he? what, has she picked up a Frenchman already? like enough: But if that be the case, mistress, you may give my service to Mr. Saint Francis, and tell him he shall never touch a single penny of mine as long as he lives.

*Abbess.*



*Abbeſs.* Saint Francis ſtands in need of no fortune.

*Min.* He is ſo rich? ſo much the better for he. And you may over and above tell him, notwithstanding ſhe looks ſo demure, that he could not have met with ſuch a headſtrong, obſtinate, peremptory vixen, if he had ſearched all the country round.

*Abbeſs.* Saint Francis will, notwithstanding, cheriſh the dear child in his boſom.

*Min.* Will he? then, if the dear child don't kick his guts out in leſs than a month, ſhe is confoundedly altered! But come, miſtreſs; mayhap, we may find friends here, although we be ſtrangers: We'll ſee if there be no laws againſt kidnapping other folks' children away!

*Abbeſs.* You grow indecent, ſon; we muſt leave you.

*Min.* In England now I would have horpurs'd-corpus'd her out of your hands in an hour!

*Abbeſs.* Daughter, pay your reverence to your relations! [*Jenny curtsies, and retires from the grate with the Abbeſs.*]

*Min.* An hypocritical flut! And hark'ee, miſtreſs! before I goes, I will tell you a bit of my mind: Notwithstanding your whining and canting, and ſanctified looks, I don't think you are a bit better than you ſhould be, d'ye ſee me; and, if the truth was known, you are little better, I believe, than an old matchmaking bawd!

*Mrs. Min.* Matthew, conſider where you are! have a care what you ſay!

*Min.* Pr'ythee, woman, be quiet! Loſers have leave to ſpeak in all countries, I hope.

*Mrs. Min.* And of what uſe is your ſpeaking?

*Clack.* True, ſiſter. But come; let us go to  
Lady

Lady Kitty, as the friar advised us; perhaps she may put us in a way.

*Mrs. Min.* Right, sister. Come, Matthew, there is no time to be lost.

*Min.* Lost! we had better leave her to her own wicked ways: She will find that punishment enough, in the end.

*Mrs. Min.* But she is our daughter, Matthew, you know; let us do our duty, however.

*Min.* Well, well! Come, son Codling!

*Codl.* I'll follow you, father, when I have made an observation or two, to put into neighbour Index's Tower.—“ The clargywomen in these  
“ parts don't use any linen; and instead of doing  
“ like our'n, they wear their woollen smocks  
“ over the rest of their cloaths. *Nota bene*, if  
“ they can catch any young women into their  
“ clutches, they locks them up in dens like wild  
“ beasteses, that are kept in the Tower.” [*Exe.*

*Scene, a Hotel.*

*Enter Miss Lydell and Hetty.*

*Miss L.* Sure never was so capricious a being!

*Hetty.* Not of the same mind two minutes together! I am astonished, Miss, how you are able to bear it.

*Miss L.* I only wait for a fair occasion to quit her ladyship; such a one, I mean, as would justify me to my friends.

*Hetty.* For that, Miss, you can't be long at a loss.

*Miss L.* Ah, Hetty, it is impossible for you to guess at the half of her art: My relations, se-  
duced

duced by her frequent professions, trusted me to her care, expecting, what I am satisfied never will happen, a permanent establishment for me by means of her favour.

*Hetty.* Why, sure, Miss, she can't for shame but do something handsome for you, after having dragged you in her train, as I may say, almost over the world.

*Miss L.* There, Hetty, is the source of her present behaviour: She knows what she has promised, and wants to force me to some indiscreet act of impatience, as an apology for the breach of her faith.

*Hetty.* Ay? is she so cunning as that?

*Miss L.* For at the same time that she is teasing, torturing, and loading me with every mortification in private, you see with what particular regard and attention she affects to treat me in public.

*Hetty.* True enough, I must own, Miss; exactly like her pretended grief for Sir John: She howls and cries over the poor boot, for all the world like the strange creature I have read of.

*Miss L.* Hush, Hetty! she is here.

*Enter Lady Kitty Crocodile.*

*L. Kitty.* In close committee, I see! What mischief are you two brewing together?—I am astonished, Miss Lydell, at your seducing my servants; is this a proper return, Miss, for all the obligations you owe me?

*Miss L.* I am sorry your ladyship should think me capable——

*L. Kitty.* Capable!—Leave the room, with your inquisitive impertinent face! You want some

some tale to run tattling with to the rest of the crew. [To Hetty.

*Hetty. Crew?* I don't understand what your ladyship means by the *crew*; tho' we are servants, we may be as good Christians as other people, I hope; and tho', to be sure——

*L. Kitty.* Hold your insolent tongue, and quit the room, when I bid you!

*Hetty. Crew?*—With all my heart; I have no objection to quitting the room, nor the house neither, for the matter of that. *Crew*, indeed; marry come up! [Exit.

*L. Kitty.* So, Miss! these are the fruits of your little hypocritical plots; these lessons have been taught them by you.

*Miss L.* Me, Madam? Can your ladyship suppose that I would descend so low as to——

*L. Kitty.* Descend, Miss? I don't understand you: Pray, in what respect are you so much better than they? Is it because I have permitted you to sit at my table, that you give yourself these airs of importance? Though your father was parson of the parish, yet I hope I was not obliged at his death to provide for all his beggarly tribe.

*Miss L.* Madam, I never presumed——

*L. Kitty.* And yet, has not my generosity been extended to every branch? There was your mother; did not I, by my own single interest, get her into the Alms-House at Bromley; where, except meat, drink, and cloaths, she is amply provided with every thing a woman of her condition can want?

*Miss L.* I never denied——

*L. Kitty.* Was not your brother Tom, Miss, made a guinea pig upon my recommendation?

*Miss.*

*Miss L.* Granted, Madam.

*L. Kitty.* And as to you, did not I, for no reason that I know, unless indeed that you are a distant relation, take you into my house, put you above my own woman, and make you one of my maids of honour at once?

*Miss L.* I hope, Madam, I have not proved ungrateful.

*L. Kitty.* No, Miss? How often have I caught you ogling and throwing out lures to Sir John in his life-time?

*Miss L.* I hope, Madam, Sir John never charged me with any designs of that nature.

*L. Kitty.* No; there was your security, Miss; you knew he was too generous and good to expose your infamous arts; but you could not conceal them from me!

*Miss L.* Nay, for Heaven's sake, Madam—

*L. Kitty.* In Italy too, there was Prince Pincoffi and Cardinal Grimsky; you could not help throwing out your traps to ensnare them.

*Miss L.* Me, Madam?

*L. Kitty.* Yes, you; what else, at my assemblies, could make them prefer your conversation to mine? I hope you have not the impudence to suppose that your person and figure would bear any comparison.

*Miss L.* Madam, I never presumed——

*L. Kitty.* Besides, Miss, you know I never durst carry you with me to any conference I had with the pope, for fear you should be trying some of your coquetish airs upon him.

*Miss L.* Mercy upon me!

*L. Kitty.* And here too, Colonel Crosby, the only decent man in the town, when I was in Calais before, never missed my toilet a morning;

ing; but now, when he comes, won't tarry a moment, unless indeed when you are in waiting.

*Miss L.* I am so confused at the strange charges your ladyship brings, that I protest I don't know what answer to make!

*L. Kitty.* I do really believe you. But you see, Miss, all your little contrivances are fully discovered; and I should tell you, Miss Lydell, that you are the most artificial, cunning, hypocritical, mischievous minx, that ever I met with, but my humanity and my good breeding prevents me; A woman of quality should never lose sight of her station,

*Miss L.* Was I capable of but half the crimes your ladyship lays to my charge, I should detest myself full as much as your ladyship hates me. But I can't wish, Madam, that your ladyship should keep about your person a young creature to whom you have been pleased to take such an aversion: Send me, therefore, Madam, to my poor mother; her age and infirmities must want my assistance.

*L. Kitty.* Who hinders you, Miss? You may go when you please.

*Miss L.* Your ladyship will send with me some person of confidence? or, at least, a line to my mother, intimating, that I have neither dishonoured myself, or deserted your ladyship?

*L. Kitty.* So! here is another stroke of your art! You want to persuade people, that, through caprice, grown tired of your company, I have the cruelty to throw you at once upon the wide world: No, Miss! that won't do; you should be a little more careful to cover the hook.

*Enter*



*Enter a Servant and Colonel Crosby.*

*Serv.* Colonel Crosby. [*Exit.*

*Colonel.* I hope I am not an intruder.—Bless me, what has happened? Miss Lydell in tears!

*L. Kitty.* Yes; the poor child has just received a letter from her mother, one of the best kind of women that ever was: Dry up your tears, Lydia, my love!—You sullen, sulking, stomachful slut!—Poor Mrs. Lydell has but very bad health, Colonel Crosby; and the dear girl, who is indeed a most affectionate dutiful daughter—Go up to your room, you pouting, perverse, little vixen—You see, Colonel! but be comforted, Lydy, my dear! though you should lose your mother, you may be certain of finding a mother in me.

*Colonel.* I hope, Miss, there is no immediate imminent danger.

*L. Kitty.* The poor child's tender nature, and amiable heart, makes her dread the worst that can happen.—What, is the wench petrified? move off, and don't stand sniveling here!—She wishes, Colonel, to withdraw to her chamber: But don't brood over your sorrows, my love! order my coach, and take a little airing, my dear!—I hope it will overturn, and break every bone in your skin. [*Exit Lydia.*

*Colonel.* How amiable in your ladyship is this attention for so deserving an object!

*L. Kitty.* I am afraid, Colonel, you will think it a weakness: Excess of humanity is my foible, I know; but a generous mind, such as your's, Colonel, will pardon the error.

*Colonel.* Error! it is the glory, the pride of your



your sex; it is the invincible Ægis of Pallas, that must subdue every heart it attacks!

*L. Kitty.* Sorrows naturally soften the mind; and, Heaven knows, I have had a plentiful portion. The dear man, whose resemblance I wear on my wrist——

*Colonel.* For Heaven's sake, madam——

*L. Kitty.* And for ever will wear—But what necessity for this idle delusion? is not thy sweet image deeply graved in my heart?

*Colonel.* Indeed your ladyship should not give way to these transports; they may endanger your health.

*L. Kitty.* Look here! Can I then lament him too much?—But thou art but gone before me, my love!

*Colonel.* Let me respect the sacred hour of sorrow, nor interrupt it by useless consolation, and impertinent form! [Exit.

*L. Kitty.* A short space will unite us, never to bear the torture of the separation again! Oh, that it was permitted me, with my own hand to shorten the time! this night, the arched vault should inclose us! to the cold chamber of death I would with rapture descend——

*Enter Hetty.*

How came that ill-bred puppy let in, without announcing his name?

*Hetty.* I fancy, Madam, the servants were out of the way.

*L. Kitty.* That is always the case! Sure never was poor lady pestered by such an infamous set! But you all know and take advantage of my patient and mild disposition!

*Hetty.* To be sure, poor dove!—There are some

some English people below, beg to have the honour of seeing your ladyship.

*L. Kitty.* Do I know them?

*Hetty.* Mrs. Clack of Pall-Mall, with two or three more.

*L. Kitty.* Let Mrs. Clack first be admitted. Is the room fit to receive them?

*Hetty.* Would your ladyship see her in the Chamber of Tears?

*L. Kitty.* Where else? Light the candle, and shut out the sun! *[Exit Hetty.]*

This part that I play begins to grow horribly tedious. In my husband's lifetime, indeed, I had one consolation at least, that I could always make him pay me in private for the good humour and fondness that I lavished on him in public: But now, I have no other resource but in servants; and they too at times are rebellious. These English creatures get such odd notions about liberty into their heads! I fancy the Turks would make good domestics enough; but then the brutes are so tame and submissive, that it is scarce possible to tease and torment them: Now the great pleasure of power, is in ruling over sensible subjects, who wince and feel the yoke when it galls them—Bless me! who is this?—Yes, my lord, in thy tomb all my wishes lie bur——

*Enter Hetty.*

*Hetty.* The room is ready, my lady.

*L. Kitty.* I wish the room was on fire, and you in the middle on't! plague on you! I was afraid it was the Colonel come back.

*[Exeunt.]*

A C T

## A C T III.

*Enter Colonel Crosby.**Colonel.*

**T**HERE is a peculiarity in Miss Lydell's distress that I don't quite comprehend; it appears to arise from a deeper source than Lady Kitty derives it. I wish I could see her ladyship's woman! The girl seems to have caught a good deal of the manners of her class in this country; curious, arch, and corrupt: With a proper application, there will be no difficulty, I fancy, to get at the family-secrets.—Here she comes.

*Enter Hetty.*

You are in a prodigious hurry, Mrs. Hetty! Nothing uncommon has happened, I hope?

*Hetty.* Uncommon? no, no, Colonel; our affairs generally keep pretty much the same train: Hurry-scurry—sending—recalling—commanding—forbidding—Lord have mercy upon me! To live here, one should have the art of the Holloway-cheesecake-man, and be in a hundred places at the very same time.

*Colonel.* She seems in a right cue for my purpose.—You are upon no commission at present?

*Hetty.* Not immediately; but I must not be out of the way; for as my lady is decked out in her dismals, perhaps she may take a fancy to faint.

*Colonel.* Poor lady! Lady Kitty is, indeed, a  
most

most extraordinary instance of the sincerity and fervor of conjugal love.

*Hetty.* Yes; I believe there are very few women can match her.

*Colonel.* And Miss Lydell seems to have caught the infection. How long, pray, has her mother been so exceedingly ill?

*Hetty.* Whose mother?

*Colonel.* Miss Lydell's.

*Hetty.* I never heard a word of her sickness.

*Colonel.* No! because, my lady was——

*Hetty.* Yes; as I guessed: This is one of her tricks; some story she has trump'd up.

*Colonel.* Indeed!—Oh, Mrs. Hetty; though it is not usual in this country to give veils, I suppose you know it is the practice to pay some little occasional compliment, for the good offices of those whom the injustice of Fortune has placed in a station below us.

*Hetty.* I have always said, for politeness no nation could equal the French.

*Colonel.* You will permit me to discharge this duty in part. [Gives her money.]

*Hetty.* One may see by your manner, Colonel, where you have passed the greatest part of your time.

*Colonel.* I don't know any body's approbation I am more ambitious to have.—But, Mrs. Hetty; as to Miss Lydell; there seems to be a fixed melancholy hang on her brow.

*Hetty.* I don't wonder at it.

*Colonel.* But even now I surprized her in tears.

*Hetty.* Like enough. I suppose she has been under the lash; my lady has been, as usual, employing her talents in teasing.

*Colonel.*

*Colonel.* Talents in teasing?

*Hetty.* Yes; it is a little amusement her ladyship takes every morning, just by way of exercise, between breakfast and dinner.

*Colonel.* Oh, you wrong her ladyship: Indeed, I never saw stronger proofs of delicate and tender affection.

*Hetty.* Ha, ha! how easily you men are imposed on!

*Colonel.* Nay, but, my dear girl, prithee don't be so giddy. To deal seriously with you, I can't help taking a warm interest in what relates to Miss Lydell.

*Hetty.* Upon my word, she richly deserves it.

*Colonel.* And should be sorry to find her present very alarming distress owing to any indiscretion of her's.

*Hetty.* On that head, you may make yourself perfectly easy.

*Colonel.* But how shall we be able to account for——

*Hetty.* In the most natural way in the world.

*Colonel.* Will you be kind enough to lend your assistance?

*Hetty.* With all the pleasure in life. You can be secret, I hope.

*Colonel.* You will find me a man of honour in every respect.

*Hetty.* In one instance, you have just given me a convincing proof, I confess. Why then, as to this lady of ours; in hypocrisy, she would be an over-match for a methodist.

*Colonel.* Really?

*Hetty.* And as to cruelty, there never was so ingenious, so refined a tormenter: The Fathers of the Inquisition themselves, would be proud to receive

receive instructions from her. I could give you such a history——

*Colonel.* Is it possible?

*Hetty.* This room is too public; besides, perhaps her ladyship may pop in and surprize us, for she is as suspicious and prying as a custom-house officer. Dare you venture yourself in my room for a moment?

*Colonel.* If you are not apprehensive of danger, I must, Miss Hetty, be a coward indeed, if I——

*Hetty.* Oh, as to my own part, I know I am secure; you are engaged too deeply elsewhere.

*Colonel.* Me, child?

*Hetty.* Ha, ha, ha! Lord have mercy! how oddly you look! What, d'ye think I have not found you out before this? Nay, for the matter of that, my lady knows as much as myself; and, to tell you the truth, I believe that was the cause of the scene to which you were partly a witness.

*Colonel.* Nay, but, child——

*Hetty.* Hush! step into that room: I must introduce Mrs. Clack, the mantua-maker, to an audience; after which, I'll be with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Lady Kitty discovered in deep mourning; the room hung with black; a lamp on the table.*

*L. Kitty.* What the deuce keeps this woman so long? I grow most terribly tired of my attitude; but to this creature I must keep my character up: She is an absolute Gazette, and at her return will publish me in every part of the town,

*Enter*

*Enter Hetty and Mrs. Clack.*

*Hetty.* There you see her ladyship sits ; absorbed in grief, quite absent ; she knows nothing of us.

*Clack.* Poor dear lady !

*Hetty.* I will endeavour to rouse her attention.

*L. Kitty.* Gone, lost, for ever lost !

*Hetty.* Please your ladyship ! madam !

*L. Kitty.* Why will you tease me to sustain a tedious life ? I have no relish for rich wines, or delicate viands ; the bread of affliction is the best banquet for me.

*Clack.* And that is but coarse food, Heaven knows.

*L. Kitty.* Don't I hear some other voice in the room ? my eyes are grown so misty and dim——

*Hetty.* With crying !—Mrs. Clack, your ladyship's mantua-maker, from England, to pay her duty ; and desires your ladyship's commands for that country.

*L. Kitty.* Let her approach.—How d'ye do, Mrs. Clack ?—Hetty, child, you may go to your dinner.—A good creature ; an humble kind of friend, Mrs. Clack : To her care and attention I think myself deeply indebted ; as she will find when they open my will.

*Hetty.* For Heaven's sake ! your ladyship makes my blood run cold in my veins.

*L. Kitty.* D'ye think, Hetty, you shall lament me ?

*Hetty.* Can your ladyship doubt it ? I should almost break my heart, if your ladyship was not to leave me a farthing.

*L. Kitty.*



*L. Kitty.* Should you? Kind soul!—I shall try the experiment, you hypocritical flut!

*Hetty.* But when our superiors are so considerate as to think of their menials in their last moments, to be sure it gives poor servants greater spirits to cry for their loss.

*L. Kitty.* Doubtless. You may go. [*Exit Hetty.* Well, Mrs. Clack, you find me vastly altered since the death of Sir John.

*Clack.* To be sure, your ladyship is something changed since the day I had the honour to try on your ladyship's cloaths for your ladyship's wedding.

*L. Kitty.* True. You, I think, Mrs. Clack, decked me out like another Iphigenia, to be sacrificed at the temple of Hymen. Don't you recollect the tremors, the terrors, that invaded each nerve, on that solemn, that awful occasion? You must remember, with what reluctance I was dragged by Sir John to the altar.

*Clack.* To be sure, your ladyship shewed a becoming coyness upon the occasion. I remember, about the hour of bedding, you hid yourself behind the bottle-rack in the beer cellar, to avoid Sir John; if your ladyship had not happened to have coughed, we should not have found you.

*L. Kitty.* The conflict was great: But, dear Mrs. Clack, what could I do? Troy stood a siege for only ten years; now sixteen were fully accomplished before I was compelled to surrender.

*Clack.* That was standing out a vast while, to be sure. I recollects, what added to your ladyship's grief was, that the nuptials should happen to fall out in the middle of Lent.

*L. Kitty.* Dear Clack, you renew my confusion:

sion : Little did I think ever to fully that sacred season by the celebration of such a festivity.

*Clack.* But there could not be so much harm in the matter neither; as marriages, your ladyship knows, are all settled above.

*L. Kitty.* By that argument I was induced to surrender; with, however, an express stipulation, that all connubial intercourse should be suspended Wednesdays and Fridays.

*Clack.* That must have been a vast denial to both parties, no doubt.

*L. Kitty.* How, Mrs. Clack! you wou'dn't insinuate that I was prompted to the connection by any——

*Clack.* Far from it, my lady! I only meant, that it must give your ladyship pain to refuse Sir John any favour; for, to be sure, never was any lady half so happy in a partner as you.

*L. Kitty.* How irreparable must then be my loss! Yes, Clack, he possessed my whole heart, and possesses it still: My waking thoughts are all devoted to him; in sleep his loved image is ever before me—starting from my couch,

“ I cry aloud; he hears not what I say :

“ I stretch my empty arms; he glides away!”

*Clack.* Vast mournful, indeed! But I should think your ladyship might find out a cure.

*L. Kitty.* Which way?

*Clack.* Fill your empty arms with something substantial, and I warrant 'twill frighten the phantom.

*L. Kitty.* Clack, I don't comprehend——

*Clack.* I only recommends to your ladyship the proscription I made use on myself: There was my first husband, sweet Mr. Snip, though a staymaker,

staymaker, as portly a person—I really believe, I should have followed the dear soul to his grave, hadn't our foreman, Tom Clack, stepped in to console me; indeed, the match was very convenient, as he had done all my husband's business during the time of his sickness.

*L. Kitty.* I am astonished, woman, at your presumption. Do you recollect to whom you are addressing this language?

*Clack.* I beg pardon! But I thought in these matters your ladyship was like the rest of our sex; and though Sir John——

*L. Kitty.* Peace! nor let your unhallowed lips profane the dear name! even now, his sacred shade seems to upbraid me: See, there!

*Clack.* There? where? I sees nothing, I'm sure.

*L. Kitty.* How awful, how tremendous, he looks! his front furrowed, for the first time, with a frown!

*Clack.* Lord bless me! I wish I was well out of the house!

*L. Kitty.* But, be pacified, dear lord of my life; no second to thee shall succeed:

" First let the opening earth a passage rend,	
" And let me thro' the dark abyfs descend,	
" Before I break the plighted faith I gave!	}
" Thou hadst my vows, and shalt for ever have;	
" For whom I lov'd on earth, I'll worship in the grave!"	

*Clack.* Never stir, if she ben't talking of poetry! her brain's turned, to be sure.

*L. Kitty.* He beckons! lead on, my loved lord! thy summons I with rapture obey. His arms encircle me round; and now together we plunge into the gulph! the raging billows surround us! now they rise over our heads! now  
we.

we sink, we sink, in silence together ! and, oh — [*falling.*] Curse the chair ! how came I to miss it ?

*Clack.* Mercy upon us ! help, for Heaven's sake, help ! What, is there nobody left in the house ?

*Enter Hetty.*

Lord, Mrs. Hetty, I am glad you are come ! My poor lady ! she is quite gone, I am afraid.

*Hetty.* On the ground ! in one of her fits, I suppose.—No doubt, it is dreadful to you ; but we are used to 'em every day. Step and call some more of the—[*Exit Clack.*] How came your ladyship to fall on the ground ?

*L. Kitty.* Where the deuce have you been ? that old fool was so frightened, she never thought of bringing the chair. She has pinched me as black as a coal.

*Hetty.* Would your ladyship please to recover now, or shall I fetch in the hartshorn ?

*L. Kitty.* This woman is an ideot ; so there is no occasion at present.

*Hetty.* Come back, Mrs. Clack ; my lady begins to revive,

*Re-enter Mrs. Clack.*

and upon these occasions she wishes to have but few people by. T'other side, Mrs. Clack. So, so, so !

*L. Kitty.* Am I recalled to hated life again ?

*Hetty.* Your ladyship has had a violent struggle. Nothing more than usual, I hope, has happened.

*Clack.* I believes, indeed, it was partly my fault :  
In

In order to comfort my lady, I was rash enough to recommend another husband—

*L. Kitty.* Recal not the detested idea, unless you wish to see me sink again at your feet!

*Clack.* I beg your ladyship's pardon! I can't think what in the world could possess me! Indeed, Lord Harry Huntwidow, hearing that I was going over, did desire me to deliver a letter.

*L. Kitty.* To me? presumptuous man! how dared he encourage a hope—Had not he heard that Don Juan de Mustachio, a Spanish grandee of the very first class, had laid his Golden Fleece at my feet?

*Hetty.* True enough.

*L. Kitty.* Didn't the Palsgrave of Saltsplash, a sovereign Prince on the banks of the Rhine, offer to share his power with me? and, after all, to submit to a subject!—This Lord Harry, Hetty, is an absolute beggar: Red-faced, rabbit-backed, with a pair of legs like a couple of drumsticks.

*Hetty.* Marry come up, my scurvy companion!

*Clack.* As soon as ever I return, I shall deliver his lordship his letter.

*L. Kitty.* Hold, Clack; let it lie on the table.

*Clack.* Will your ladyship deign then to give it a reading?

*L. Kitty.* By no means, Mrs. Clack. Put it amongst the other papers, Hetty, which in a few days are to expire in the flames.

*Hetty.* It shall, madam.

*L. Kitty.* A monthly sacrifice I offer up, Mrs. Clack, before the dear image of him I adore.

*Hetty.* We shall have a fine blaze; for this month has been very prolific.—My lady's illness had

had made me like to forget ; your relations, Mrs. Clack, grow impatient without.

*L. Kitty.* Who are they ?

*Clack.* A sifter of mine, and her husband, to beg your ladyship's interest to get their daughter out of a convent.

*L. Kitty.* A convent ! how got she there ?

*Clack.* Run away from her parents with a paltry 'prentice, to avoid the man of their chusing ; and purtends, on purpose to plague 'em, that she wants to be a nun ; and, what is worser, threatens to turn Papish, if they torment her.

*L. Kitty.* Of what use can I be ?

*Clack.* If your ladyship could order the child to be delivered back to her parents——

*L. Kitty.* This is a matter of weight, Mrs. Clack, and must be considered maturely : I am too ill, at present, to admit an audience. I shall desire the governor to direct a guard to escort your niece to my presence ; we shall then see what is best to be done. Hetty, let the governor know my desire. But this, Mrs. Clack, I must tell you ; if the girl's conversion is the matter in question, I can on no account interpose ; the friendship I have with the Pope ties my hands where the Holy See is concerned.

*Clack.* Nothing of that, believe me, my lady.

*L. Kitty.* But don't indulge a surmise, which was circulated, even at Rome itself, with too much success, that any thing sensual tainted the intercourse between the reverend Pontiff and me.

*Clack.* Heaven forbid that I should think of any such thing !

*L. Kitty.* Malice, joined with credulity, gave rise to the fable : Sacred sentiments, that spring in kindred minds, first began and cemented the union.



union. Every avenue, but what friendship permits, is guarded by thy loved image, my lord ! thou, who art the alphabet, the beginning, the ending, the very Great A and Z, of all my tender affections. *[Exit.*

*Clack.* Poor lady ! she is in a piteous plight ; for all the world like Mrs. Andromedy, that one sees at the theatre.

*Hetty.* Ay, Mrs. Clack ; to all widows she is, indeed, a shining example.

*Clack.* True. Why, I myself, if my husband had left me in circumstances accordingly, should have taken on a great deal more than I did ; but folks who have their living to get, can't afford to cry, you know, as much as your people of fashion ; besides, every body has not the gift of incontinence, like to my lady.

*Hetty.* True, true. But you had better step out to your friends, and let them know what measures my lady has taken.

*Clack.* I will, I will ; they will be impatient, no doubt. *[Exit.*

*Hetty.* Colonel, you may appear.

*Enter Colonel.*

Well, Sir, after what you have seen and heard, I suppose all your doubts are removed.

*Colonel.* Perfectly satisfied ; a new edition of the Ephesian Matron, with amazing improvements. But, poor Miss Lydell ! I own her situation distresses me greatly.

*Hetty.* The damsel, it is true, is in terrible durance : Do you feel yourself knight-errant enough to fly to her rescue ?

*Colonel.* Would the lady, d'ye think, accept of my service ?

*Hetty.*



*Hetty.* It is but a poor compliment to suppose that she wou'dn't prefer the soft bondage of love, to the galling fetters she wears.

*Colonel.* Can I then, Mrs. Hetty, hope for nothing more than a preference?

*Hetty.* I don't think myself at liberty, Colonel, to tell you all that I know. In the drawing-room, you will find the young lady alone: As you gave me a handsome retainer, I have been in court, and opened the cause; do you speak to the merits; you are a good pleader, and, I make no doubt, will succeed.

*Colonel.* I will go and labour hard for a verdict.

*Hetty.* You will find the court inclined to your suit. But, Colonel, you have no objections, when you have delivered the damsel, to break the chains of her confidante too?

*Colonel.* The romance would be irregular else.  
[Exit.

*Hetty.* So! her ladyship's power draws towards a period; she must provide new subjects, at least. She supposed the hopes from her Will would secure me; but the day is too distant; besides, I know her too well to have any reliance——

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Bless me, Mrs. Hetty, what can be the matter? Here is a file of musqueteers coming into the house.

*Hetty.* The girl, I suppose, from the convent. A new whim of my lady's: I will go to them; you have nothing to fear.  
[Exeunt.

*Scene*

*Scene changes to another Apartment.*

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, and Codling.*

*Mrs. Min.* Now, son Codling, boldly put in your claim. We will support you, I warrant.

*Enter Mrs. Clack.*

Well, sister, what news from my lady?

*Clack.* Small hopes, I am afraid: The gentlewoman herself is in a desperate taking; but Jenny will be forth-coming, however. I fancy here she is, by the noise on the stairs.

*Enter Lapelle.*

*Lap. Servitude, Monsieurs and Mesdames!*—Why, what the deuce is the matter? There is your daughter below, surrounded by a troop of *soldas*, as the French call them.—Here she is.

*Enter Jenny and soldiers.*

*Mrs. Min.* So, Jenny! You see what you have brought yourself to, to be made a show on in the streets, guarded like a——

*Jenny.* I am not the first, madam, who has suffered for the sake of Religion.

*Mrs. Min.* Religion! Rebellion, you hypocritical slut!

*Jenny.* Can I give a stronger proof of my sincerity, than in quitting a life of affluence and ease, to embrace poverty, fasting, and penance?

*Min.* Not one of the three but thee wouldst run twenty miles to avoid! No, no, Jenny, that's all a pretence; it is not poverty, but something else, you want to embrace.

*Lap.* Hold, Monsieur Minnikin! You are a little

little too hasty; *Jeunes filles*, as the French say, are not to be treated so roughly; suffer me to *parle un peu*. Is it true, *Mademoiselle*, *mon amy* Codling, because you are *amoureux* of somebody else——

*Jenny*. My duty, Sir, directs me not to contradict what a father affirms.

*Min*. Yes, yes, you are plaguy dutiful all of a sudden!

*Clack*. Hush! Here comes my lady; leave the matter to her.

*Enter Lady Kitty and Hetty.*

*L. Kitty*. Hetty, order the guards to withdraw. [*Exe. Sold.*—Which are the parties? and what their cause of complaint?

*Min*. Why, please your ladyship, our business is this: That young slut that stands there, who, between ourselves, for all her sanctified looks—

*L. Kitty*. Honest friend, you are too familiar and loud.

*Lap*. Hush, Matt! and let me open the matter.—Matt Minnikin, my lady, an honest *bourgeois*, that lives *dans* the *citè*, won't set fire to the Thames, though he lives near the Bridge; a namesake, but no relation to Mr. *Mat-Chavel*—

*L. Kitty*. You too are pretty forward, I think! And, pray, Sir, who and what may you be?

*Lap*. *Per vous service*, as the French say, my name is Lapelle; by distraction, a Frenchman, though a native of *Londre*; my predecessors were refugees, and came over after the revolution of the edict of Nantz. Dont you think, my lady, there is a *quelque chose* in my manner, a something, that speaks me sprung from the French?

*L. Kitty.*

*L. Kitty.* Rather more relative in your modesty, Mr. Lapelle.

*Lap. Powteter*, my lady.

*L. Kitty.* But let this honest man tell his own story; he seems very able.

*Lap.* With all my heart; *de tout mon cur*, as the French say.—Come, Matthew! *alons!*

*Min.* Why, I say, my lady, as I was saying, that girl there——

*Lap. Pardy assez shenteel*; and, for an English face, a pretty jolly visage enough.

*L. Kitty.* Peace, Sir!

*Lap.* My lady, *pardunn!*

*Min.* Rather, I say, than marry this honest neighbour of our's, as reputable a trades——

*Lap. Cast vrais*; Monsieur Codling lives in *beaucoupe de credit*.

*L. Kitty.* Nobody called on you as a voucher.

*Lap. Affurement*, my lady.

*Min.* She has run away along with our 'prentice; but as we followed pretty close at their heels, not having time to complete their project, she has taken refuge here in a convent; and says, moreover, if she persists, we will promisculoufly turn Papish and Nun.

*Lap. Pour a Papish, powteter*; but *pour la nun, pardonnez moi!* my lady, *que ditiez vous?*

*L. Kitty.* Will nobody silence this impertinent jackanapes?—Well, child, you hear what your father alledges.

*Jenny.* May I crave your ladyship's private ear for a moment?

*L. Kitty.* Withdraw; not out of the room.—Well, child; what are the objections to the man your parents have chosen?

*Jenny.*

*Jenny.* Two, as strong ones as any mortal can have: I hate him, and I love another.

*L. Kitty.* Pretty frank, I must own.—And as to the change of religion——

*Jenny.* A mere fetch, to keep out of their hands.

*L. Kitty.* You have no hopes that your parents will yield?

*Jenny.* Mother, perhaps, might comply; but no mule is so headstrong as father.

*L. Kitty.* And you, I suppose, are as determined as he?

*Jenny.* Never once gave up a point in my life.

*L. Kitty.* I dare say. But, if they were to desire you to marry the 'prentice——

*Jenny.* They would find me a dutiful daughter.

*L. Kitty.* Then you have no objection to obey their commands, when they happen to contain the very things that you wish?

*Jenny.* Not in the least.

*L. Kitty.* And after having produced, and at their own expence trained and sustained you, you would still suffer them, I dare say, to support and protect you?

*Jenny.* As in duty they are bound.

*L. Kitty.* And they might direct you, provided you governed them?

*Jenny.* In every respect.

*L. Kitty.* Well said, my little American! you would be an heroine, child, on the other side the Atlantic. Why, in your case, Miss Jenny, I don't see what we can do. There is, indeed, one expedient, if you find you have courage enough to perform it.

*Jenny.* I shall not flinch, my lady, when it comes to the push.

*L. Kitty.*

*L. Kitty.* There are, my dear, two men who solicit your hand; one favoured by you, the other your father approves.

*Fenny.* My situation exactly.

*L. Kitty.* Suppose then, by way of reconciling all parties, you were to marry 'em both?

*Fenny.* The happiest thought in the wor'd! I wonder it never came into my head.—But, I am afraid, my lady, we have not dignity enough to do such a thing as this without danger.

*L. Kitty.* We will consider of this at our leisure.—How should you like living with me in this town?

*Fenny.* Of all things upon earth.

*L. Kitty.* We will see what can be done.—Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, I have been founding your daughter; a little time, and some proper persuasions, may induce her to comply with your wishes.

*Mrs Min.* We are highly indebted to your ladyship's goodness!

*L. Kitty.* One of my maids of honour is returning to England; I shall have no objection to promoting Mrs. Clack's niece to the place.

*Clack.* Brother Minnikin!—We shall be bound to pray for your ladyship.

*L. Kitty.* Here Lydia comes, and the Colonel close with her!

*Enter Colonel and Lydia.*

Lydia, my dear, though with the greatest regret, yet the design is so laudable, I consent that you may return to your mother; these honest people, my love, will conduct you with care.

*Colonel.*

*Colonel.* My Lydia, Madam, will not want their assistance.

*L. Kitty.* Colonel? I don't understand you.

*Colonel.* That honour I propose having myself.

*L. Kitty.* How, Colonel!—Shall I crave a word? I hope you have no bad designs on the girl.

*Colonel.* None but such as I hope her friends will approve?

*L. Kitty.* Is it possible you can be in earnest?

*Colonel.* What should make your ladyship doubt it?

*L. Kitty.* Indeed! Nay, if that be the case, it would be criminal in me to conceal a secret in which your honour is concerned: Those tears, which my humanity made me attribute to her filial fears for her mother, flowed from a more ignoble source.

*Colonel.* How, Madam!

*L. Kitty.* A love, perhaps, for one of my menials. How far it proceeded, I sha'n't take upon me to say; but to avoid scandal, I found myself obliged to discard him.

*Colonel.* Ha, ha! what a happy invention.

*L. Kitty.* I don't understand you.

*Colonel.* Why, to deal with your ladyship plainly, your address is ill employed upon me: I own it consummate; but I have been a concealed witness to some of your arts, and shall hardly be imposed on again. Come, Miss Lydia; you will take leave of her ladyship: Her past favours may soon be acknowledged.

*L. Kitty.* Is this true, Lydia?

*Miss L.* Your ladyship's approbation, on an event



event so honourable and advantageous for me, I make no doubt of obtaining.

*L. Kitty.* Is it possible that you can quit my protection, and throw yourself into the arms of a renegade?

*Colonel.* How, Madam !

*L. Kitty.* Was not your father a rebel !

*Colonel.* True, Madam.

*L. Kitty.* And a'n't you an officer in the service of France?

*Colonel.* I was, Madam ; but my present royal master, who is above the narrow prejudice of punishing the principles of parents in their unfortunate offspring, has accepted my service, and restored my family to the rights of their country. For that spot I shall embark in the morning ; leaving your ladyship to lament the loss of a subject to exercise your mischief and malice upon ; which I fancy you will more heavily miss, notwithstanding your weeds, than the poor knight who was happy, though even by death, to escape from so unfeeling a tyrant !

*L. Kitty.* Barbarous, inhuman monster ! how dare you recal the memory of the dear—had he lived, thus to see me insulted—but that could not have been : Thou wouldst never have borne it, my love!—but I am rightly punished, for suffering even a thought to be diverted from thee!—Hetty, lead to my closet, there to compose my ruffled——

*Hetty.* Please your ladyship, I must beg to be excused ; I am engaged to take on with Miss Lydy.

*L. Kitty.* Is it so ? well, well ! You will follow me with your niece. You see in me, Mrs. Clack,

Clack, another Darius, deserted, at my utmost need, by those my former bounty fed. But, what have I to do with mankind ? all my wishes and wants lie beyond them ! I desire no companion but thee :

“ Whilst on thy form I fix my eager eyes,

“ The world I laugh at, and its threats despise.” [Exit.

*Colonel.* The world will be even with your ladyship, or I am greatly mistaken.—Come, my love, it is time to prepare for our voyage.

*Lap.* You are bound, Colonel, for *Angleterre*, as the French call it ?

*Colonel.* By the very first ship.

*Lap.* I wonder that you, who have resided so long in France, can bear the thoughts of living at London.

*Colonel.* It is that very circumstance that will give it an additional relish : And believe this, Master Lapelle, as a truth ; no man ever yet deserted his country, unless he had previously been by that country deserted.

*Lap.* *Commong* can that be ? *permette moi* to laugh, as they say : You see how this town is crouded with *Anglois*.

*Colonel.* Too true, I confess ; and particularly, Master Lapelle, by those of your business ; who, at the same time that they are exclaiming in every paper against the importation of French manufactures, have engrossed almost the whole of that part of the smuggling trade to themselves. I dare say, you are at present furnished with a pretty good cargo.

*Lap.* To oblige some *my lors*, who are my particular friends, I can't say——

*Colonel.*

*Colonel.* Nay, be cautious how you trust me with your secrets ! there may be some danger.—Come, Miss ; in this house we have nothing further to do.

*Miss L.* I can't say, but I feel some concern for the young victim Lady Kitty has just got into her power.

*Hetty.* You may discard your fears about her ! unless I am mistaken, they are very properly matched, and will prove a mutual plague to each other. But, should it be otherwise, there seems to be a kind of dramatic justice in the change of your two situations : You, Miss, are rewarded for your patient sufferings, by the protection of a man of honour and virtue ; whilst she, rebellious to the mild dictates of parental sway, is subjected to the galling yoke of a capricious and whimsical tyrant !

END OF THE TRIP TO CALAIS.

THE  
CAPUCHIN;

A  
COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS:

AS PERFORMED, AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE HAYMARKET:

ALTERED FROM THE  
TRIP TO CALAIS,

BY THE LATE  
*SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.*

AND PUBLISHED BY  
Mr. COLMAN.



# P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. COLMAN.

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

**C**RITICS, whene'er I write, in every scene  
Discover meanings that I never mean:

Whatever character I bring to view,  
I am the father of the child, 'tis true,  
But every babe his christ'ning owes to you.

"The comic poet's eye," with humorous air,  
Glancing from Watling-Street to Grosvenor-Square,  
He bodies forth a light ideal train,

And turns to shape the phantoms of his brain;  
Meanwhile, your fancy takes more partial aim,  
"And gives to airy nothing place and name."

A limner once, in want of work, went down  
To try his fortune in a country town;

The waggon, loaded with his goods, convey'd  
To the same spot his whole dead stock in trade;  
Originals, and copies—ready made.

To the new painter all the country came;  
Lord, lady, doctor, lawyer, squire, and dame,  
The humble curate, and the curate's wife,  
All ask a likeness—taken from the life.

Behold the canvas on the easel stand!  
A pallet graced his thumb, and brushes filled his hand;  
But, ah! the painter's skill they little knew,  
Nor by what curious rules of art he drew.

The waggon-load unpacked, his ancient store  
Furnished for each a face drawn long before;  
God, dame, or hero of the days of yore.

The Cæsars, with a little alteration;  
Were turned into the mayor and corporation;  
To represent the rector and the dean,  
He added wigs and bands to prince Eugene;  
The ladies, blooming all, derived their faces  
From Charles the Second's beauties, and the Graces.

Thus done, and circled in a splendid frame,  
His works adorned each room, and spread his fame.

The country Men of Taste admire and stare,

"My lady's leer! Sir John's majestic air!

"Miss Dimple's languish too! extremely like!

"And in the stile and manner of Vandyke!—

"Oh! this new limner's pictures always strike.

"Old, young, fat, lean, dark, fair, or big or little,

"The very man or woman to a tittle!"

Foote and this limner in some points agree;  
And thus, good Sirs, you often deal by Me.

When, by the royal licence and protection,  
I shew my small academy's collection,  
The connoisseur takes out his glass, to pry  
Into each picture with a curious eye;  
Turns topsy-turvy my whole composition,  
And makes mere portraits all my exhibition.

From various forms Apelles Venus drew:  
So from the million do I copy you.

“ But still the copy’s so exact,” you say :  
 Alas ! the same thing happens every day !  
 How many a modish, well-dressed fop you meet,  
 Exactly suits his shape in Monmouth-Street.  
 In Yorkshire warehouses and Cranbourn-Alley,  
 ’Tis wonderful how shoes and feet will tally ;  
 As honest Crispin understands his trade,  
 On the true human scale his lasts are made ;  
 The measure of each sex and age to hit,  
 And every shoe, as if bespoke, will fit.

My warehouse, thus, for nature’s walks, supplies  
 Shoes for all ranks, and lasts of every size.  
 Sit still and try ’em, Sirs ; I long to please you :  
 How well they fit ! I hope you find ’em easy !  
 If the shoe pinches, swear you cannot bear it ;  
 But, if well made, I wish you health to wear it !

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir HARRY HAMPER,	<i>Mr. Parsons.</i>
Doctor VIPER,	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
O'DONNOVAN,	<i>Mr. Foote.</i>
COLONEL,	<i>Mr. L'Estrange.</i>
Mr. MINNIKIN,	<i>Mr. Edwin.</i>
KIT CODLING,	<i>Mr. Bannister.</i>
DICK DRUGGET,	<i>Mr. R. Palmer.</i>
TROMFORT,	<i>Mr. Baddeley.</i>
LA JEUNESSE.	
PETER PACKTHREAD,	
KIT CABLE.	

Postillions, Porters, Shoe-Blacks, &c.

Mrs. MINNIKIN,	<i>Miss Sherry.</i>
Mrs. CLACK,	<i>Miss Platt.</i>
JENNY MINNIKIN,	<i>Mrs. Jewell.</i>
ABBESS,	<i>Mrs. Love.</i>
NUN.	



---

# T H E C A P U C H I N.

[In order to avoid swelling the bulk, and encreasing the Price of these Pieces, such Passages in the Capuchin as are exactly similar to those in The Trip to Calais, are not reprinted; but the Reader is referred to the Pages in which the Dialogue and Fable connect the two Dramas.]

## A C T I.

[The first variation from The Trip to Calais is by the following insertion, after Tromfort's speech ending, "for he is ver fond of de sea," p. 11.]

*Tromfort.*

SOME littel time past, ve vas have anoder gentleman of de same kind in dis town: He vas a *grand autere*; *diable*, a man of great deal of vit, *beaucoup d'esprit*.

*Jenny.* Ay!

*Tromf.* Oh, *oui*! he vas write de pretty paragraph in de Gazette, vat you call your newspaper? by gar, he lay about him like *le diable*! Poff, poff, poff! he make all de my lors, ay, and my ladies too, shake in dere two shoe.

*Dick.*

*Dick.* What brought him here ?

*Tromf.* He vas come over here vid my lady Deborah Dripping.

*Jenny.* Is her ladyship here ?

*Tromf.* No ; she vas go to Italy to visit de Pope.

*Dick.* And leave the Doctor behind ?

*Tromf.* You know he vas Protestant *Pretre* : Not but he vas ver polite, and offered to turn Papist to vait on de lady.

*Dick.* That was very complaisant of the Doctor. Where is he now ?

*Tromf.* He is gone gouverneur to shew dis country to a chevalier *Anglois*, an English knight, I dink dey call, Sir Harry de Hamper.

[*The Dialogue then proceeds without any variation to p. 21 ; where, instead of the entrance of Lapelle, Gingham, and La Jeunesse, the Act was continued, and concluded, as follows.*]

*Mrs. Min.* Bless me, what a rumbling is that !

*Re-enter Codling.*

*Codl.* I fancy, an old neighbour of your's, that has just drove into the yard.

*Min.* Who can it be ?

*Codl.* Master Hamper, that kept the great tea-shop at the corner of Cornhill ; you remember him ?

*Min.* What should ail me : many a tiff have we taken at Mother Red-Cap's, in our Sunday-nights' walks up to Hampstead.

*Mrs. Min.* Ay, but, Matt, times are altered with him now : Since the death of his brother, he is become a knight banneret, and perhaps may chuse to forget his old friends.

*Min.*

*Min.* Ay, ay, like enough. Upon his coming to his means, he grew too proud to live in the city ; so shut up shop, and I ha'n't got sight of him since. Son Codling, dost know what brought him here ?

*Clack.* Sir Harry Hamper ! is he here ? I shall be happy to see him ; I had the honour to furnish him with some tom-bore waistcoats when he set out on his tower.

*Min.* Tower ! what a deuce could provoke him to leave home ?

*Clack.* Wanted to see the world, I suppose.

*Min.* See the world ! what, just as he is going out on't ?

*Clack.* And to qualify him for the honour of a young lady of quality's hand, that lives in our Square, to whom he paid his addresses ; but she insists upon his polishing a little.

*Min.* A young lady ! what, Harry Hamper ? Zounds, why, he is ten years older than I am ! on the wrong side of seventy, I'll be upon oath.

*Clack.* Ay, that is as you reckon him ; but he dates his birth from the day of his succeeding to the family honours.

*Mrs. Min.* About five years ago.

*Min.* He is not far from the mark ; once a man, and twice a child !

*Codl.* To my thinking, these mounseers have disfigured him strangely ; if it had not been for Peter Packthread, his old shopman, whom he keeps as his valet de sham, I should never have known him.

*Min.* I reckon he is as proud as Old Nick.

*Codl.* I can't say much as to that. Peter says, that his master has not picked up much of their lingo, so his speech is pretty much as it was ; he  
talks

talks to every body, runs from one thing to t'other, and rattles away at his old rate, I can tell you.

*Mrs. Min.* But how does he manage to call for such things as he wants ?

*Codl.* He picked up a clargyman, as he passed thro' this town, and carried him with him, as his travelling tuterer. Oh, here he is.

*Enter Sir Harry Hamper, Peter Packthread, Dr. Viper, and Two Postillions.*

*Sir H.* Come, come ! come along, Doctor ! Peter, give the postillions thirty souses a-piece.

*Peter.* 'Tis put down, they are to have but five, in the book.

*Sir H.* No matter ; it will let them know we are somebody, Peter.

*Peter.* What significations that ? ten to one, we shall never see them again.

*Sir H.* Do as you are bid ! [*Peter pays the Post.*

*Peter.* There ! Pox take 'em, see how they grin ! ay, ay, I dare be sworn you ha'n't seen such a sum this many a day.

*1st Post.* *Serviteur ! bonne voyage, Monsieur my lor !* [*Exeunt Post.*

*Sir H.* There, there, Peter ! my lord ! I have purchased a title for ten-pence ; that is dog-cheap, or the devil's in't !

*Peter.* Nay, in that respect, the folks here make but little difference between their dogs and your worship, I think ; for every mangy cur I have met with, is either *prince*, or *my lord*, or *marquis*.

*Clack.* I am happy to see your honour in France.

*Sir H.* What, Mrs. Clack ! and Master Min-  
nikin

nikin and wife, as I live ! How fares it, my old City friends ?

*Min.* Thank you, thank you, Sir Harry ! What, you have been the grand tower, I suppose.

*Sir H.* Ay, Matt : What's money without manners ? I have enough of the first, to be sure ; and I wanted to see if I could not pick up a little of the last.

*Clack.* And how does your honour like France ?

*Sir H.* Only the first spot in the world, Mrs. Clack : For eating, drinking, laughing, and loving, *vive la France !* hey, Domine ?

*Mrs. Min.* Eating ! sure your honour does not think their victuals are better than our'n.

*Sir H.* Victuals ! Lord help your roast-beef and plumb-pudding foul ! why, there are no such things in the country.

*Min.* No ! I have heard, indeed, they had not over much plenty ; but I didn't think the poor creatures were so bad off as that.

*Sir H.* What, because a whole family does not get round a sir-loin of beef, or a saddle of mutton, and devour it like a kennel of hound ! Can there be any thing so savage, as to eat up sheep and oxen like a parcel of cannibals : I wonder they don't dress them in their fleece and their hides ; hey, Domine !

*Viper.* Doubtless, Sir Harry, the French elegance would never be able to digest such gross animal food in its natural form ; he therefore is the best cook with them who can disguise it the best.

*Mrs. Min.* Indeed !

*Sir H.* To be sure. Why, except a side dish of stewed snails, or some fricaseed frogs, I haven't  
known

known the name of any thing I have tasted since I came over.

*Min.* Lord have mercy upon us!—And as to love, Sir Harry, I should think that was pretty near over with you.

*Sir H.* Domine, did you ever hear such a blockhead!—Why, fool, it was my own fault, or I might have gone into keeping.

*Min.* Into keeping? you!

*Sir H.* M<sup>e</sup>! ask Domine only. What was the name of the duchess?

*Viper.* What signifies naming of one? there was not a day that I didn't receive several commissions of a similar nature.

*Mrs. Min.* Indeed!

*Sir H.* Domine Viper received the letters, and used to read 'em to me in English.

*Viper.* They at last became so exceedingly troublesome, that I was obliged to recommend to Sir Harry the entertaining an Opera girl, in order to convince them that they had mistaken their man; and that, so far from receiving, we were able to pay.

*Sir H.* And so he got me Mademoiselle Mouche, a sweet lovely syren; and the little rogue was so excessively fond, Domine Viper thinks she will hardly survive my departure.

*Min.* Wonderful!

*Sir H.* Fell into 'stericks at my going off in the chay; didn't she? so I left Domine to console her a little; but you found the way to make her easy at last.

*Viper.* A difficult job.

*Sir H.* I had some thoughts of carrying her over to England, and taking a box for her at the Opera during the season; but I thought it might

might give offence in a certain quarter that you know, Mrs. Clack.

*Clack.* There might have been some danger in that.

*Sir H.* Otherwise, Mademoiselle, the Doctor, and I, should have made a sweet tête-à-tête on the road.

*Min.* I reckon she must ha' cost you a power of money.

*Sir H.* Cost ! that's always uppermost in a citizen's mouth : Not a farthing, you fool ! I am sure she would have quitted me, if I had but made her the offer. Domine !

*Viper.* Oh ! mere passion ; not an idea of interest.

*Sir H.* Domine heard, indeed, by accident, she had contracted some debts to support her relations, for she is the best creature on earth ; and wanted vastly to have a small service of plate, and some ear-rings.

*Mrs. Min.* Which you gave her, I reckon ?

*Sir H.* Not I : I was obliged to get Domine to manage the business. Had she had the least suspicion of me, there would have been the devil to pay ; we should have all been off in an instant.

*Mrs. Min.* The Doctor has, I find, been very useful to you, Sir Harry.

*Sir H.* Could have done nothing without him : Not a week ago, he got me out of a devilish scrape.

*Min.* How ?

*Sir H.* Got to picquet with a count, a great man of the Doctor's acquaintance ; I can't say I know much of the game ; but what of that ? one wouldn't appear ignorant amongst  
the



the French, you know, for the honour of England.

*Clack.* Oh fy ! by no means.

*Sir H.* Egod, the count gave me a trimming ; lost a devilish deal more than I had in the country ; but Domine made it up for me, among his acquaintance, upon my only giving my note.

*Mrs. Min.* All one as if you had been in London ?

*Sir H.* The very same thing.

*Clack.* And pray, your honour, what news is stirring in France ?

*Sir H.* *Toujours* gay, as they say, Mrs. Clack.

*Clack.* I reckon there be powers of our country folks there.

*Sir H.* I suppose so ; for I saw a good many aukward people, as they say, *a la bowlivards*, and at the Coloffus ; but I chose to avoid them.

*Min.* Why so ? I should have been ready to leap out of my skin at the sight of a countryman in foreign parts.

*Sir H.* Like enough, Matthew ; but you are a *bourgeois*, as you know ; but the Doctor says, that *un humm de quality*, when he voyages, ought to shun *les Anglois*.

*Clack.* I hope you left the royal family all in good health.

*Sir H.* Yes ; Mr. *le Roi*, as the French say, looked pretty jolly and well ; I saw him in one of the glass-cases at church, and was afterwards at his grand *couvert*, as they call it ; his majesty looked at me very hard : Domine thinks he was struck with my figure.

*Viper.* I overheard him whisper as much to the Duke de Tremouille.

*Clack.*

*Clack.* How long was your honour coming from Paris ?

*Sir H.* Two days and a night.

*Clack.* Are the accommodations good on the road ?

*Sir H.* Their *chevauxes*, their horses, as the French call 'em, arn't quite so nimble as our'n ; but then, to make amends, like the French, I *cowrir* the post without stopping ; unless, indeed, to take aflight *repas* of *jambunn* or a *hamlet*.

*Clack.* The country's vast pleasant, I reckon.

*Sir H.* La-la : Their country-folks, their *pheasants*, as the French call 'em, don't seem quite so tidy as our'n : but they don't look upon them there creatures in France ; mere hogs, *cowshons*, as they say.

*Mrs. Min.* Why, sure, they be Christians, as well as——

*Sir H.* Christians ! why, so may all the world, if they like it ; but it a'n't in every body's power to be a gentleman born : Hey, Domine Viper ?

*Viper.* True, true, Sir Harry. The laws of subordination are too much neglected in England ; all is mere anarchy there ; it must be owned, France is the only spot for a gentleman.

*Sir H.* True. Why, a gentleman born may kill a common fellow in Paris, for less money than it would cost an unqualified man in England to shoot a hare or a partridge.

*Viper.* Right, Baronet : Poor rogues are so plenty in Paris, there is no danger of destroying the game.

*Sir H.* Well said, Domine Viper !—But, Madam Clack, what makes all your family here ? Like me, come over to be polished, I reckon,

*Min.*

*Min.* Not we; we be contented, Sir Harry, to rub on in our rust. You remember our daughter Jenny?

*Sir H.* Vastly well; and she promised to turn out a devilish fine girl!

*Min.* Pretty well, as to that.

*Sir H.* What, I suppose you have brought her here, just to fashion her; give her the *gout*.

*Min.* No, no; 'tis a freak of her own: Run away with our 'prentice, to avoid neighbour Codling.

*Sir H.* A girl of spirit, however!

*Enter La Jeunesse.*

*La Feu. Monsieur, on a servie.*

*Sir H.* What does he say, Domine Viper?

*Viper.* The dinner's on the table, Sir Harry.

*Sir H.* Oh, oh!—Domine! it wou'dn't be decent, as them there people are but tradesfolks, you know, to ask them to dinner!

*Viper.* Why, yes, you may venture, Sir Harry: It is not minded in London; and this town is little better than an English colony.

*Sir H.* True, true.—Come, good people; as we are all country folks, suppose we sit down to table together?

*Min.* By all manner of means.

*Sir H.* Domine, you will escort Mrs. Minnikin? Mrs. Clack, will you accept of my *brass*?  
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

## A C T II.

[*The same in The Trip to Calais, to p. 37, where O'Donnovan's speech was altered, and the scene finished, in the following manner.*]

*O'Don.* So now, as I was a-telling, if you can get any friend to speak to the governor, why, if they take it into their heads to restore her to you, you may chance to have your daughter again.

*Min.* True, reverend Sir. But, before we trouble any body, we will first try what we can do at the convent ourselves.

*O'Don.* By all manes. And, d'ye hear, you need not mention any thing about the purse; you understand me?

*Clack.* Your reverence need not fear us.

*O'Don.* Nay, it is upon account of yourselves that I speak; because one's charity should be private, you know; therefore, to make publication would take away most of the merit. If you fail, I will step to the convent, and see what can be done.

*Mrs. Min.* Very kind, reverend Sir. Then, we will go after the girl to the convent directly.

*Clack.* But take care what you say! you see what a hobble we had like to have got into.

*Mrs. Min.* Never fear; I know how to behave myself.

[*Exeunt.*]

*O'Don.* It was an odd freak of St. Francis to forbid us touching of money; unless, indeed, his first followers were a parcel of pickpockets, and he thought of this method to break them. But however, as the hereticks are gone, and there

there is no danger of giving offence, by St. Francis's lave I will examine the contents of this purse. Stay! who have we here?

[*Draws back.*]

*Enter Viper.*

*Viper.* The wind is veering, and when it comes fair, my old knight within will be for hying homewards by the very first ship. Let me see: Can I hit on no scheme to give him one little squeeze more? To be sure, what with tailors, *traiteurs*, toymen, the girl, and the gaming-table, my trip to Paris has turn'd out pretty well. One smart parting blow I should be glad to——

*O'Don.* Save you, good Sir!

*Viper.* Damn these bare-footed beggars! a set of lazy, lubberly—You may as well shift your ground, father; you will get nothing from me.

*O'Don.* Be it ever so little! we have nothing but the benevolence of good Christian peo—Hey! sure it can't be! by my shoul, but it is!—What, Doctor Viper! who expected to see you at Calais?

*Viper.* Pray honest friend, when did our acquaintance commence?

*O'Don.* It is not a very long standing. Come, do shake your memory a bit, Doctor, and you will soon recollect me.

*Viper.* It will be to no purpose.

*O'Don.* I warrant. Surely, my dear, when you were the doer of the Scandalous Chronicle, was not I death-hunter to the very same paper?

*Viper.* Hey! why, you can't be Phelim O'Flam!

*O'Don.*

*O'Don.* Not now ; but I was about twelve months ago.

*Viper.* What could induce you to turn Capuchin?

*O'Don.* A few murders.

*Viper.* Murders?

*O'Don.* Yes ; in order to pay off my lodging, I killed a couple of dozen of people, that happened to be alive and in good health ; so the printer would employ me no longer.

*Viper.* I told you, O'Flam, what would happen ; why, you became a perfect Drawcanfir ; put more people to death than any three physicians in London.

*O'Don.* What then, Doctor Viper ? sure your poisonous pen did more mischief than me ; My dead men walked about afterwards, and did their business as if nothing had happened ; whilst the stabs made on peoples' good names, by your rancour and malice, will admit of no consolation.

*Viper.* How is this ?

*O'Don.* In short, my dear Doctor, the only difference between us is this ; my dead men are all alive, and your live men had much better be dead.

*Viper.* Do you know, firrah, to whom you are speaking ?

*O'Don.* You may say that ; from the top to the bottom, every chink and cranny, my dear.

*Viper.* Pay then proper respect to my cloth.

*O'Don.* What, d'ye mane it is a priest that you are ?

*Viper.* Without doubt.

*O'Don.* Then, upon my shoul, it must be of your own ordination, like Mr. Melchizedeck,  
A priest ?

A priest? I'll wager my frock against the price of a mass, that you can't tell how many the thirty-nine articles are.

*Viper.* An impudent, audacious——

*O'Don.* A priest? What, because you was parish-clerk to the Moravian meeting-house in the Old-Jewry, and used to snuffle out their bawdy hymns to the tune of beastly ballads and jigs? from thence you got expelled for robbing the poor's box——

*Viper.* Me?

*O'Don.* Then you became advertisement-sticker to lottery-offices, auctioneers, stage-coaches, and mountebank-doctors; but, being detected in selling the bills for waste paper to grocers, you got your dismissal, you know——

*Viper.* Rascal! I know?

*O'Don.* After that you turned swindler, and got out of gaol by an act for the relief of insolvent debtors.

*Viper.* Many honest men have been in the same situation.

*O'Don.* Lave honesty out, if you please. Then you became doer of the Scandalous Chronicle; mowed down reputations like muck; pushed yourself into the pay of lady Deborah Dripping, produced anonymous paragraphs against her of your own composition, and got paid by her for not putting them into your paper.

*Viper.* Where the devil could the fellow collect all this story?

*O'Don.* Now from here, I suppose, you will soon return home as a fugitive, and pay your old debts by a new act of parliament.

*Viper.* Well but, Mr. O'Flam——

*O'Don.*



*O'Don.* O'Donnovan, if you please. So you see, Doctor Viper, you are pretty well known; and all your friends and acquaintance shall soon know you as well as me in this town.

*Viper.* The devil! well, but, my dear friend, what can be the meaning of this? why should we two quarrel?

*O'Don.* Whose fault was it, Doctor, I pray?

*Viper.* Fault? nobody's fault: I was a little forgetful; that is all. What! we have been connected before; and why shou'dn't we now? ours' is a natural alliance; we are poor dogs, and rich men are our game.

*O'Don.* For the matter of that, I have no objection to hunting in couples.

*Viper.* That is right. Come, let us in, and drown all animosity in a bottle of Burgundy.

*O'Don.* I will wait upon you at night; but I have a little bit of business at present.

*Viper.* Of what kind?

*O'Don.* To get a girl out of a convent, and restore her to her friends and relations.

*Viper.* A girl?

*O'Don.* Ay, the daughter of them there English within.

*Viper.* Is the girl handsome?

*O'Don.* I don't know that, but she's young.

*Viper.* That will go a good way. And fled from her friends?

*O'Don.* With a lover, they say.

*Viper.* Gad, a thought is just popped into my head, that, I fancy, will yield us both a good deal of profit.

*O'Don.* Of what kind?

*Viper.* I will inform you within. But where were you bound?

*O'Don.*

*O'Don.* To the convent.

*Viper.* Suspend your visit a while. Come with me; I must introduce you to a friend of mine in the house. But, I hope this greasy garb has not tainted your mind with any coyness or qualms.

*O'Don.* Not a bit; it is a convenient dress when one can't get any other: It suits well with the cold of a winter distress; but when the sun and summer of plenty returns, I shall shed my coat like a colt.

" When the devil was ill, the devil a monk would be ;

" When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

[*Exeunt.*

[*The scenes at the Convent succeeded, as in the The Trip to Calais; and the Act ended with no other variation than the following small alteration in Mrs. Clack's speech, p. 45. The Third Act was all new.*]

*Clack.* True, sister. But come; let us go to THE GOVERNOR, as the friar advised us; perhaps HE may put us in a way.

### A C T III.

*O'Donovan, Sir Harry Hamper, and Viper, at a table with wine and glasses.*

*Viper.*

WHAT, then, you know her, Sir Harry?  
*Sir H.* From a child; and a sweet little rose-bud she was! By this time, she is in full bloom, no doubt.

*Viper.*

*Viper.* You seem to express yourself with some ardor and warmth, as if you felt a fancy for this fine delicate flower.

*Sir H.* Pho, pho! what chance have I to get the possession?

*Viper.* I don't know that; a little contrivance, and the help of a friend, have brought more unlikely matters to bear.

*Sir H.* Why, Domine, if you would lend your assistance, there might be some hopes, I confess.

*Viper.* Of me, Sir Harry, you are always secure: But in my old friend here, you will find a more able assistant.

*O'Don.* You are pleased to compliment, dear Doctor Viper. Unless you are greatly fallen off, for turning bachelors into husbands, husbands into cuckolds, and maids into mistresses, there was not a better practitioner within the bills of mortality.

*Viper.* My dear monk, a truce to your compliments.

*O'Don.* Oh, the divil a bit of compliment!

*Viper.* Well, well, you are always too kind to your friends: But, upon this occasion, your knowledge of this country——

*O'Don.* That, indade——

*Viper.* And, above all, the virtues of that frock, will stand us in excellent stead.

*O'Don.* Why, to say truth, I know but little else it is good for.

*Viper.* Well, shall we have its assistance?

*O'Don.* You may say that.

*Viper.* If this scheme succeeds, knight, it will do you immortal honour in England; your intrigue at Paris was a fine preparation.

*Sir H.* Do you think that is general known?

*Viper.*

*Viper.* In the mouth of every mortal.

*Sir H.* Ay? that is lucky indeed! But how shall we bring this business about?

*Viper.* Nothing so easy. Flam is, you know, desired by the family, if they can't succeed themselves, to get the girl out of the convent.

*Sir H.* True.

*Viper.* That design is a sufficient pretence for visiting the girl.

*Sir H.* Can't be a better.

*Viper.* As there is little probability that he should prevail with Miss to return to her father and mother, let him pretend to have had an interview with the young fellow her favourite, who lies concealed in the town.

*Sir H.* Well?

*Viper.* That, moved to compassion by their tender attachment, he is determined to lend his aid to accomplish his wishes.

*O'Don.* By this means, a little spill will be gained from that quarter too [*aside*].—Has she the shiners d'ye thing?

*Viper.* I warrant she is not come here unprovided. That he is ready to conduct her where her lover lies hid, and lend his ministry to finish his business.

*O'Don.* I am but a lay-brother you know.

*Viper.* Nor I neither: But, for all that, I wouldn't scruple to tack together twenty couple a-day.

*Sir H.* I don't doubt it.

*O'Don.* That, to be sure, is an answer.

*Sir H.* But how does this concern me?

*Viper.* I was coming to that. When the monk has got possession of Miss, what prevents him

him from bringing the girl to my lodging? where, instead of her swain, she will be agreeably surprized to encounter Sir Harry.

*Sir H.* It is a very fine plot, to be sure: But, Domine, suppose the young thing should be skittish, and not quite approve of the change?

*Viper.* We must leave you to settle that business; but, from your dress and address——

*O'Don.* In trot, she must be more than woman, to refuse such a figure.

*Viper.* A few presents in hand, and vast promises upon returning to England——

*Sir H.* And you think she will comply?

*O'Don.* Oh, never fear; she will melt in a moment.

*Viper.* Besides, at worst, Flam and I shall be near you: and if a little compulsion should be required——

*O'Don.* Is it a rape that you main? upon my shoul, Doctor Viper, you are after stepping before me a good deal in mischief.

*Viper.* A rape! no, no; nothing like it, dear Flam; only a little compulsion, to give the lady an apology for following her own inclinations. Hey, Sir Harry! what are your sentiments upon the occasion?

*Sir H.* Should like it of all things in the world! I am quite agog 'till I—How pretty it will be, to see the poor thing pout, and snivel, and sob, and pat me, and cry, I warrant, “Go, “you naughty thing!”—But is not there some danger? won't their magistrates, their policy, as they call it here, take it amiss?

*Viper.* Oh, no; a gentleman here does whatever he pleases: Besides, it is but a step across the Channel, and there, you know, we are safe.

*Sir H.*

*Sir H.* True, true,

*Viper.* And, upon second thoughts, let things turn yout as they will, I think it will be right, at your time of life, to report it a rape; it will do your vivacity and vigour a good deal of credit.

*Sir H.* Will it?

*Viper.* To be sure. A rape, and upon a nun too; and so we must call her; it will shew a noble contempt for decency, religion, and virtue, and can't fail recommending you to all people of spirit.

*Sir H.* I should think so: How one improves by one's travels! Why, this would never have come into my head, had I stayed in the city.

*Viper.* Oh, fy! never; that air is too foggy.

*Sir H.* I used to be a little factious now and then; but that! Lord, that's nothing at all!

*Viper.* Oh, no merit in that; the natural consequence of your food and your fuel.

*Sir H.* But you will take care to paragraph me well in the papers; for if it should not be known, why——

*Viper.* The main point will be lost. Never fear! in my old paper I still keep a place open: That no time may be lost, I will send it to-night.

*Sir H.* I can't help laughing, to think how my old friends, in Portfoken and Dowgate, will stare when they come to the article.

*Viper.* Ready to burst with envy, I warrant!—Well, O'Flam, you know your part; set off as soon as you please.

*O'Don.* Upon my shoul, Doctor Viper, there are a few scruples and qualms that begin to rise in my stomach.

*Viper.*

*Viper.* Zounds, man, gulp em down then as fast as you can!

*O'Don.* Upon my conscience, they won't go; they stick still in my throat.

*Viper.* Hark'ee, Flam! Would not a little *aurum potabile*, a small decoction of guineas, remove the obstruction?

*O'Don.* Why, to daal freely, Doctor; I look upon it there is some small danger in what we are about. Now, as to you two, you are but birds of passage, you know; and, being well winged, can take your flight whenever you please.

*Viper.* Well?

*O'Don.* Now, as to myself, tho' I am at home here, yet for all that I am but a stranger; and being, besides, as bare as a board, it is but reasonable that Sir Harry should spare me some of his feathers, that may, in case of need, carry me out of gun-shot, you know,

*Sir H.* By all manner of means.

*Viper.* But how shall we manage it? The rules of your order are so very severe as to money! I believe I had better receive it; and, if you should want——

*O'Don.* No, no, Doctor; you are a good casuist, and have silenced most of my scruples. Besides, at confession tomorrow, it is but lumping in this with my other transgressions.

*Viper.* Sir Harry?

*Sir H.* Oh, by all manner of means; here!

*Viper.* Throw it into his cowl.

*O'Don.* No, no; I can conceal it very well in my sleeve.—He might have knocked against the other, perhaps; and that would not have been altogether so decent.

*Viper.*



*Viper.* Well, well; all obstacles being removed, dispatch, my dear Flam, as soon as you can.

*O'Don.* I sha'n't neglect them. I must go to vespers.—But, Doctor Viper, as you are a conscientious man, and one of the cloth, don't you think it would be right to have a few prayers put up, for certain persons who have in agitation some important affairs?

*Viper.* Why, it mayn't be amiss.

*O'Don.* The community, you know, is always considered upon these occasions.

*Viper.* Oh, I dare say Sir Harry won't scruple.

*Sir H.* Not in the least. But, to say truth, the reverend father has drawn me dry for the present.

*Viper.* Oh, you may be soon supplied in the house. Come, I will advance: Here, here!

*O'Don.* And in passing by the trunk for the poor, if I was to drop in something handsome, you know it might draw down a blessing upon our design.

*Sir H.* Domine, give him the whole purse!

*O'Don.* I shall have great pleasure in serving so pious a man. Save you gentlemen! [*Exit.*]

*Sir H.* A shrewd sensible fellow this O'Flam, let me tell you.

*Viper.* Yes, yes; he knows what he's about.

*Sir H.* But, Domine, after the business is finished, how shall we dispose of the girl?

*Viper.* Restore her to her friends, and make it a merit.

*Sir H.* But if she should turn out coy, and complain of ill usage?

*Viper.* We must impute it to spite, as by your means she is deprived of her lover.

*Sir H.* That, indeed—But will they believe it?

*Viper.*

*Viper.* Believe it! Flam and I will swear to the fact.

*Sir H.* That indeed—But who have we here?

*Enter Mr and Mrs. Minnikin and Mrs. Clack.*

Oh, Mrs. Clack! what success have you had?

*Clack.* Came away just as we went; the young jade whines about fasting and penance like a Methodist teacher, and talks of embracing poverty, as if she was a peer of the realm.

*Min.* She poverty? 'tis all a pretence! it is somebody else she wants to embrace.

*Sir H.* Why, Domine and I have been laying our noddles together.

*Clack.* Your worship is wonderfully kind!

*Viper.* Sir Harry has employed a priest here in this town; perhaps you have seen him?

*Mrs. Min.* D'ye mean his reverence with the long beard?

*Viper.* The same. The friar is just dispatched to the convent: and as the great point is to get the girl out of their clutches, he is to persuade her that she is to be conducted directly to Drugget.

*Mrs. Min.* But, instead of that, he is to bring her to us?

*Viper.* No, no; that would be too abrupt! to Sir Harry Hamper; who, as a friend to the family, will teach her her duty, and what she owes to her friends.

*Clack.* That will be very kind in his honour.

*Sir H.* I shall spare no means, Mrs. Clack, to make her submit.

*Mrs. Min.* But I hope his honour won't push things to extremities; for you know, Matthew, she still is our child.

*Min.* Extremities! Sir Harry has undertaken  
a more

a more difficult task than he is aware of: The young slut is so headstrong and fractious, that my old friend will find it out of his power, if she continues obstinate, to make her comply.

*Sir H.* Well, well; it is but trying, however.

*Viper.* You will take care to be in the house if we should want you. Come, Sir Harry, we must hie home, to wait for the monk.

[*Exeunt Sir Harry and Viper.*

*Clack.* Come, good folks, who can tell but his honour may compass the job?

*Min.* I can't say I have any great expectations. My old friend, when he lived amongst us, was never over-famous for his powers of persuasion; and I can hardly think that age has improved his abilities.

[*Exeunt.*

### *The Street.*

*Enter Dick Drugget.*

*Dick.* It is impossible for me to quit this town, and leave my dearest Jenny behind me; there my heart's treasure lies hid, and there, spite of myself, I am carried by an irresistible impulse. To see her, I suppose, is impossible; and equally difficult to give or receive any intelligence. Hush! I must hide.—Hey! no, sure! yes; it is Jenny herself! but who the deuce can it be that conducts her?

*Enter O'Donnovan and Jenny.*

*O'Den.* The house is hard-by, at the other end of the town; and stands alone, between the inn and the snuff-shop.

*Jenny.* Your goodness, my dear father, to a  
poor

poor unfortunate victim, I want words to acknowledge. Your self-denial, and mortified state, place you above the reach of any pecuniary——

*O'Don.* My sweet pretty cratur! in acts of charity, indade, to folks poorer than we are, if any such can be found, we are always plaased to convey any donations.

*Jenny.* I shall think myself happy to assist so pious a purpose [*feels for her purse.*]—Bless me! is not that my dear Dicky, who stands there at the corner?

*O'Don.* Dear Dicky! who the divil is he?

*Jenny.* The very youth to whom you were going to convey me.

*O'Don.* Pho, pho! how can that be? becaase why, I left him at home; and how can he be in two places at once? unless, indade, he had wings.

*Jenny.* His impatience, I suppose, made him follow you hither.

*O'Don.* Pox take his impatience! But I tell you, Miss, it can't be; becaase why, I never saw that parson before.

*Jenny.* But I have, and therefore can't doubt; I must run to him, father; for I know it is he.

*O'Don.* Is it? Then my best way is to run from him as fast as I can. [*Exit.*

*Jenny.* Dicky!

*Dick.* My dearest Jenny! this is an unexpected pleasure, indeed. But who was that with you?

*Jenny.* The honest father you sent to conduct me.

*Dick.* Me! I have neither seen nor spoke to a soul.

*Jenny.*

*Jenny.* No !

*Dick.* No. This is some plot of your parents, to get you into their clutches.

*Jenny.* Perhaps so. But where can we go ? have you secured no retreat ?

*Dick.* How could I, my love ? as I hadn't the smallest hopes of—But here comes the priest again, and somebody with him ; let us turn down this street, and avoid him. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter O'Donovan and Viper.*

*O'Don.* There, there they go !

*Viper.* I see, I see. A fine girl, as I live ! too nice a tid-bit for an apprentice, or my musty old knight : I'll try if I can't secure her myself.—O'Flam ! you know Bet Bonnet, the milliner's girl, that lived with me in London ?

*O'Don.* You may say that.

*Viper.* When I went with the knight, I left her in my lodgings in town ; step to her this instant.

*O'Don.* Well ?

*Viper.* Explain to her the business of Hamper ; convey her to him as Minnikin's daughter ; she knows well enough how to assume the airs of a novice.—But there is hardly time to instruct her. Ten to one, too, this blockhead will make some damned blunder or other.—O'Flam !

*O'Don.* Well ?

*Viper.* Upon second thoughts, you had best undertake this business yourself.

*O'Don.* What d'ye main ?

*Viper.* Pass yourself on the knight as the party.

*O'Don.* What, me, for old Minnikin's daughter ?

*Viper.* Ay.

*O'Don.*

*O'Don.* Oh, lave off! I shall be aasily taken for a lovely las, to be sure.

*Viper.* Why not? he must be in the dark, to execute his own intentions, you know.

*O'Don.* That is true. But how shall I hide my voice? he may see that, you know, without the help of a candle; besides, I am told I have a small twist in my tongue.

*Viper.* Oh, as to that, Hamper is no critic in dialects; besides, say little, and soften your tones as much as you can.

*O'Don.* But if he should turn out too familiar, what will I do then, Doctor Viper?

*Viper.* It will be easy enough to repel any violence from a man of his age. Besides, I will think of some expedient to bring you speedy relief.

*O'Don.* Well, well! upon my shoul, after all, there is a good daal of fun in the fancy.

*Viper.* You are to take him for Drugget, you know.

*O'Don.* No bad match for my linsey-woolsey.

*Viper.* Oh, a truce to your wit now, and dispatch, I beseech you.

*O'Don.* I go, I go.

[*Exit.*

*Viper.* They are either housed, or must return back again; this is no thoroughfare. Oh, here they come.

*Enter Dicky and Jenny.*

I am glad I have met with you. Come, come! I hav'n't a moment to lose.

*Jenny and Dicky.* Sir!

*Viper.* That rascally priest is gone for the guard; you will have a file of musqueteers here in a minute.

*Dicky.*

*Dicky.* What have I done ?

*Viper.* Done ! don't you know, that to steal a girl from a convent in this country is a capital crime ?

*Dicky.* Sir, as I hope for mercy, I am innocent !

*Viper.* Innocent ! besides, a priest to accuse you ! won't they find you together ? is not that proof enough of your guilt ? In a word, I know your whole story ; I pity, and am ready to serve you.

*Fenny.* Good Sir, what can we do ?

*Viper.* You hav'n't a moment to lose : Run to the port, throw yourself into the first vessel you see, and make for England as fast as you can.

*Dicky.* And what must become of Miss Jenny ?

*Viper.* Leave her to my care ; I am well known in this town, and can conceal her with ease.

*Fenny.* But, Sir, how—who——

*Viper.* Oh, child, be under no apprehensions ; my motive is solely compassion : Besides, my cloth is a sufficient security.

*Dicky.* Cloth ? perhaps the gentleman is a clergyman——

*Viper.* Hush ! that must not be known where we are.

*Fenny.* On that sacred character I can safely rely.

*Viper.* We lose time ! a truce to your regrets, and your raptures ; I will soon bring you together, I warrant. That way leads to the quay. Come, Miss ; it is but a step to my house.

*Fenny.* This wonderful escape I owe to your goodness.

*Viper.* I could do no less, as a Christian. [*Exe.*  
*A Chamber,*



*A Chamber, darkened.*

*Sir Harry Hamper alone.*

*Sir H.* Miss will soon be here, I suppose. Well, after all, for improving the mind, and removing foolish prejudices, there is no country like France: No wonder our young folks of fashion turn out such fine fellows, ecod!—Here she is, I believe. No.—A lad who comes over here at nineteen or twenty, may well pick up all the pretty accomplishments, when I, at seventy, in less than three months, have learnt to game, whore, despise my own country, laugh at religion, and, as far as inclination will go, am ripe and ready for any frolic or fun. Well said, old Harry! After all this, my young mistress in London can't refuse me, I think; the devil's in her, if I hav'n't done enough to convince her that I have scowered off all the sneaking snivelling cit, and am as profligate as if I had been born a—Hush! the door opens.

*Enter O'Donovan.*

*O'Don.* Sir Harry!

*Sir H.* Well?

*O'Don.* Are you sure you are there?

*Sir H.* Without doubt.

*O'Don.* And alone?

*Sir H.* Yes.

*O'Don.* And no light?

*Sir H.* Don't you see?

*O'Don.* I didn't know but you might have a candle concaaled.

*Sir H.* Where? in my pocket?

*O'Don.* Come, Miss, you may enter. *[Exit. Fenny.]*

*Jenny.* [*within.*] Hands off, you rude ruffian!

*Sir H.* What the deuce noise are they making?

*Jenny.* What, are they all dead in the house?  
no creature to lend me assistance?

*Sir H.* What can this mean?

*Jenny.* Or have you all conspired to betray me?  
For Heaven's sake, some Christian body——

*Mrs. Min.* [*within.*] It is my daughter's voice.  
Here, house!

*Min.* [*within.*] Zounds, break down the door!

*Mrs. Min.* Which room are they in?

*Min.* The noise came from this.

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, Mrs. Clack, Colonel,  
O'Donnovan, and Codling.*

*Min.* Have you seen any thing of my daughter.  
*Sir Harry?*

*Sir H.* Your daughter!

*Jenny.* Unhand me! this door too is locked.  
What, will no mortal come to me?

*Mrs. Min.* There she is.

*Min.* Let me come! [*Breaks open the door.*]

*Enter Jenny.*

*Jenny.* Protect me, save me——

*Mrs. Min.* It is her. Look up, Jenny! don't  
you know us, my child?

*Jenny.* My mother? Oh, Madam!

*Mrs. Min.* Recover your fright; you are now  
out of danger. What has been the matter, my  
love?

*Jenny.* The greatest villain, the greatest monster!

*Min.* Who? what?

*Jenny.* First got me into his power, by the  
pretended sanctity of his character——

*Min.* Well?

*Jenny.*

*Jenny.* Finding his delusive offers rejected, proceeded to violence, when my cries brought you to my aid.

*Min.* This is some *parle vous* rascal! they don't mind a rape or a robbery here.

*Mrs. Min.* Not they; Lord send us safe to Old England, say I!

*Min.* Come out here! let us have a peep at your muns, Mounseer, if you please. [*Pulls out Viper.*] Hey! who the devil—Why, this is Sir Harry's Domine Viper!

*Omnes.* Sure enough!

*Min.* His tuterer, as sure as a gun? But who the deuce is he, Sir Harry?

*Sir H.* Heaven knows! I picked him up here in this town.

*Mrs. Min.* Some vagaboning feller, I warrant.

*Min.* The rascal won't make a reply. Come, friend! who and what are you?

*Viper.* What right have you to enquire?

*Min.* Your villainous attack on my daughter gives me a right; and before we part I will know.

*Viper.* Will you? Then ask it of those that will tell you.

*Min.* What, can nobody——

*Clack.* Perhaps his reverence here may; for he seems to know most of the folks in the town.

*O'Don.* Me? I know nobody out of the convent—I belaaave I had better shaar off; for perhaps by-and-bye they may take it into their heads to make some enquiries after me of myself; and, for the present, it will be more convanient to drop the acquaintance. [*Exit.*]

*Min.* But, what the deuce, can nobody give us an account who he is? Where's landlord?

*Colonel.*

*Colonel.* You seem all strangers to this honest gentleman.

*Min.* Oh, this perhaps is somebody who belongs to the town. Why, Sir, if you could give us some information——

*Colonel.* Nay, I can't boast the honour of his acquaintance, nor, from the account of his countrymen, should I be very ambitious to make it.

*Min.* Ay, like enough; and pray, Sir, who——

*Colonel.* The various particulars of his history would be rather too tedious at present: thus far I may venture to say; his residence here is not a mere matter of choice.

*Viper.* Is the preferring the genial climate of France, to the fogs of your favourite isle, any great matter of wonder? In short, I like neither your country nor people.

*Colonel.* For which you have doubtless very good reasons: But believe this as a truth, Master Viper; no man ever yet deserted his country, unless he had been first by his country deserted.

*Viper.* You are very partial, Colonel (for I know you), considering England as a spot to which you can never lay any claim.

*Colonel.* Why not?

*Viper.* Wasn't your father a rebel?

*Colonel.* True.

*Viper.* And are not you an officer in the service of France?

*Colonel.* I was; but my present royal master, above the narrow prejudice of punishing the principles of parents in their unfortunate offspring, has accepted my service, and restored my family to the rights of their country.

*Clack.* Well said!

*Sir H.*

*Sir H.* Ay, and well done too! to reclaim by clemency, is the noblest victory a monarch can gain over his subjects.

*Min.* But what can we do with this fellow? is there no method of punishing such a——

*Colonel.* Let him alone; a gentleman of his particular turn can't long escape the prying eyes of the police in this town; and I promise you they shan't want a key to his character.

*Sir H.* But, Colonel, I begin to suspect that I too have been bit by this Viper; couldn't I stop him, just to make him account for——

*Viper.* Stop me? you had best take care of yourself: You forget a few obligations of your's I have in my pocket; which, as I find you are quitting this country, I shall endeavour to get better secured. [Exit.

*Sir H.* Now there is a rascal!

*Colonel.* How came you to place any confidence in a man without the smallest recommendation?

*Sir H.* Lord, who could suppose that a countryman would impose upon——

*Colonel.* Your countrymen? the very last people, unless they are well known, you should trust or cherish in France.

*Sir H.* And why so?

*Colonel.* The necessity they lie under of shifting their quarters, is, with but too many of them, their only reason for crossing the Channel.

*Min.* Indeed?

*Colonel.* And I will venture to say, without the concurrence of some of these gentry, no considerable fraud has ever been committed upon our young giddy travellers in this part of the world.

*Codl.* Vast curus, indeed! that shall go into my

my journal. "Obfervation : The French, who  
" rob and cheat the British fubjects in Paris, are  
" all of them Englifh."

*Mrs. Min.* Ay, ay; all birds of a feather.  
Let us go home, and leave them, as faft as we  
can. Well, Jenny, I hope there is an end of all  
thy vagaries: Thee feefth what premunirers thy  
wilfulnefs had near brought us into.

*Glack.* Nay, fifter, don't prefs the girl for  
the prefent: Let Mr. Codling continue his  
courtship: and in time, I warrant, the girl will  
comply.

*Codl.* Why, father-in-law that was to have  
been, it feems to me, and to fay truth, from the  
famples I have had, before I fettles I fhould like  
to fee a little more of the world.

*Min.* Nay, Mafter Codling, you may do as  
you lift; nobody wants to compel you.

*Mrs. Min.* For the matter of that, if Dick  
Drugget's friends are inclined, they are well to  
pafs in the world; and who can tell, in the end,  
but one match may be as good as the other?

*Codl.* Why, as they are fo vaft fond of each  
other, I think it is the beft ftep you can take.  
For my part, I have made up my mind: I'll  
part with my fhop, voyage round the world for  
the reft of my life, and, like other great travellers,  
communicate my obferuations, for the good of  
my country.

F I N I S.













